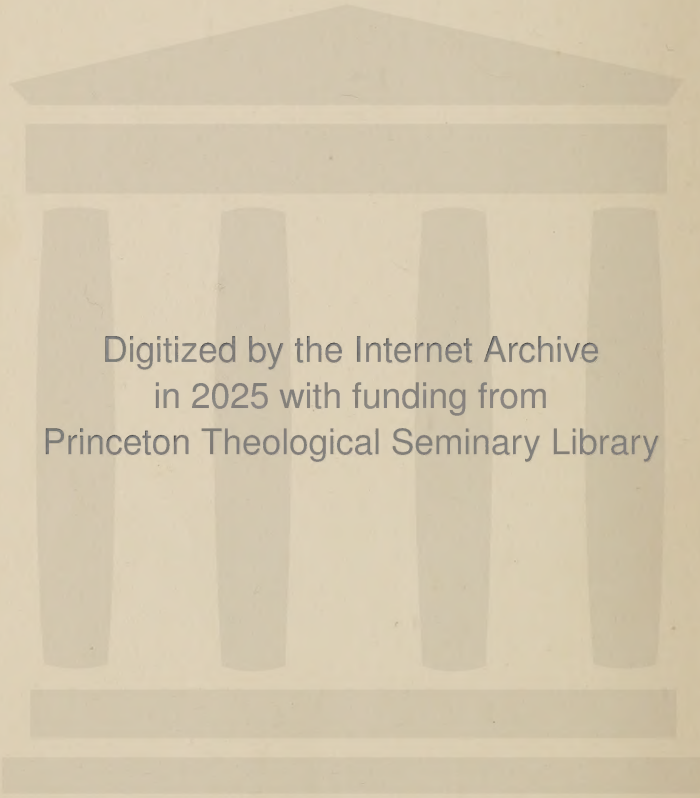


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God and man's destiny



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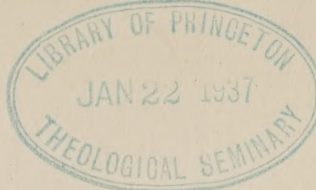
GOD AND MAN'S DESTINY

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MAN'S DESTINY

*Inquiries into the Metaphysical
Foundations of Faith*

BY ✓
HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER

NEW YORK
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1936



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PREFACE

THERE are certain old prepossessions of human nature which turn our race with impulsive admirations toward the heroic and the noble and the divine, and indeed give to mankind all that constitutes its essential manhood. It is from these ancients of our being that arise our better philosophies of life and our religious understandings, and it is these that shape within us images of gods and a sense of our own only possible salvations. They are spoken variously by the great creeds of mankind, but rather as answers than as quests, for the quest is single. Certainly, in some sense as yet unfolded, this single quest after a more spiritual understanding gives motive to history and meaning to life and is of itself a key to that metaphysical truth of which we, as men, are ever restlessly desirous. Truth, we say, lies behind phenomena and in action, and it is only in penetrating to the inmost form of this action that we can hope to understand ourselves and our destiny.

Modernist thinking is all too willing, with lazy acquiescence, to dismiss as superstition the struggles of man's nature toward spiritual understanding. Fortified by the enouncements of men who assume to speak for natural science because of their connexion with this or that of its disciplines, the modernist, lay or philosophical, speaks and thinks lightly of what to other generations has been and of what in his own may persistently be religious truth and human sanity, and there is no denying that ours is a generation in which the unconcerned lend him ear. But it is wholly possible that to generations yet to come his thought will appear to be as shallow with superstition as aught of the past or present now seems to him. Back of the argument of this book and back of the author's conviction that none but an interpretation of life which takes

into account men's spiritual experiences can be either true or lasting, there lies still another prompting. This is, bluntly, that modernist thinking follows a falsifying tack and that its ideals of rationality are illusory. Its naturalisms and its morals alike centre upon the *nows* of experience, and thereby reality escapes them. The political, social and intellectual malease of our time is the outcome — a state of mind and affairs which is far more a sorry escapade of human culture than any genuine civilization.

In all countries this malease of mind appears to have spread and nowhere is revealed any great composure of right reason. But the diagnosis of the ill must be for each man in his own country, which best he knows; and for each man it must be personal. This should not imply that nowhere will there be a continuity of the great traditions of the faiths that have sustained our race; for if we hold to any truth, we can hardly credit its whole discovery to our own day; up from the past man's inheritance is impressive. What it does imply is that a faith to be living must also be an understanding, and hence that it is in each life and generation new-found. It should be so for Christianity. Something from this religion has been bestowed upon the western world and instilled into the essence of its civilization. That this something is in fact an understanding of certain last truths of human experience is our argument.

Of the contents of the volume chapters four and six were delivered as Earl Lectures in the Pacific School of Religion, February 1935; chapter nine was delivered under the auspices of the Cathedral Choir, of Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1930; other chapters have had preliminary appearance in *Scripps College Papers*, *The Personalist*, *The Philosophical Review*, and in *The Hibbert Journal*.

Claremont, California
July 17, 1936

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In the Kiché myth Vukub-Cakix is a Giant of the Elder World, when as yet there was no light nor day, and the Earth was sunk in darkness. He sang, in his pride :

I shall yet again be above all creatures :
I am their Sun,
I am their Dawn,
I am their Moon !
Great is my splendour!
I am he by whom men move !
Of silver are the balls of mine eyes, gleaming like
precious stones ;
White are my teeth as the face of the sky ;
My nostrils shine afar, like the Moon !
Of silver is my throne :
Earth liveth when I step forth from it !
I am the Sun,
I am the Moon,
I am the Bringer of Felicity !
So be it, for my gaze reacheth afar!

But in reality (adds the myth-maker) his sight ended where it fell, and his gaze did not embrace the entire world.

Popul Vuh, I, iv

E IL CIEL CUI TANTI LUMI FANNO BELLO
DALLA MENTE PROFONDA CHE LUI VOLVE
PRENDE L'IMAGE E FASSENE SUGGELLO

Paradiso, II

CHAPTER I

THE NOW AND THE ETERNAL

I

AMERICA is my starting point. We have here in America a self-styled intelligentsia, at least in its own sense, I suppose, conforming to the Russian model; though of course there is the difference that the American intelligentsia has grown up remote from political peril and has taken form in a country without intellectual standards, so that it is more or less characterized by material ease and journalistic irresponsibility. Naturally, too, its strongholds have been in centres of ready publicity and transient populations; but it is by no means local; the mechanical knitting together of society, ease of travel, opulence, these and other factors have given our intelligentsia a nation-wide setting, so that every smallest college community and every town with affairs contributes its quota to the corps. All over America we are in the presence of an intelligentsist movement with what appears to be a fairly like-minded programme. Phases of this programme are the effort to formulate a new religion with an idea called Science for its centre; the effort to establish a new basis for sexual morals; and again the effort to construct a philosophy of human nature based upon the undermining of the life of sentiment as civilized peoples have come to understand it, and the exaltation of primitivism, conceived to be the medicine which should cure us of our mistake in being, as we think, civilized. These three, science, sex, and civilized sentiment, are the cores of the interests of the American intelligentsia, and each is rapidly passing from theory into action—to what destiny, we must judge.

But before passing to these, a preliminary word should

describe the antagonisms of our intelligentsia and show against what in our social order it consciously moves. Like its objects, its aversions are three. Foremost is surely what it knows as Babbittry. The word has come in by happy chance to summarize satirically the whole industrial and political order of our society as the intelligentsia see it. Your Babbitt is no longer the small-town man; he is the image of business and politics, allied and at ease, in all levels of our life, and if his associations are golf, sedans, and Rotary luncheons along with ballots, blueprints and balance-sheets, these are in all dimensions the essential description of the Babbitt mind, the mind engrossed in the *now* of our affairs, unable to think in any other order, and therefore credited with being *the* practical mind. The Babbitt mind might be described as the mind without retrospect or prospect, and the intelligentsia rejoice to make mock of it.

Hardly second in their scorn is Puritanism. In their way of speaking this term symbolizes the whole of the old American tradition—Southern and Frontier as well as New England. Wherever men still live with the notions of family purity, personal probity, patriotism, responsibility, conscience, duty, self-denial—wherever these exist, there Puritanism stalks, lean-faced, inquisitive, evilly smelling out evil; for this is certainly the image we get, with the added assumption, abetted by the newer psychologies, that the old virtues are the cant of hypocritical, dwarfed, and intolerant souls. Old Americanism (if I may substitute this term for the less just Puritanism) is of course a difficult thing to define. As a character it belongs to thousands of people with no critical consciousness of its origins or sanctions. They are dispersed throughout the length and breadth of the land, forming nowhere an aggregate, and their attitude possesses no such thing as an organ, in the sense that the *Saturday Evening Post* is said to be the organ

of the Babbitts or the *American Mercury* of the intelligentsia itself. Indeed, mainly for historical reasons, this Old Americanism is now the possession of our rural, not of our urban populations. Its strong impulsions were born and moved to their destiny under the pioneering conditions of American life; but now that the frontiers are vanished and the pioneer transformed into a farmer and mechanic, even if the conviction has not gone out of the Puritan ideal, much of the virility of its expression is lost, and under urban attack its hold is relinquishing. Yet for all that, it is still the core of American moral conviction.

The third aversion is more difficult to characterize, for it has no single epithet, historical or satirical. The thing itself is what was once known as the character and attainments of a Gentleman — an ideal of civilized human quality into which entered many historical elements. Chivalry is one of them, whether interpreted on its lighter side as gallantry or on its nobler as active devotion and discipline in recognized virtues. Humanism, as the Renaissance conceived humanism, is another, meaning that initiation into the cult of European civilization which a loving scholarship in the humane letters may give. Taste and good form, as the eighteenth century would have them, perhaps with their flavour of artifice, is a third factor, defining more or less the proprieties. In brief, combined, the qualities which compose this third aversion of the intelligentsia represent the moral capital which has carried many a modern man through a well-ordered life, after the sources of his virtues had themselves ceased to be mentally moving. For none will deny, I imagine, that the chivalry, humanity, and taste of European peoples are the offspring of Christendom conceived as a cultural tradition. Certainly the opposition of the intelligentsia to the traditional ideal of the gentleman is in no small part due to the fact that he is by right of record the Christian Gentleman. The religious

factor is there, and the old religion is a main object of attack.

I suppose that no reader will understand me as saying that what I have defined as objects of interest are anywhere represented by a platform, or backed by a proclamatory group. I do not know whether or not this is the case, although for some of the features—say, the attack upon Christianity as such—it clearly is so. All I purpose to maintain is that where ‘intelligentsia’ is used with reference to contemporary American thought it is commonly a designation for persons or groups having one or more of the interests which I have described, together with their attendant hostilities. And with this anticipation, we may proceed to the discussion of the interests I have named.

II

SCIENCE is the first of the three interests which I have mentioned as distinctive in the programme of the American intelligentsia, and I have suggested that it is being utilized not only to combat Christianity, but also, positively, to form the foundations of a new religion, which is to be the Religion of Science.

But I must distinguish. No term of our common talk is used nowadays with greater accumulations of prejudice than is this term science. I shall be cavalier in my definitions, but I think there will be no violation of the truth of usage when I assign to the term three almost radically distinct meanings, which I shall call the science of the scientists, the science of the educator, and the science of the intelligentsia. Pedantry, perhaps, but for the moment a needful pedantry.

First, science as the scientists understand it. In this sense it denotes disciplines of procedure in the pursuit of knowledge, far more than any rigour of objects to be known.

It embraces (no doubt vaguely) vast areas of recorded observations and theoretical formulations; but it implies no pretension that these organizations and partial organizations of knowledge give or insure any unmitigated unity of their varied matters. What is required in order that knowledge be scientific is not at all an intellectual invulnerability to error, but simply and wholly that it conform to certain moral standards. These are impersonality of judgment, caution in theory, and social subordination of the individual. Impersonality of judgment is doubtless best summarized as absence of self-interest, and this must be understood to include indifference to economic and other utilities, including the moral. Scientific caution is the principle governing all experimentation and verification, and eventuates in the rule that all scientific conclusions must be stated as hypotheses. Social subordination is recognition of the fact that the personal equation is never capable of complete elimination, and that scientific knowledge must be the labour of more than lifetimes. Collectively these traits are what is called respect for truth, where truth is conceived as subject to abstract formulation. Doubtless they rest more or less consciously upon another group of assumptions (for example, faith in the unity and uniformity of nature and in the validity of human experience), but essentially science, as men of science cultivate it, is no more or less than the moral spirit which I have described. That this spirit is shared by students of human institutions and records as well as by those concerned with other phenomena is obvious; so that among scientists are to be included scholars, historians, metaphysicians, sociologists, along with those devoted to the mathematical, physical and biological realms. The moral spirit and the respect for truth are the same, and they find similar manifestations in invention of method and in reliance upon co-operation.

But it is certain that in all of this there is no single object of knowledge and no unified body of conclusions: the only strictly scientific world is a world of the spirit.

But for the educator, while he accepts something of the spirit I have described, science is actually a far different thing. Very largely because of the regimentation which institutional organization implies, science, educationally speaking, is a set of recognized disciplines, distinguished mainly for instructional utility. In the schools there are sciences, not science; they are conceived as subjects; they have their specialists, their houses, their curricula and provinces of instruction (which, by a fiction, do not overlap), and they are even supposed to have their equivalences as knowledge—so much of botany equal to so much of chemistry or physics, so much of economics to some measure of politics or history, and so on. All this is inconceivably artificial, and it is rendered even more so by certain superior classifications: biological sciences, physical sciences, social sciences, sciences of method; and again by a set of assumed oppositions with other forms of knowledge, particularly letters. There is, no doubt, a certain radical difference between the study of the traditions of human culture, which can be known more or less in their picturesque detail, and the study of realms capable only of hypothetical generalization; and it is perhaps a legitimate courtesy to restrict the name of science to the latter; but if so, it is well to bear in mind that the restriction is a pedagogical convention, and is not due to any delinquency or loss of significance in other forms of knowledge. Science, then, for the educator, is a term of shop-talk, useful, but not to be employed without guard against self-deception.

Now the third meaning of science, that which I have designated as its meaning for the intelligentsia, while gathering sanction from the preceding, is in fact profoundly

distinct. It is the meaning in which science is constantly cited and appealed to as a last authority. The 'word' of science, the 'truth' of science, the 'light' of science, for this usage, possess the finality and infallibility which in all modes of human thought are impulsively attached to the Word, the Truth, and the Light. It is exceedingly difficult to characterize with precision an attitude which is in its essence uncritical, as is this type of appeal; but I think that there can be no mistake in assigning to it certain background assumptions bolstering, for the greater part unconsciously, the faith which the appeal implies. Among these assumptions no doubt foremost is the belief that truth must be *une pensée raisonnée*, a thought subject to analytical formulation and graphic or mathematical expression. The words 'reason' and 'intellect,' under the influence of the development of scientific method, have come more and more to convey consciously just this implication, so that one may fairly affirm that for the intelligentsia of today the light of intelligence primarily means methodical analysis; and the word 'scientific' is taken as more or less a synonym for intellectually valid. In this we have the sanctioning of one single form of our thinking, erected to an acknowledged pre-eminence in the attainment of knowledge—a mode so much the vogue of our day that it is surely important to call to attention the fact that in other times and among peoples of other cultures entirely distinct modes of thought have been regarded as vastly superior to this in which we place our trust, among them the intuitive, imaginative, oracular, conscientious, sensuous modes of thought. Science, then, for our intelligentsia gets its deepest sanction from the fact that they feel intellectually at home with its procedures: they have a serious belief in its images, just as Nebuchadnezzar seriously believed in the images of dreams. Probably it is this assumption which leads to the second and greater assump-

tion, formally more obvious, that science possesses unity as a body of knowledge and such cumulative cogency as is implied by 'scientific world' and similar designations. The scientific world is felt to be not an assemblage of tongues and opinions, but an ecclesia with a vested and pontifical authority, which is to be quite devoutly acknowledged. It is, in fact, a church in the making; for to the intelligentsia Science is rapidly acquiring a religious formulation.

The scientific development in west European civilization, in its modern bearings, has now gone forward for approximately three hundred years. It began in the seventeenth century with a promise of liberation—liberation from clerical institutions and authorities, liberation from that ignorance which is defined by narrow perspectives. Science was to free, broaden, emancipate the human intelligence, and Science came, therefore, first as the Great Liberator. By the eighteenth century, scientific thinking had assumed a new role and gained a new epithet: it had become the symbol of the light of knowledge, and it was known as the illuminator, and the Age itself was named Reason and Enlightenment. And again, another century, the nineteenth, and science moves forward into a faith promising a salvation: science is the guide of a progress that leads toward bliss, the opener of the gates of the brighter future, the holder of the keys to a superior humanity. It is true that the bliss promised is worldly and not otherworldly, the future evolutionary and not celestial, and the shining of humanity is to be physical and not spiritual; but these are no more than changes in the imagery of faith; at the heart of it all is Science the Saviour. Thus in succession we behold emerging, in the name of science, Liberation, Illumination, Salvation—the trinity which is omnipresent in religious experience as men know it. And in our own time we see the belief moving onward into creed and dogma and ritual. For today, the Science which

is the religion of the intelligentsia possesses its theologies, known as the philosophies of Materialism and Mechanism. It is elaborating its morals, from physical eugenesis to intellectual mathesis and social praxis; it acknowledges the *ipse dixit*; it owns its disciplines of research, its asceticisms of self-abnegation, its sanctimonies, shrines, saints. Nay, it has its fanatics and devotees, apoplectic intolerants and mystic visionaries, formulating great myths of cosmogenesis and apocalyptic doom.

Any reader can fill in the detail, and will realize that what I am describing is not only a true description of what science has come to mean in the minds of the collegiate thousands passing annually into the walks of our social world and of the multitudes who are of a similar instruction drawn from the publicities, machines, and rumours which create the atmosphere of their faiths; but will realize also that my description is actually that of a religion. It may be a religion still in the making, but already it is vastly influential in the tuition of notions of human happiness and well-being and in the shaping of our social and personal ideals of the moral good.

III

THE religion of Science as adopted by our modern intelligentsia has become at last, in our day, consciously and essentially anti-Christian. I do not mean anti-Christian in the sense of being anti-clerical: the seventeenth century was that. Nor anti-Christian as being opposed to dogmatic theology, as was the eighteenth century. But I mean that it is anti-Christian as denying and aiming to destroy the cultural ideals that have given its character to the period of Europe which we call the Christian Era and to the world of humanity which we call Christendom. It is anti-Christian in the sense that it is antagonistic to Christian morals and sentiments and idealizations of human nature.

Bacon and Descartes were each deferentially anti-clerical; Voltaire and Ingersoll were spicy antagonists of dogma; Huxley assailed Christian lore quite in the spirit of a conscientious Presbyterian, and Renan was never more than a humanist fondling the cult which had nurtured him. But the thought and dispositions of all of these men was fundamentally Christian; they breathed and moved and sustained their intellectual being in the atmosphere of a Christian civilization which it was never in their thought to destroy, and in this they were at one with their times. Christianity has never been opposed to Science quite in the sense and degree in which now they are opposed: the old conflicts were merely sectarian revolts; the new war is a war of rival religions, differing in the deepest essentials of their conception of life. It is in this manner that the intelligentsia of today is challenging the strongholds of the past.

It is understood, I trust, that I am not here referring to the competition of Biblical and modern biophysical images of the natural and historical worlds. Whether one's thought be coloured by Genesis i or Proverbs viii, or by the nebular or the planetesimal hypothesis, whether by cubits or by light-years, is of no radical bearing upon the distinction that I would make; for in these things are the symbols, not the substance of meaning. Greek thought formulated the set of images with which our ideas of nature are now embodied. But Greek thought not only had no difficulty in assimilating to Christianity, but it also found in the latter the cognate world to its own. It is even quite apparent that the modern religion of Science is as definitely anti-Greek as it is anti-Christian. It is, indeed, historically comparable to both Greek and Christian, primarily in that like each of these it represents a radical intrusion upon the establishments of time. It is new in the world, just as the work of the Milesians or of Jesus and his

disciples came as new; and like each of these it paints and points a new way of human life.

I shall turn to consider but two phases of this new way of life, the two which I have already indicated as the changing ideals of the relations of the sexes and as the distrust of the sentiments of civilization. The two are connected. Both turn upon the *mores* of the older social order, and the problems which have gained the name of *moral*. It is unfortunate that in its common use in English 'moral' has acquired a too local stress upon sex and its relations, so that we employ 'moral' and 'immoral' almost as if they had no other bearings; but there is at least this justification, namely, that organization with respect to sex is vastly more significant of a social order than is any other mode of organization, and that ideals of sex are more than any others the keys to the whole moral structure of a society. It is, therefore, in its assaults upon the older ideals of family and personal life that the new religion is most revolutionary.

I have little concern here for the commoner symptoms and tenets. These are of daily familiarity to readers of the public gossip: pleas for facile divorce; for trial, companionate, and contraceptive marriage; for the sanctioning of illegitimate birth; for female promiscuity, male irresponsibility—all more or less euphemistically given their sanction by some theory of heredity and doctrine of eugenics. Scientific breeding of the human race is the title under which these advocacies seriously flourish and in the name of which their apologetics are advanced, but even while recognizing the genuineness of this form of the appeal to reason, few would imagine that the public or 'news' value of the scientific claims is momentous; it is not advocacy of eugenics but assault upon the older ideals of chastity represented by prenuptial virginity and marital

fidelity that gives profits to the 'sex appeal' of news-mongers and film-producers, as all the world knows. We can fairly say, therefore, that the new religion aims consciously to establish an ideal which is meant to nullify the Christian conception of marriage as a sacrament, and to replace it by a sanctioning of libidinous sexuality. Certainly it is this that underlies the caustic attacks upon 'puritanism' where the puritanism in question represents ideals of sexual responsibility; and in another inheritance it is reflected in the critical assault upon the romantic tradition, with its idealization of feminine purity of body and mind, and of masculine self-discipline and self-proof under the impulsion of a spiritualized image of love.

It is perfectly clear that the attack directed against sex ideals is an attack upon the family as a social institution. It is an attack aimed equally against the Classical ideals of piety, the Christian of fidelity, and the Middle Age exaltation of the obligations of birth—*noblesse oblige*—having as its first objective the stripping away of all the imaginative sanctions which the culture of the past has sought to attach to human mating. Without an altered attitude toward both childhood and old age, and hence toward posterity and ancestry, this could have small chance of success; and the alteration of these attitudes is no less a feature of the programme of the intelligentsia than is their assault upon the institution of marriage. For marriage, after all, is only a symbol of family sanctities and faiths, and ultimately derives its meaning from an image of the total meaning of the whole of a human life: in the rituals of the Church there are sacraments of baptism, confirmation, and the office for the dead, as well as the rite of marriage, but the latter is in an important sense key to all. The Christian family, therefore, embraces the child at the knee and the elder devout with memories, as well as the robust youth and the responsible parents; and in this

family, as an image, Christendom most nearly achieves its epitome.

But for our modernists the family ideal has no place. They are advocates of the economic interpretation of history, and they tell us, with truth, that economically, as society now is, the family has ceased to be a significant unit. They point to the economic independence of women, meaning thereby the economic competition of the sexes. They point to the state assumption of responsibility for children and again for the aged, in schools and institutions. They point to the influx of mechanical contrivances for chores and for pleasures which are making the words 'domestic' and 'home' yearly of less significance. And from all this they argue that the family is not only passing, but meaningless: the hotel, the theatre, the hospital, and the morgue, are for them the images of the successors of the homestead, the church, and God's Acre. The vigour as well as the sanctity of life has exchanged lodgings, they would affirm; and I suppose that few of us who are observers of the tides of men's affairs can deny that this is largely true. The ideas of the intelligentsia are in fact being put into practice, and society is assimilating the colour of their creed. The old institutions are assailed, and the old sentiments are disintegrating. First are going the ideals of innocence and chastity; next fidelity, parental responsibility, filial piety, veneration for age—all that binds the family into an organization. Following these are passing romantic love, chivalric devotion, the restraints imposed by personal delicacy and taste, and indeed all that in the past has been deemed to grace with spirituality our intimate human relations. That there is still a range of sentiments beyond those which spring from the internal nature of the family—sentiments of gentility, patriotism, humanity—destruction of which must certainly follow the destruction of family life, this I think will be obvious to

him who will take thought ; and it is this that I mean when I say that the new religion is radically anti-Christian, and is turned against the whole of our traditional civilization with a deep and central distrust. The mind of the intelligentsia is set upon a new order ; but whether it will be for the expression of a truer intelligence or a falling into human disaster, time has not determined.

IV

A PROGRAMME of assault, such as I have described, could not have even hope of success were it not sustained by convictions and tenets which are deep-grounded in cultural consciousness. I have said that the programme of the intelligentsia is, undeniably, effectively working to its ends. It remains, therefore, to inquire what conviction of the nature of reality, what moral philosophy, grounds and supports it.

Once again I shall speak primarily from impression. In this day of multifarious publicity, documentation for any thesis touching ideas would not be difficult ; but it is my belief that the impressions derived from private and casual expressions of opinion, from intimate or passionate utterances joined to the event, from appeals to pleasure or appetite, from the undertow of social pressures—that these yield a more certain truth as to the mind of one's contemporaries than may be found in the studied pleas in which they are formulated for the public. If then I attempt to characterize what I conceive to be the philosophy of the intelligentsia, it will, I trust, be understood that I rely for its corroboration merely upon the agreements of impression which may issue from experience of a social and intellectual environment that is ours in common.

In characterizing this philosophy I have here little interest in the sophisticated and professional forms of materialism and naturalism, influential as these are ; for I do not

believe that it is the logical exposition of these that makes them persuasive : all that is a part of the apologetics. But I am interested in the oppositions which these terms imply ; each is more a denial than an affirmation, and what both are concerned to deny is the set of values which the past has named the spiritual and the super-human. To talk about God, the soul, or a spiritual destiny for mankind is, to the intelligentsia, simply to be out of date ; these are names, in their eyes, intershot with antiquated superstitions, and for the enlightened mind they are frankly tiresome ; the sun rises in another time and space.

They call this other world a world of humanity, but here again meanings have altered. For theirs is no longer a humanity that may mean a spiritual brotherhood nor one that may look toward a creative participation in the shaping of its destinies. Rather it is a definitely physical and terrestrial by-play of nature, localized and minute in all its realities, a carbohydrate accident, if you please, from the occurrence of which is to be deduced no very momentous inference as to the nature of the world—which can be ‘man’s world’ only by courtesy. This is the real gist of the philosophy : values and meanings are all to be compressed into the momentary ; time has only one dimension, its *now*, without prospect or retrospect ; and transient man has only one implied fullness of being, his day in the sun, his pick-up under the spotlight, his fling in reality. The problem of humanity, then, is purely the problem of a maximum content for that beat of eternity which is the measure of a human life.

I should not suppose it to be inevitable that this maximum content must be interpreted as hedonic, but I am convinced that this is virtually the only interpretation that actually is given to it. And being hedonic and momentary it seems to be clear that its form will be the immediate pleasures which the older schools called the pleasures

of the senses and the appetites—including the appetite of curiosity or the love of aesthetic charm, for I do not mean to imply that this hedonism is necessarily gross, but only that it is clear-cut hedonism, using pleasure as its measure of value. For such a view the ideal man is the fully developed human being, just emerged from the period of growth, desires unsurfeited and powers unabated; there is no question of attainments, or at any rate of attainments that have cost anything in the way of vital expenditure, and there is no question of any except a calculating self-restraint. The metre of conduct is the measure of the flush of living.

Now I venture to say that the ideals of our time are being conformed more and more to the moral conception (for it is a moral conception) which I have just indicated. The arts, for example, have come to centre quite conscientiously in pastime, pleasures for the eye and ear, 'amusements,' as we call them. Knowledge makes its pleas mainly on the ground of physical and biological utility—freedom from the necessity of labour, enlargement of gratification by the aid of inventions, broadening of the panorama of ideas. Politics and economics are conceived from the point of view of widening the area of individual irresponsibility, which is what is generally understood by the term freedom. Finally, expressionism, understood as release from any sense of the private or intimate, has become a sort of theoretical justification for every manifestation of curiosity or desire which violates the older ideals of taste. This is particularly true in the realm of the inner aspect of manners: the sensitivity and impulsions which make up the consciousness and actuate the conduct of gentlemen and gentlewomen as the older tradition formed them. For this older definition rested upon conceptions of self-restraint that belong to a more matured ideal of life than expressionism knows, recognizing a refinement

achieved by age itself, and perhaps only to be fully shown in a body which had begun to know failure. The thing is difficult to delimitate, but that in some degree it represented a conquest of bodily appetite and a subjection of expressive impulses, of this, I think, there can be no serious question.

And is it not just here that we return to what I have already called the key to the moral philosophy of the intelligentsia, its attitude toward sex and the family? In the old idea, the traditional, the pattern of human life was defined by the 'seven ages of man,' from infancy to old age, and its values were distributed with the rounding out of its full form: the Greek caution, 'Call no man happy until the manner of his death be known,' had precisely this implication of the completeness of the cycle of living as the true measure of humanity. And it is surely needless for me to insist that it is just in the family conceived as a continuing organization of life, *all* the ages present in its pattern, that the Greek and Christian images find their realized values. But opposite indeed is the image presented by the localized image of human life which is made central in our new moral creed. The world of men is made to exist essentially for the youthfully mature specimens of the genus. The restriction of human values is limited to a single age out of the seven, and this is made the whole focus of life. Human beings are infants, children, youths only as preparation for this early and brief maturity, and the fading end of life has value only in proportion as it is able to cling self-deceivingly to the illusion of the continuance of the years of buxom fullness: the lying-in hospital at the beginning and the pensioner's refuge at the end are the decrepit terminals of human reality, and each is to be located on a by-street. But the dance of life—the theatre is its place and the flash of passion its realization. . . .

Is this a strained judgment? I do not think so; for the

blare of press and billboard is no more its symptom than are the glozed scorns and perfervid primitivisms of chaired philosophy—the philosophy of the smoking-room and of the mezzanine floor. The mere book-lists that fall upon my desk proclaim it, title and plea; it has become engrossed in the cant of education; and again in the journalistic agreement that public interest is restricted to business, politics, murder, and sports—the cult of the body and its world. Whatever may or may not have been their successes this was certainly not the meaning of the traditional philosophies, nor of their understanding of civilization. But it is precisely civilization, as history has defined it, that the intelligentsia most distrust.

V

I REALIZE that nothing is more open to challenge than the type of diagnosis of the mind of the American intelligentsia which I have here made. It is, in this respect, quite on a par with the characterizations of Babbitt and Puritanism in which the intelligentsia indulge themselves, and it is very likely true that just as there is no Babbitt nor Puritan living who could recognize himself in their portraits; so also not even our self-styled red intellectuals would acknowledge my characterization. But I think that I am not mistaken in assigning the state and traits of mind which I have described to a definable group in America within which all of these traits will be found with emphasis, and again I think that I am not mistaken in representing this group as assuming for themselves an essential intellectual pre-eminence: among our book-makers, reviewers, and editorial free lances they form a decided bloc. It is now my purpose to ask whether this assumption of intellectual pre-eminence is by its own measures justifiable: whether our intelligentsia actually represent the better intelligence.

At the outset I distinguished as the cherished butts of the intelligentsia the Babbitt, the Puritan and the Gentleman. I would now return to these with my inquiry. And first of all, is it not evident that the distinction between the country-club mind of the Babbitts and the café bolshevism of our ruddy intellectuals is erased? The Babbitt mind — the go-getter, putter-across, quick-results up-to-dater — is, I have said, essentially the mind engrossed in the Now of affairs. The Intelligentsist mind, with its laudation of the lustful moment and the frank reality and its bent for *carpe diem* ethics, is again engrossed in the Now, which is for it the ephemerid hour of gay unrestraint. What difference lies between the two is that your Babbitt's preoccupation is with business, your intellectual's is with pastime; yet the job and the joy-ride are, after all, but changing moments of a single transient routine, and job and joy-ride are the respectively glorified Nows of these two types of philosophized transiency. Instead of finding in Babbitt a theme of cartoon, the red intellectual ought, one might suppose, to see the boon comrade of his own mind . . . but possibly it is the vividness of the Babbitt objectification of that mind which makes this self-reflection seem intolerable.

On the other hand, it is inevitable that the Puritanism of the old American tradition should be both incomprehensible and antipathetic to the intelligentsist mind. The latter is after all a late European importation, and it has achieved its most pronounced developments at the hands of persons whose concerns are mainly with public entertainment — with theatre, fiction, gaieties. Old Americanism, on the other hand, was the creation of the frontier, and its axe-and-plow drive against the wilderness. Necessarily, the virtues of thrift, courage, loyalty, abstemiousness, and above all the willingness of the individual to subordinate his life to his vision of a cleared farm and an established

homestead—necessarily these virtues became the moral foundation of the pioneer life of the American Colonies. With them, too, the family pattern of human well-being was bound to emerge, and with this came those emphases upon the title of innocence to protection and of age to reverence which are disowned by the mind emancipated from family ideals. All of these things belong to the old Americanism; all of them are assailed by the new movement. The point of attack is the seriousness, self-denial, conscientiousness of Puritanism, summarized under the notion of Puritan asceticism, or ridiculed as Puritan intolerance and restraint upon individual freedom. That the element of restraint is present, I think no one can deny; but it is equally undeniable that this restraint is essentially self-restraint. The whole burden of the puritanic emphasis upon conscience and duty is precisely a burden of self-control—the one virtue that is imperative in a military, a frontiers, or a politically free community. It is also, of course, the primary virtue recognized in Classical culture, and it should not be passed without remark that conscience and duty have for their Classical equivalents the Hellenic ideals of self-knowledge and temperance. Even as supplemented by Christian conceptions of the personal virtues, morally Puritanism is as Greek in quality as anything in modern life.

But the actual antagonism is more deep-seated than its forensic; probably it is more deep-seated than the conscious thought of its spokesmen. The real opposition of the Intelligentsia and the Old Americans comes back to the distinction which I have already made as to their respective conceptions of the values of human life; it comes back to the valuations of a man's life as seen in the age pattern. The intelligentsist concentrates his valuation upon the years of early maturity; the puritan distributes his valuations throughout a lifetime. In the interests of the realization of

the values of a lifetime, self-control and self-direction are inevitable, and with them the virtues of foresight and thrift, of restraint and sacrifice. At the bottom are two distinguishable conceptions of the richness of life: the one finding this richness in a sort of nuptial zenith, the other more soberly regarding it as the product of the varied years that define the arc of our being. Shall the garden of life be given over to the massed opulence of tulip bloom, in its hour; or, without this moment of gorgeous concentration, pass from the delicate blossoms of early spring into an unimpoverished autumn? This reasonably represents the opposition of thought that lies between stress upon foresight and stress upon immediacy, between idealism and realism as evaluative philosophies. The intelligentsia have adopted the latter, laying their stakes upon the Now of realization.

Concerning the third antagonism I shall say only a word. Just as Puritanism builds its values into the full round of an individual life, so the ideal of the gentleman is built upon a summation of values seated in a cultural tradition. A civilization, a culture, form the gentleman's background, and from it he takes his code. This is as true of the Orient as of the Occident. A Chinese gentleman may, and in numerous regards does, differ from a European gentleman in his notions of propriety; but this certainly he has in common with the European, that his conception of gentility and his code of honor are derived from the traditions of his native culture, as represented in religion and polity, in art and in letters. He relies for his values upon this tradition, and a main support of his ideal of life is his recognition of the sentiments with which time has seasoned and tempered his civilization. When, therefore, I speak of our ideal as that of the Christian gentleman, it is with no narrow emphasis upon the word Christian, but with recognition of the simple truth that the sentimental life of occidental culture is coloured and toned by the Christian tradition, to

the heart of it. Other elements are no doubt present, but none other embodies anything like the vividness of imagery and feeling which is the gift of Christianity. The chivalric code is but one phase, touched and graced and ennobled by Christian sanctions, for with it come into being a whole world of idealizations of the most elemental functions of life — as the daily meal is in the Christian sense sanctified as a blessing, or as the love of a man for a maid is made romantically beautiful. The realist of the hour directs his gibes at romantic love, but the greatest literatures of the western world, even in their satires, proclaim the intensity of this sentiment and the grace which it imparts to the lives of men and women. The rite of Christian marriage is one aspect of it; the duty of the man to protect and sustain the weak, and if necessary to die for them, is another; and every phase of delicacy and courtesy in conduct forms as it were a voice in the tradition of gentility. Until at last the tradition itself becomes a thing to live and die for, a humane value as beautiful as any which the life of man has discovered. It is this that is summarized in its fuller meaning by *noblesse oblige*.

VI

And now one more word, which I will put in the form of a statement and a question. My statement, which I shall assume to lie beyond debate, is to this effect: that evidence of human intelligence and of the quality of humanity, in the senses in which these may be supposed to differentiate us from the other animals, lies precisely in the fact that man's mind is capable of living in measures of life which are longer than the measures which guide animal consciousness; it lies precisely in the fact that *men*, in the full sense of their humanity, can live in the *thought* of a lifetime and of a cultural tradition. Foresight and

memory are the dominant marks of intelligence ; prospect and retrospect are the primary enlightenments of humanity. That is my statement. My question is : Can any form of philosophy which concentrates its values in some ephemeral Now be as rich in intelligence as those forms which set their eyes toward the Eternal?

Certainly, from its Ionian beginnings it is toward the Eternal that the thought of philosophy has most greatly turned, and only where it has so turned has it truly kept faith with the central aspiration of the human mind, and so with its own higher office. Philosophy is the love of wisdom, but there should be no evasion of what is the quality and theme of that wisdom to which philosophy is most honourably devoted. For philosophical thinkers may become the ready dupes of specious theory, and turning from the central concerns of their profession may wander into the by-paths of understanding, there seeking the wisdoms of the market and the forum and the theatre, and of the dens of laboratory experimentation, altogether losing that other and more commanding course which from the outset was put for them to follow. It is thus that in our own time philosophical thought has gone adrift, and, perhaps more than elsewhere, in the American nation our professional philosophers have been led hither and yon through the passing nows of thought, into clueless mazes of political and scientific theory, into cunning dilemmas of epistemology, or, least of all fruitful, into the logomachies and numeralogies of the shifting phantoms of reason. Out of all this there is formed an atmosphere dangerously similar to that which marks the Sophist age of Greek thought, theory-ridden, sceptically self-engrossed, with Truth for its plaything and the Good as butt and target of an eristic game. God is seldom mentioned in this philosophy, and if there be eternities within its view

they are but peeped upon inadvertently, rarely are they faced with resolution. Herein has philosophy mainly fallen from its task.

It is true enough that there are those, and not few, who think that God is fordone and that the Good can be no more than the subject of a personal or social convenience, in no wise a central meaning of the world; and such philosophical atheism and egoism are entitled to the respect that a forthright honesty merits. But it is also and even more true that the ancient issue of eternal verities and values is evaded more often than it is met, being fallen into neglect; or, if it be met, it is met in a surreptitious and indirect fashion, with much laudation of temporally present issues,—as if the needs of an hour could be resolved apart from some background philosophy of the world into which they can be framed and set and seen in proportion, and by which their solution may be guided. For in the end it is what men understand and believe in regard to the world itself, in regard to the All of creation, which is the most practical and applicable of human thoughts: it is his philosophy of the world which gives to each man his courses of action and principles of conduct, and it is such a philosophy also that imparts to each human culture not alone its quality but assuredly its perdurable influence upon human destiny. So that nothing can be of more importance to any people than is the philosophy of life which it finds out and the insight into last things which it may achieve. These represent the crown of every worthy patriotism and the sum of cultural greatness, as in the culture of the Greeks we see example; and it is for the quest of these that men own their passing days and for these that nations celebrate their centuries. So, at least, Time's tablets indicate.

Therefore, we who ask of our own lands and lives a greatness should require of our philosophy that it labour

on into the mightiest of all frontiers, beyond which lie the fastnesses of the eternal. Answers such as in our own day men can live by and such as by the future we would have our day to be judged we shall ask to all those elemental questions of our human being which through some miracle of creation have most marked us as human and as participants in all that humanity may ever be. In the name of truth we shall ask after the last Truth of all things, and in the name of the good after the Good supreme. We shall ask what in its finalities is this world within which our lots are cast and assorted; and we shall ask after the meaning of God in human life, whereto, whether it be by some aberration of nature or by God himself, this meaning has yet been summoned. And we shall ask after a man's soul, and the way whereby it can have been and perchance may yet be led into God's presence. So asking we shall keep faith with philosophy and also with that gift of intelligence which the labouring years have bequeathed to our humanity as a sacred possession.

CHAPTER II

DRAMA AS THE COSMIC TRUTH.

I

WHEN Thales first spoke of water as the *archê* of all that is he inaugurated the most daring and dangerously fruitful of the great adventures of human thought. His was the initial abstraction of substance from phenomenon, of element from functioning organism, of a natural world from its history. He had asserted that things are not what they seem, and indeed are in no penetrating sense things, but that instead they are quanta of the undifferentiated one-in-principle which alone has title to the name of Being. With his mortal eyes wide open to the perpetual variegation of earth and sea and sky and with his days telling out the suites of human experience, intricate with veering direction and kaleidoscopic with temperament, he yet could assert that all this is but phantasm, like a film of illusion wafted above some pool of Reality, itself the deep and the sustaining. There is a One, he was saying, central, seated, enduring, and the Many of the senses and of the years are but its insubstantial shows.

That the *archê* of Thales should have been a *stoicheion*, this one-in-principle a substantial element, is of secondary consequence. Circumstances such as are hinted by Aristotle no doubt led him to the selection of the fathering Waters as his image of the all-generating substance, and we may fairly assume that it was this direction of his speculative genius that clamped upon the Occident the conception of brute matter and its mechanics as the surest key to the understanding of what man may *observe*—even if not wholly of what man may *be*; for Thales is surely the prime counsellor of materialism and mechanism as orders of

thought. Certainly this selection of a physical element as that which could be the *archê* has been vastly determinative historically, having for its consequence nothing less than the entire upbuilding of our conception of the atomic construction of the physical reality. Nevertheless, as a feat of pure reason and a plat of mind's adventure it has been wholly less of moment than the more bladelike achievement of a thought that would wholly sheer matter from form, substance from character, force from action, and would erect the prior members of this series into a material and forceful substance which could be the ground and reality of *all* forms and characters and events. Forth from this conception was to spring the idea of *Nature* as over against History or Destiny—the idea of *the Physis*, as the Greeks named it, to which five and twenty centuries, with a labour which is still infant, have been giving its definition; and forth from it as consequence was to grow a whole world of active convictions to which we give the title of Natural Science and the honour of more than one high philosophic altar. Certainly the work which Thales inaugurated bulks huge in our affairs; it has created no less a thing than this same natural science, manner and content; it has erected into independent solidity an object called Nature, domineering over major areas of the mind's understandings, and making essential subjects of our lives; until today the whole intellectual world of the Occident is its creature, as surely we must see can we but make the abstraction from our cultural moment which will give its perspectives. And this being our case, may we at all doubt that herein is a noble subject of inquiry, and one imperative upon each who would hold himself true to the quest of truth? Was Thales just in his inspiration? And the height of our conclusions, drawn in his mode and fortified by a veritable intoxication of achievement, are they also justified—not for what they have done, but as measures

of the world? It is the question to which philosophy unrelentingly returns.

Let us ask it again, there at the source. A man of Miletus says of the rocks that they are water, and yet of his hearthfire and of his mind's thought that these also are water. We know very well that it is not primarily of Nile and Mæander that he is thinking, nor of the fruitfulness that springs from earth's breast when wetted from the heavens, nor of the moist as the fecund element in the seeds of all things. Such images are for the expositor, and Thales could only have known them as images. What was foundational is that he dared deny his eyes and ears and all the senses of his moving body in favour of a thought so leaping that it could proclaim not only the sense-world but also the living-world as phantasmagorical, and over against it, underlying it and creating it, could set a One having no second attribute to its own perdurability. To say that the prerogative of *being*, that the genuineness of *existence*, is *subsensible*, *subexperiential*, something that is *apart from* the actuality of action as life exhibits action, this is a perversion of our directly given world that is indeed colossal, and it was this that makes Thales the great revolutionist of western intelligence. Men before his day had made observations and had devised inventions; they had scored and tallied the motions of the stars; they had geometrized the land and had laid gauges to the waters, and they had medicined their own bodies with understanding of nature's therapeutic gifts. But all this was empirical and practic in character, and in no true sense epistemological; it was superior perhaps to technic but inferior to theory. It is only with Thales that *science*, as we conceive it, first becomes real; it is only with him that science appears as something more than knowledge, and takes to itself the authority of a wisdom and a philosophy. And this character it owes then and main-

tains on into our own day fundamentally because it does make that vast diremption of our world into a One and a Many, into a *Physis* and an Experience, which there at the head of our thought Thales proclaims.

What is here being said is not to be understood with exaggeration. The division of the world which appears with Thales is in a certain bearing hardly more than a variant upon that more ancient one which seems to exist even in the subhuman world, among the animals, namely, of what is *outer* as over against what is *inner*, of what *appears*, auspiciously or mischievously, as distinguished from what *lurks behind* appearances, and forms as it were the ambushing reality. We have all observed the inquisitive or critical nostrils of hound and horse or the cock-eye suspicion of the barnyard fowl, and we may have reflected that even here, where intelligence is less than human, there is an obvious awareness of the *double entente* which pervades sensible experience, and permits sense to contradict sense and inculcates the deceptive arts of feigning and ruse. Illusion is indeed born of desires the most primitive and of appetites the most animal, as the East has long since set forth, so that we might fairly conceive that our bodies are formed only that they may lie to us, and mislead us. Nevertheless, to say all this is to say no more than do those psychologists who make of the webs of sense-deception the garment of their science, putting all on behaviour, to the souls' extinguishment. As philosophers we must probe deeper; and I think that something is already added yet in the animal world, where no man who has known his dog's devotion can doubt for a moment that this is directed to something which for the creature himself is more than bodily. It is not the man's pounds of flesh that the dog loves, but his master's soul; so that there is something of idolatry in the poor beast's deep-set faith. I like the old name *Fido* just because it does bring one up with the mainly

unexplored fact that there is an epistemology of the affections no less than epistemologies of the senses and of the intellect, and that this affective epistemology (to which religions give form) is as keen after realities as may be any that is born of the externalities of embodiment. Love and its kindred, also, are among the guardians of the portal of truth.

As with the animals, so with all men who are to the Greeks barbarians, this distinction of *outer* from *inner* is vivid and vital. It forms itself with every conscious metaphor; it locks into every ambiguity, not alone of expression but even more of thought, and it issues as a mode of intelligence in the vivid and imperative world of mythic conceptions where image and motive shape reason into drama, for which no account less than reality's own tuition can suffice. When delivered into form — that is, into that mode of learning which we of the western world call 'lore' — this perception of deep duplicity invariably takes on the mode of an ascription *to the inner* of motives and passions and wisdoms such as our own — of a whole psychology, indeed. It creates, therefore, very readily, images of a world, and of a world which is a self or a play of selves as masked by the displays of Nature. Now this certainly is a dualism, though of sense and *psyche*, of mask and actor, rather than of a one-in-principle as against a many-in-show; it is a world of which action rather than substance is the stuff and of which drama alone can expose the causal nexus. But Thales conceived something radically different from such a psychical dualism, when he laid down his doctrine of the *archê*, and it is within the tradition of Thales that the Occident has shaped that whole intellectual course which has discovered for us our science.

The history of this science forms a chapter in our thinking which is singularly straightforward and consistent.

Within three generations after Thales the conception of the *Physis* had been refined of any mythopoetic taint and stood forth, in classical purity, essentially as we possess it today. In essence the Greek idea of the *Physis* is what we mean by *Nature* when we speak of Nature purely from the scientific standpoint and as an object of investigation, that is, as a structural world over against a phenomenological content. Such a scientific Nature, strictly the physical, is abysmically divided from that romantic resort for the man-wearied which Nature means for those sentimentalists who put it idyllically in antithesis to the domains of civilization or set it apart for poetic seclusions, bucolic or melancholy. Here, indeed, is a confusion we are all too wont to overlook, somehow conceding to the physical idol, which can be no more than the bony structure of things material, all the suavities and sentiments of a cult that by every right of derivation pertains wholly to *Terra Magna Mater Deorum* and her throng of nymphan theophanies. In brief, we confuse the skeleton, which the scientist's 'Nature' really is, with some object of our sensuous indulgence, hanging upon the former the embroidered sentiments inspired by the latter, as if to make of the bones a deity.

It is to escape this confusion that we should insist upon the classic *Physis*, which designates more clearly that which alone can be of concern to science. In image the *Physis* is, first of all, astronomical, and therefore cosmical. The span of the stars is its measure and their circlings its period; as to this there can be no mistake from the hour when the Milesians opened the first portals of physical science on into our own time; our physics, not otherwise than Franklin's electricity, has been brought down to earth from heaven-flown kites; our science is still as to its frame a science of the Cosmos; and the cosmos of itself is no more nor less than the star-embracing whole. Nevertheless, and again

from the Milesian beginnings, the starry heaven is only the *outer* and the phenomenal; the *inner* and real is of the *archai* and none that is *arché* is other than element. This is the conception upon which I have dwelt as Thales' greater originality, for it is this fundamentally that has given to the *Physis* its conceptual independence, providing as it were the bonding of the structure. Mechanism, in order that it may be defined at all, demands both the platting of a field of operations and the marshalling of regimented forces, and it is as a world-machine that the *Physis* almost from its first conception takes form; the idea of element and its transformation appears with Thales, the idea of law of motion with Anaximander, the idea of force with Anaximenes, the idea of cosmos and measure with Pythagoras, of atomic comminution and the multiplicity of star-cluster worlds with Democritus; and in all of them central is the conception of the conservation of matter and force as over against the ephemeral variations of phenomenal forms. Completely this is the *Physis*, in its classic simplicity. It composes of three factors: the star-set expanses, which define what we may term a major anatomy of physical Nature; the atomic webs, which give their account of an histology; and the reciprocal exemplification in the chartings of the structures of the one, of the chartings of the structures of the other (first cosmos then atom, each displaying perpetual transformations of the one self-conserving energy), which we may count as its functioning. Star, atom, motion, of these it was constituted for the Greeks; of these it is constituted for us.

II

WHAT the later centuries have added to the Grecian image of the world-machine has been little more than the refining-out of its implied concepts and the truly vast extension of its applications. The *Physis* appears as an Idea,

but the industry of the years has given to it such a body of exemplary facts—facts astronomical, physical, chemical, biological—that it is no longer merely an Idea, but is now rather an Idol, with all the materials of cult gathered to its service. It is this richness of practical addition which sometimes blurs our recognition that our science is not at heart the very recent thing we are tempted to proclaim it. Nevertheless, there is a truth in acknowledging that the classical height of the conception of it belongs to the age of Newton, and that it is under the influence of his thought that the image of the cosmic machine stands forth in its most convincing self-completion. No doubt, this is due to the fact that Newton's is the first physics to make a clear abstraction of the idea of space from the idea of material substance, and of the conception of time from the conception of motion. For to the Greeks space was never quite freed from a locative and substantial thinghood; space formed a bastard sort of matter, as Plato remarks; while matter itself was but the crystalline structure with which a geometer might define his spaces. As to time, this was no Grecian form at all, save as illusion—being merely the vain effort of the arrow to escape position, of Achilles to overtake the tortoise, its whole meaning brought to naught by the enveloping cycles with which number tells out the orbits of phenomena. Spengler is correct in saying that Hellenic thought is essentially in spatial dimensions; each of its realities (and I would hardly exclude Plato's own Ideas) when brought into the focus reveals itself as a bas-relief, tense with dramatic suggestion, possibly, but never truly an action. The Cosmos itself, in its antique mode, becomes no more than the pictured burden of a pediment, like the still urn of Keats, designed to 'tease us out of thought as doth eternity.' But with Newton, ghostly as it is, a kind of action is brought into the drama, or perchance we should say that the Newtonian Universe converts into

a Titanic toy, whereof the gamingboard is absolute space and the counts are called to absolute time, whilst athwart the charted expanses metric forces hurl and recoil to the thunderous pieces which are planets, suns, and galaxies. As it were by a gesture of magnificent prestidigitation Newton sets going the Machine within its vacuum; the infinity of extension is his cabinet, eternal duration is the curtain which he draws, and lo, within the arcanum wheels within wheels outblaze Ezekiel's vision! But of the meaning of this apocalypse none may speak; even the mind of the magician is consumed within it.

I cannot think that the advent into physics of theories of relativity, tying space and time into the one moving complex, has done more than consistently complete that sketch of the *Physis* begun with Thales. Philosophers have long been familiar with the notion that time is to be best conceived as one of the dimensions of experience; and from certain quite definite psychological observations they have very well understood that duration and spatial expansion are reciprocals wherever motion is involved, the temporal moments and the spatial positions varying in one complexity of pattern; they have understood also how time may be regarded as the generator of all space, or, to put it oppositely, how space must mainly be thought as the illusion of time — as time's fume, its mirrorings, blown foams of its beating waves; and finally they have recognized that there are in every living unity many disparate *times* interpenetrating, each conveying its own before-and-after and each transacting a different business with a now that seems to be ubiquitous even if it be not wholly metaphysical; every such *time* carries its own world, so that here is a doctrine of worlds interpenetrating, whether they be physical, whether they be spiritual, with no more of reclusion than rocks have for sylphs or atoms for æther. Relativity, therefore, to the philosopher arouses mainly the interest that at-

taches to another and apt application of what is already a received mode of thinking—an application which in this case certainly does remove a gigantesque awkwardness; for in the Newtonian scheme it is obvious that only as by histrionic artifice can time and space be commanded to stand still while the forces contend within the void. The theory of relativity brings back to the *Physis*, and down into the very substance of it, those Forms without which it could not be even a mechanical mockery of experience; so that here we see it, whether as dance of stars, or dance of atoms, or of numbers the dance, as once more a self-complete time-space-number image of light. *Only*—and here is our point—this all-reflecting light, this radiant energy which is the substance of reality, is once more an *archê*, a One generating the Many of the *Physis*. For Thales the element was water; for us it is exemplified by the luminous; but we are still in the school of the Milesians.

The theory of relativity does for us, then, one very valuable thing. It puts the *Physis* back into the class of thinkable worlds, such that itself can be its own plenum; and therefore it makes the World conceivable as *an Action*; the gaucherie goes out of the Machine which now becomes not a *thing*, but a *deed*—and this is all gain. Thereunto the quantum theory appears to add another important asset, namely, the possibility of re-introducing the idea of *causality* in the only sense in which cause may be significant, which is as *dramatic causality*. When causes are *archai* or when they are forces they have no home-coming power; they are concerned only with transformation, and that means with magic and its phantasms, with no great virtue added thereto because the spells happen to take the form of equations instead of abracadabras. But when causes are wills and motives and carry that sense of consequence which is actually capable of moving men, when

they become creative and directive and turn obstacles and overleap barriers, then they are intelligible, and the motion which they define begins to live with argument, and to become drama. Whether the notion be correct (where theory is so new) I cannot say, but this seems to me to be precisely the conception which the quantum theory is preparing to evoke; it calls forth a *Physis* which is not only an action, but which in structure is surely a *dramatic* action, having causes in the directive sense, as leading, event after event, *toward* some outcome. When, as for the quantum theory is the case, the basic formula (defying axioms of quantity) must employ numbers which are not measuring-numbers, but vary with the order of their application, then we have installed a new concept into mathematics, a concept of *dramatic numbers*; and we have thereby passed from a quantitative *Physis* on to a Creative Nature. 'The insubstantial pageant of space, time and matter crumbling into grains of action,' is Dr. Eddington's picturesque phrase, to which there is but the one codicil, that these grains of action when again designed into a pattern will follow the form of an inclusive master Action that must be more than physical.

But if the theory of relativity thus permits us to conceive of the *Physis* as an action, and if the quantum theory gives to this action the necessity of direction and that meaning which is in the truer idea of cause, is there yet a third reconstituent of our image of Nature to be inferred from Professor Millikan's proposal of atom-creating energies, as operative within the darks of interstellar spaces? I confess that this seems to me its indication. For to the Greeks change is the world's illusion, time but a moving image of eternity. To recent moderns the evolutions of the stars are but as the death-struggles of a Universe resolving into its abysmal cold—*all* motion downward, into some unredeemable night. But neither of these conceptions really

carries sense; they mean weariness of mind, rather than conviction. So that it is like sudden refreshment to come upon an insight which can say of the world that it is *in the making*, and of creation that *this* is its day. Possibly Professor Millikan's theory may mean less than this, but if it do not, then already we have from the physicist one more transcension of his own science; for assuredly creation, however its acts may be told and numbered, is not to be named through quantity but only through the plot of the Playwright, for whom the action is an expression. Yes, the flights of our physics and of our astronomy, like those of the daring aviator, seem to be approaching their ceiling, with above them reaches which it may yet be for some metaphysic to explore.

This much we may safely affirm. The vision of the *Physis* which inaugurates with Thales has in our own day been brought to such parlous completion that it is on the verge of transfiguration. Greek science in its latter days was very consciously modest, and kept ever before it the Platonic admonition that its one affair is to 'save the phenomena,' not as probing their metaphysical recesses, but only as marshalling their order through images. The astronomer, the Ptolemaists were saying, may by epicycles and eccentrics describe the wanderings of the errant stars and predict their recurrences within the constellated houses of the heavens, but let none think because men may thus in their fashion save the celestial phenomena that thereby they have gained penetration into the reality of the heavenly bodies or the being of those eternal gods of which stars are the theophanies. 'The gods,' says Proclus, 'of a certainty have a surer judgment; but for us it is enough to attain to approximations, for we are but men . . . to the outcome that we speak according to the appearance, and in a manner resembling fables.' In our most recent day, Dr. Eddington is saying precisely the same thing, of our astronomy and

of our physics, and hence also of our entire conception of Nature.

III

WITHIN the century which saw the achievement of Thales there appeared the treatise of Parmenides, 'Concerning the *Physis*.' Whether or no it be as directly ancestral of a great movement in philosophic thought as is that of Thales, this work is, no less than the Milesian's, symbolic of such a movement: one that gives, as it were, on down into modern times the obverse of the inscription designed by science; it is a coining out of a similar metal, but is clear in its own pattern. The speaking images of the physical sciences have been mechanical devices, charts and graphs, measures and mathematical formulæ, and these have laid out the designs of scientific reason and understanding. But there is another instrument of expression which is capable of system and subtlety, the instrument of language, and when the Eleatics devised dialectic they were giving to reason a second intention, which in the run of the centuries was to lord it over most of the modes of utterance which European thought was to assume. Frequently, I suspect, we are not keenly aware of it, but hardly more than a natural pause in the presence of the bound volumes of a library of philosophy should be necessary in order that flooding over us may come our understanding that, all told, this vast abstraction which the thinkers of Europe have made from Europe's experience of the world is linguistic in all its art; it is a mode of communicating a something of experience that might not otherwise be conveyed, but which is just because of that beset with peril to a mind that should take it all too exclusively. Dialectic is doubtless the subtlest of the instruments of thought; perhaps, therefore, that one most to be scrutinized.

Parmenides divides his work into two parts. The one

part is for him who is gifted with understanding, and its subject is Truth. The other is for the man who must follow his senses, and its subject is Opinion, as concerning the constructions of sensible objects. It is this latter part which we should say deals with the subject-matters of science, with the nature of the stars and the forms of those things which are perceived as in space. There is, says Parmenides, an order in such appearances, though actually they are illusory and their whole world no more than an hallucination of the intelligence; they are *phenomena*, in the very strict meaning, as being *insubstantial*; and Parmenides shows a fine contempt for the mind that can feed only upon such illusion. Where thought possesses metal to sustain it, there, he intimates, a better intelligence may thrive, one directed first and last, alpha and omega, to Truth itself, pure, untouched by delusion; and there this mind will perceive that Being is, and can be, but one and all-existent — changeless, full and complete, transcending even the *archai*, which themselves sink down into the world of appearances. Truth is transcendental of experience; this Parmenides is saying, thereby laying the corners of all the houses of European conceptualism.

Were there the least trace of its having been so received, we might suspect that this Eleatic poem, reducing as it does all science to foolery and all understanding to a fakir's contemplative regard of Nothing, had been put forth as a shrewd satire. But such an hypothesis has no support from the commentators, and we may the better credit the seriousness of Parmenides when we perceive in our own time its duplication. The Hegelians of the Left, with precisely the same type of dialectical ascent, reduce experience, and indeed conceivability, to a play of contradictory appearances, and proclaim that there can be no reality, save of some Absolute which so transcends the worlds that we can think that these latter are wiped out, deluged in the

floods of a transcendental oblivion. The high abstractions which top the ascents dissolve into the empty.

In this, however, is a lesson rather than any cause for hasty condemnation. Just as the mechanical metaphysics of the *Physis* becomes absurd so soon as it pictures no more than the machine buzzing in a vacuum, so the dialectical metaphysics of the conceptualists is reduced to absurdity by its own wordy efforts to kick loose from experience with no better leverage than is afforded by bootstraps. The Eleatics for the Greeks and the Absolutists for the Moderns, so soon as they have zoomed free into their element, perform superbly mid-air, but their only terminus is to vanish in the cloud. Nevertheless, for the lesser flights their art has given us notable wisdom. I am thinking of Spinoza in his brave, still pilgrimage up the 'ladder of essences' into the haven of clarification; I am thinking of Kant, coursing sure into his grasp of the central fact that the forms of our experience are the determinants of our understandings of any worlds of which we may be possessed, and that the structure of mind is in a truly architectural sense the plan of creation; I am thinking, too, of Bergson's wise admonition that we *must* rise above in order even to live within our universe, and of his keen insistence that the One may be, after all, but just this ascension, while the Many is the vision of reality which it yields to our intuition. But most of all I am thinking of Plato, who is surely lord in the king-archon's court, perceiving clearly that he who climbs by dialectic attains to wisdom only when concepts are transformed into such Ideas as are creative essences, and who is content never to leave his exposition save it arrive to some myth of transfiguration where truth takes on the vesture of drama and of life. It is Plato, first and most, who makes truth epic and endows thought with cosmic magnificence.

In all this conceptualist and idealist movement, European

philosophy has added a corrective to the physical modes, and it is a corrective made essentially necessary by the heavy emphases laid upon the physical. Yet for the very reason that the philosophy of the *Physis* has been radical, the forms of conceptualism have themselves tended to pass into extremes. The *Physis* reduces Nature to a skeleton, mechanic in all its attributes. Analogously, conceptualism has repeatedly drafted a schematism and called it a Mind. The systems of categories, the ladders of essences, the moments of mounting dialectic, have all been drawn up *out of*, have been abstracted *from*, mind's life, and then tagged off as its spiritual image — as if the fisherman's net, spread out on the sands with its sorry burden, could in sooth be the likeness of the rich and moving life of the sea. Again we have but a skeleton, not now the grotesquely puppeting structure of the physical machine, but webby sections glassed and diagrammed. Reality and the life of reality flee us here no less than there, and we turn unconvinced — something wrong with the instrument, everything wrong with the major conclusion. Ours is not *that* sort of world.

Greatly, however, the idealisms have performed one enduring service. The whole set of human values, *humanity* indeed, they have lifted seatedly into the thrones of realities. It is for these that the *Physis* found and finds no place; and hardly had it been limned by Thales and his school before other schools were arising to proclaim the blank defect. The machine-world has no opening for mind to enter in; mind, therefore, must create its own world; and if this mind's world has proved unreceptive of the *Physis* it is surely because the *Physis* first had abandoned mind as a waif in the cosmic cold. Oftentimes we are bade to stand bowed before some quantitative augustness of Nature's bulk; what a meaningless thing is Man, we are to feel, in presence of the many-ciphered dimen-

sions of That of which there is more and more ! Our little earth, our little sun, our foreign galaxy, what are they in the bobbing masses of the physical All ! And our years in its Eternities ! . . . But it is overlooked that here again we make no real advance from Greek imagination ; Anaximander knew as woefully as may we that man is a midget in the midst of the immeasurable. As distance finds our vision's infinity, the lines of the parallax unite ; and to seek to evoke awe by stringing out ungrouped ciphers, right or left of a point, is to make play for clown's gapings. Says Longinus : when Homer likens the stature of the Titan to the distance from Earth to Heaven he measures the mind of the poet, not the bulk of the giant. And we have to thank the philosophies of the idealists that they have held us true to this understanding. If in doing so they have partially defined the *personæ* and properties of a vaster pageant of the mind than even Plato has ventured to sketch, this is but to lift them the higher to our gratitude. And such is indeed their gift ; they have told us that experience is *informed*, and life *inbreathed*, and that mind is architectonic in a valuative as well as a structural fashion ; until from these truths they have up-reared before us simulacra of what Gods might be. . . But of the deeds of these Gods, and of how the world may indeed be divine in action, this the philosophers have not told.

Possibly here, too, the prolonged chapter of abstract thinking is drawing to its close, and the gift of the Greeks finding its fulfillment. In such a metaphysic as Bergson's we are in the presence of an *idea* which is also an *experience*, of a *Physis* which is also an *action*, of a *reality* which is also a *life*. The two modes of the older philosophizings seem to be on the point of closing into one, having the quality of neither, but the virtues of both. That there is still wanting a wisdom more commanding, by the aid

of which philosophy may find right to a more imperial purple, this is my belief and my thesis. For as yet the courage of the further step seems to me not to have been found; the *world as drama* is still to be discovered.

IV

I WOULD paraphrase Aristotle's famous definition of Tragedy, and applying it to a nobler than the poet's art of the drama, I would say: 'Philosophy is an imitation not of the *Physis* nor of the mind of man, but of an action and of life; for the world exists as action, and its end *is* this action, not a quality.' The quest of the *archê* was, after all, the quest for a quality which might be proposed as pre-eminent, and therefore as *the substance* in which all other qualities could statically inhere; from the elemental *water* of Thales on to the radiant *energy* of our own science, the substance is but one quality chosen from amid the many to bear the burden of all. Certainly, it is instructive that in a development of better than two millennia the progress of the conception has been all toward the *energy*, toward the conception of Nature's substance as verily an action; so that in our day matter itself dissolves into motion, and cause seems to be on the verge of being summoned back even into the *Physis*. Meantime, in the supplemental domain which we have indicated, where in intellectualist philosophy metaphysics takes on the patterns of conceptions, here again we have moved inevitably, as the centuries have passed, from the static to the dynamic, from the high abstraction of the architect's drawings on to the vivid action of the concrete investiture. Thus the two main flows in the European speculative current, from Greek times onward, have set consistently toward the discovery of a reality which, whether seen first as an object of sense and converted into a *physis*, or first as an order of thought and converted into a pattern of conceptions, has just by

the force of the inquiry in each case been brought into the form of an action. So that now, we may suspect, the two are in position to coalesce, making of this action a unity and discovering as their common object a Creative World.

But for such an end the old categories cannot suffice, and we must rid ourselves of their more tyrannous prepossessions. The abstraction which is in number gives structure to science. The abstraction which is in logic gives structure to conceptualism. But neither of these is capable of giving more than the setting of a scene; they have to do with the properties of the world rather than with its moving image; there is in them nothing that can lift before us the tremendous flare into realities stellar and spiritual, be they flames of emulation or chaotic holocaust, which are deeply the objects of our faiths. Truly to open our minds to this, truly to *see into* the world's huge deed, we must pass beyond the categories of number and logic, and discover some more profoundly native mode of our understanding. It is unto this, I believe, that our minds are shaping.

I shall be quite downright about it. Mine is a doctrine of a return to primitivism—yes, to barbarism in the sense that it is to a mode of thought that is older than the Greeks. Frankly, I am saying, we must leave the high road of unfleshed abstractions, and if we be truly concerned for the truth, we must seek her likeness in a mode more complexly substantive than either mathematics or logic can embody. The law of parsimony could serve without undue danger a manner of science such as Ptolemy's, coupled, as with him it was, with the guarding statement that its images were in fact but a chart, guiding through but not revealing nature. But for us, who have taken it to mean that the true *is* the simple and that complexity is illusion, for us this so-called law of the reason has become only fetish, a black idol barring the light from the inner shrine. The greater understanding, to which we are

vaguely awakening, is that the world cannot be less in complexity than is the height of its creations, that the end and not the beginning of an evolution gives its measure, that not the rocks of its foundations but the gleam on its spire is the sign of the completion of the cathedral, and indeed that mind itself is alone capable of knowing mind. It is just this — mind seeking comprehension through images of mind projected out into the world that has created mind — just this which I designated heretofore as the primitive and first-set mode of our thinking. When the myth-maker sees a breath of heaven in the clouds above, harkens oracles from earth's caverns, or responds to the colours of light with discovered song, he is profoundly expressing a faith in the life of nature which ascribes thereto a reality as great in span as is his own soul. And can we, with minds which have moved into complexities unknown to him, find a satisfaction of reason in aught less than our mind's gift?

Therefore, in saying that the philosophy of the future, for the key to its explanations, must assume for its categories the utmost complexities of life and mind, and must indeed reanimate the *Physis*, making of it such a nature as men knew before Thales arose to make of the living nature a corpse, I am asking a return to the primitive — as you may call it, though for myself I should prefer to name it the *native*, and by-the-spirit-endowed mode of understanding. That it must have form (mind at its height being still a lesser thing than the world is), this I concede. But I would ask that this form be the most comprehensive and vital of all the ideal modes that we may know; and that most comprehensive of forms I hold to be the dramatic. It is for this reason that I have named *Drama* as the cosmic category. I do not anticipate that it lies within man's power to exhaust the meaning of creation through this or any other mode of thinking. But it is my conviction that no mode which has as yet been developed by mankind

can for a moment vie with the dramatic in its facility for conveying meanings that are at once complex and convincing of reality. And of this, I conceive that the universality of the dramatic, as manner of expression, whether it be for men primitive or men sophisticate, is after a fashion the first testimony. For what in the mind's apparel man has long found most of service is surely of nature's tissue.

Even where the *Physis* has been our concern this is true ; science, not less than animism, has been a myth-maker and an evoker of the Drama. On the side of its abstraction I have sought to indicate how the conceptions of physical science, through their own drift, have come to find in the idea of action, and that a Cosmic Action, their fuller satisfaction. But the idea of action, thought of as undirected energy, of itself could never have carried conviction to any lay mind, nor to any physicist's mind in its lay moments. What has actually borne the brunt of the battle for conviction has not at all been the scientific conceptualism, the image of the machine, but an image of a far more moving quality. This is the Cosmogony. Whether the naturalist's cosmogony be conceived in the older fashion, as a sweep of luminous gas athwart abysmal space winding into nebula and galaxy, or in some newer mode as stygian rivers of black night, reptilian through their æons, with accidental whirl-pools and confluencies, in any case the image of world-building has given to the heavens their whole sense of reason, and has made of the stars a physical presence rather than a dream ; and this assuredly is mythopoesy. Not less need be said of the images of terrestrial and of vital evolution. The very word *evolution* implies drama ; and it is because geology and palæontology have been so rich in dramatic form that they have carried their stagings deep into our consciousness, superseding the older, and as we say superstitious images of earth's making. So far as our

science of explanations goes, for all this evolution we have as yet no account other than its own innate drama; the shreds of genetic sequence found in the histories of plant and animal life, the details of the linking up of parent-force and child-force (for 'forces' have here this generational relation), the biophysical, biochemical, bionomic liens and loans which give speciousness to biology as abstraction—all in the end get their convincing power from the fact that they are embraced within a biology which is dramatically staged as an evolution.

Upon drama, then, even our natural science has depended and does intimately depend for its sense of rationality. And the more the several sciences are made interlocking for their final interpretations, the more clearly does this dramatic character stand forth; there is, indeed, little more than their ability to picture a cosmogony that *can* combine them; so that in the fairest of sayings we must speak of their total image as the scientific *myth*. But it is just here that we may also speak of their scientific *truth*—if myth and drama be, as I have urged, the fuller mode for the expression of truth. If I may illustrate, conceive some of the striking correspondencies revealed in Earth's history, as viewed by geologist and palæontologist. The affluent seas of the Pennsylvanian formations; then suddenly the red deserts of the Permian, following, as we suppose, upon vast glaciations, but marking certainly a transition in life-forms which can give us, after the old Age of Sea-Creatures, an Age of Reptilians; and again, the glaciations of the Eocene, inaugurating an Age of Mammals; the glaciations of the Pleistocene, inaugurating an Age of Man. Surely it is as if Nature herself had devised the drama, the record of which is painted in those junctures of stratified rock where the palm of a man's hand may touch the gray of the Pennsylvanian strata and his fingers tip into the Permian reds; the hieroglyphs of millions of years repose, up and down, in the

laminated stone, each constant in its colour, but just here, where the colours change, nature shifts hugely a scene. We may say that the correspondencies are related as cause and effect, but there is no proof whatever that they are not wholly fortuitous—no proof, save indeed it be in that mode of drama which with each resetting of the stage calls for advance of the play's action. All of evolution, whether terrestrial or celestial, bears witness to this metamorphic mode of Becoming, present in the atom no less than in the star. For it there is no reason excepting the Evolution itself, no other rationality than that of the Drama. But this reason, for our conviction's sake, is surely a sufficient reason. Long ago Aristotle remarked that nature is not, like a bad tragedy, episodic; now we amend, saying, but nature is, like a good tragedy, composed of the episodes that depict her meaning, these being separated by shifts of the phantasm, whereunto for each there is a loftier than the visible chorus chanting her Destinies.

But I would be true to my principle, that only the most complex can be our sufficient reason; and I would say that the most complex that we know is to be found neither in the stars nor the rocks nor yet in some bodied flesh, but rather in the mind and the spirit of man. If the age of man is for us nature's most vivid presence, so the mind of man is her utmost eloquence. Now of the mind of man *history* is our record, and it is in this history that most fully we gain our visions of the world's meaning. I am not now speaking of that history which but collects and verifies details and sets down the orders of events. Rather, I have in thought the more penetrating, and if you please imaginative study, which gives for its outcome some image of the inward being and the directive sense of these events. When history attains to this mode it also becomes dramatic, reading life as an action, and finding its truths in impulsions which are causally seated there where the fates (be they

mechanic, be they spiritual) line out the courses of human destiny. Here again, it is the larger, the perspective view that alone can give reason. The historian who centres his attention upon the moment and the locale is certain to lose all sense of bearings and meanings; no event or time can be understood when taken apart from the entirety of the revealed drama, and it is only as the fragments of the play are read out to us, being conceived as the broken parts of that which we must reconstruct, that history as a science may come to have any consequence. But so taken it is easily first in the richness of the meanings it may bring to us, whether for philosophic reflection or for life's pragmatic orientation.

Once more I would illustrate, and I would ask you to review in imagination the long series of the representations of the human form and face which appear in Mediterranean art from Greek times on down to the eve of Modernity. Hellenic art emerges into its archaic period with a smile on the lips of its images, but it is a smile which is oddly *sub-civilized*, almost *subhuman* in character; the archaic statues, whether of men or deities, have about them some flavour of faun or nymph, as of a gaiety touched with animality—indeed, we might almost say with a touch of the insane. Sanity comes at once with such a thing as the Discobolus of Myron, but it is a sanity that is essentially outward and hygienic, a sanity of the body and its action; and it prefaces directly the evenness of temper, amounting almost to placidity, of the high classic, with its Zeus, and Athena, its smooth Hermes, and burdened Caryatides. Then follows the long effort to put passion into marble. For the Hellenistic time this was mainly still connected with physical modes—the Dying Gaul, the Laocoön, the distraught Seneca (if he be Seneca), Nero histrionic even in the stone,—although there is the other thing, too, Euripides heavy with the burden of thought, Cicero *raffiné* to the fibre, the

pathos of young girls, and remote within the catacombs the dimly appealing graphs of the Good Shepherd or the blessed grace of the Teacher. It is all along, pagan into Christian, a struggle to get *behind* the flesh and *into* the spirit; and when the Italians of the later age, unknowing what lay behind them, take up the thread of Christian art, it is with this same instinct, on to Raphael and Michelangelo, although I think that its very climax is in El Greco, where, in fulfillment, the human image is transfigured into a spirit's flame—and suddenly we perceive toward what the genius of the earlier Greeks had been striving. Here is a strand of man's history, which only in a day when the archæologist's spade and the student's survey could bring its evidences together can be seen a singleness of direction that, in this one field of visible art, moves like an episode from its sense of the physical to a sense of the spiritual. Therein it reflects the major drama of man's mind; and its interpretation is to a mode of understanding that is to be gained neither from number nor from formula.

But it is not to science nor yet to art that we must look for the most convincing form in which the sense of drama has appealed to the human mind as the fulfillment of reason and the image of wisdom. Rather it is to the religions of men, and in particular to the higher and more purified examples. Every religion is rich in dramatic expression, in its mythos and in its ritual, and every religion also is effective in its recognition that the imagery of its drama is definitely an imagery, having beneath it, as meaning, a wisdom. But it is the greatest religions, and above all Buddhism and Christianity, which have made most conscious the token-like character of the drama which is at the heart of them. It is not that in either case, for Siddhartha or for Jesus, the actual incarnation, the embodiment, is conceived as less in the *Physis* or in History than are other embodiments, be

these of natural forces or of men's lives ; but it is their truth that, for each, a man's life may be viewed for what every such life must be — a *manifestation of the essential Action of the World itself*. The Buddha and the Christ are alike viewed as theophanies because it is the wisdom of the religions which they found to see lives as woven by destinies, and hence as in themselves double in nature, man in image, God in meaning. It is the religious insight not that the world is artificially dual — so that here is phenomenon and there reality, here knowledge and there its object,—but that it is inherently dual, the Action of itself lifting into being a meaning, and the World arising as the compound of meaning and action ; in this sense Siddhartha becomes Buddha, in this sense Jesus is Christ. With a sheer force that underlies all else, in these religions in this profound and fundamental defining to man's consciousness of his sense that the life he lives is real not only *of itself*, but also in that *significance* of which its events are the token. We call this our understanding of the human spirit.

In the end the drama is our illumination, and nothing comparable to the two great dramas of redemption, Buddhist and Christian, has as yet brought persuasion of understanding into the lives of so vast bodies of mankind. That such persuasion is self-justified, that it *is* reason in the fullest sense, is my contention ; and I would go farther, and say that whatever metaphysic may in the future supplement those that are of the past — be it scientific, be it within the tradition of the religions themselves,—it must to succeed with the minds of men be the equal of these religions in dramatic power, and like them must have as the heart of it some drama of the world and of man.

Need I add that this drama will be heroic, and this man an Uplifted Man of whom the vision will be set like a seal in the midst of the splendours of the Cosmos, while into his being every passionate idealization of human nature will

leap as flame into flame? He will be token and pattern and action of all that is divine, as we may come to know our divinity, not after the fashion of man's flesh, but by the measures of his mind's best and of his spirit's deep necessities. There is a hush and a stillness that follows upon the enacted tragedy; innerly it is our moment of revelation; and the revelation is ever the same, the eternal one of the Pattern Man.

CHAPTER III

THE PRESENCE OF GOD

I

IT is a curious fact that the question of the meaning of God in human thinking has been most consciously proposed in the negative form of a doubt or a disbelief, and its answers. Men have been prompted first to ask not, Is there, then, a God? a new wonder in the world, which it is for us to revere? — but rather, what first has come to mind has been a misgiving, a doubt, Is there indeed a God? is the age-old belief perchance an illusion? have men been deceived about God, even from of yore? And all theology has been response to such a scepticism.

This, I say, is a curious and instructive fact, for it means that God is first and primarily a positive and encountered thing in human experience, accepted without question; and only secondarily and as a result of a kind of startled reflection is he subject to doubt and inquiry. The query which is raised is not really, Does God exist? — but, Is he illusion? Everywhere among men, in all times and nations, the presence of God we find to be recognized, and recognized most unquestioningly by the unschooled masses of mankind. Called by many names and summoned under many aspects, conceived now as an all-father and a one, now as a motley of phantasmagorical deities, as a spirit pervading all things, as the life or mystery or fate of all things, as man-being or sky-being or creative breath-being, in one or in other of these forms God has been perceived by our humankind, and so universally that we know of no people who have been utterly blind to him, of no speech so poor as to want some name for him, nor into the clouded past of our race can we penetrate to a time where there is not some

mute trace of his recognized presence. You will understand, I am sure, that I am speaking of God not in the narrow contexts of theology, but in that broad and implicit sense (sanctioned since Plato) in which the name may mean to include all those fragments of life which men feel to have contact with something which they must call divine and which moves them with a mandate more than mortal. Whether God takes the form of beast-cult or monster-cult, of tomb-terror or devil-hate, of the Olympian pantheon of the Greek, of the Great Mystery whose presence is felt by the lone Indian in his forests, of the preternatural absorption of the wan ascetic of the Orient, or of the Hero, Lord, and Judge of the chivalric devotion of the Christian, whatever be his forms of manifestation God is none the less present in the lives of men. So history records, and in recording proclaims this as truth: that God is primarily a greatness of human experience, not an article of belief. Indeed, so profound and pervasive is this trait of human-kind, and, so far as we can judge, so uniquely characteristic of the human genus, that it might admirably serve as man's surest differentia among the animal kinds; for man is far less distinctively *rationalis*, the reasoner among animals, than he is *deofidelis*, the god-faithful. It is his loyalty to God that endows him with his humanity.

Those inquirers, then, who have given a certain vogue to the question of an *origin* of the belief in God—and who, alas! have given also filled pages of childish answers to this question—are all of them beside the point. The telling question should be, what is the origin of the *disbelief* in God? what factors of experience have arisen to belie the elder and more universal experience of God's presence, pronouncing it illusion and deceit? For of course only the least familiar reading of history suffices to assure us that once and again in the awakened thought of mankind occur epochs wherein many a man says in his heart, and not alone

out of his folly, There is no God. Herein he utters the great negation of the age-old affirmation of his kind; and especially since in such an epoch are cast our lives of to-day, it is a negation which instantly challenges attention, and demands explanation. On what grounds, we ask, do men proclaim the folly of the ancient conviction? on what grounds do they aver God to be illusory? and what is the truth of this experience of God which has struck into so many hearts and given direction to the lives of so many peoples? wherein has man mistaught himself in his understanding of the divine in life? At the core of the God-experience is a fact of some kind which must be dealt with. Atheism is no answer; infidelity may be, but only because of some higher fidelity to a truth which shows shame in the old experience and deceit in the root and fibre of the mind's devotion. In brief, God is still to be explained.

If I may speak through analogy the experience of God in human life is very similar in its course to man's experience of a sensible world. Eyes and ears and sensitive fingers have been the agents of our explorations and understandings of this world since human life was, and we, in common with our fellow animals, have trusted these senses for the impressions which give, as we have deemed, the reality of our physical surroundings. In spite of their motley and fragmentary character, in spite of their deceits, their rivalries, their shifty manifestations, the senses have been our first faith and the reliance of our bodily life. And yet the time came in the growth of human understanding when the senses were called to account: illusions of vision, illusions of hearing, illusions of touch, and the patent contradictions of all of these with the necessities of thought, have resulted in such a re-interpretation of the meaning of sense that now of the physical world itself we affirm that there is *no* element which conforms in its reality to the images which our senses present; the reality, we say, is

constituted by a nexus of sub-atomic energies and actions, invisible, intangible, for which our sense can give us but the grossest parable. Thus, growing out of our disbeliefs in the senses, out of their illusion and insufficiency, science has revealed to us a new and subtle conception of the real nature of the physical world. The disbelief, in this case, has not represented the rejection of the experiences of sense, nor rejection of our conviction that in such experiences we are in the midst of the reality of the world's life; rather it has resulted in a vastly broadened interpretation to which the senses themselves have furnished an introduction, even while, in the consequence, their significance is seen to be wholly other than had seemed to be implied in the old, uncritical acceptances of their bearings upon life. In other words, doubt of the senses has led us, not to a denial of sensible experience, but to a re-examination of its meaning, made in the light of those very illusions which have brought it into question. Perhaps from an examination of the doubts and disbeliefs which have befallen the experience of God we may be led in some similar fashion to a re-interpretation which will disclose in it also a subtler meaning and a truth more profound than any that we have as yet guessed. Even the casual utterances of such a philosopher as Henri Bergson are significant. In a latter-year interview, apparently with this very problem in mind, he remarks: 'In order to arrive at that true knowledge of God which turns to the love of him, there has been necessary a certain period of maturation of thought and of the human soul. A laborious struggle imposed itself upon them in order that they could liberate themselves from matter. Man had to merit knowing God.'* Perchance our newer examination will but add commentary to the French philosopher's insight.

* Interview in *Les Nouvelles littéraires*, 21 January 1933.

II

THERE are three, and as I see it essentially only three grounds which have led men to assert the illusoriness of the experience of God in human life and his unreality in the world.

The first of these, and to the modern mind one of the most widely convincing, is that which appears in *the seeming inconsequence of man* in the whole of the universe. What interest can a God have in such a blown breath of time and space as is humanity — dust of a planet which itself is but a particle in that cloudy immensity in which the stars likewise are but as a dust settling into nothingness and fading into oblivion? Amid the blizzards of cosmic matter and the wastes of æonic years what is man, or the whole course of humanity, that a God should take note? And if man is thus meaningless in the universe, can his experience of God be less than fantasy and folly? It is not strange that the answer has often been but the bitter sense of man's desolation, he lonely in the midst of loneliness.

Furthermore, and this is the second ground of disbelief, *God is nowhere seen* in the world. To man's senses he has not been disclosed, or if some shimmer of sense have seemed to summon into a divine presence, it has not lingered for verification; no touch of the divine body, no finger laid upon the Lord's wounds, has brought release from doubt. Nor have any who have gone forth through the mind's ways, searching into the structured universe, anywhere found a place for God in the physical world: if this world be his creation yet he is absent from it. So man's reason has affirmed: God is absent from sight and unnecessary to thought.

Finally, there is a third ground of disbelief, which, through the lengthening years, is the most pressing of all: *man has not found God triumphant* in his moral world.

That God is good, he cannot doubt ; but that God is master, of that he sees little evidence. The world, he finds, the world of nature and the world of human experience are alike shot through with needless and heedless pain and catastrophe, with black desolation, with canker and with blood-sore, and worst of all with a blating and empty folly : everywhere the good prostrate and evil vainglorying, and man hapless in the tide. God *must* be good, man cries ; he *will* cleanse this world ! he *will* redeem it ! But the only response to his anguished faith is the long, slow-passing scroll of history, the world's history and man's, with no page unblotched by the crimson flow ; and in the end faith wearies, and the embittered soul of mankind, out of its very love for the good, turns to the blank wall of time and yields up its ghostly hopes. God cannot be in this hurt world !

These three, then, are the essential grounds and reasons for the infidelities and atheisms which have overtaken man's consciousness of a divine presence : first, the inconsequence of man in the whole of his apparent world ; secondly, the dispensableness of God to a physical universe in which he is not manifest ; and thirdly, the irony of a fate which perpetually denies all that for which men most poignantly pray—aye, if God there be, can a man do honour to *Him* whose hand is but the hand of affliction ? . . . These three are the essential grounds for the great denial, and for the oft-recurring assertion that the experience of God is but experience of illusion, less in reality than are the fantastic deceits of touch and vision, and more wholly to be brushed aside by a true understanding. I shall take them up, each in turn, and ask whether philosophy may have yet some light which can retrieve a margin of meaning from the old impulsive faith or perhaps once again seat firmly the ancient experience shaken by heavy doubt.

III

Now of the first ground of denial, that of the inconsequence of man in time and space, I have said that it is particularly convincing to the modern mind. Aristotle placed astronomy next to theology in the ascent of the sciences toward the First Philosophy, and it is essentially true that no endowment of sense has contributed more to the imagining of God in man's mind than has that vision which has opened up for his contemplation the still and shining and yet ever remote orbs of the heaven. There amid the splendours is his throne, men have said, and the art of shrine and cathedral have echoed their saying, there at the zenith of creation is his glory; the rhythms of the spheres are the singing of his choirs; the stars are the broidery of his garment. So deity is clothed with awe of the heavens and the sense of revelation which it brings,—never more simply expressed than in Aristotle's remark concerning Xenophanes: 'He gazed upon the heavens; he saw that they are one, and that that One is God.'

And yet there is a second reaction aroused by the celestial spectacle. It is open to man's vision but not to his touch; he can see but he cannot grasp, nor can he approach those bright beings which are separated from him by an impassable abyss. The skies are open to man's contemplation but not to his companionship; and though the near sun may grace with caressing warmth, as of a touch come from heaven, seeming thereby to give assurance of a more intimate concern for the responsive life of earth, yet the timeless stars lend no such reassuring influence: they are for ever cold in their distances, heedless in their aloof solitudes. As man's sight penetrates more and more into the untouched worlds, his body but the more shrinks back into its desolate helplessness. God is not there, man says, only the Great Cold of the Cosmic wastes and a drift of

stellar flares and fading coals age-swept into a nothingness.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained —
what is man that thou art mindful of him?
and the son of man that thou visitest him?

Though the telescope extend our vision beyond the measures of astonishment, and through spectroscopy we are enabled to snatch undreamed of secrets from the substance of the skies, yet all this extension of knowledge is but a vanity in the quest for God, and in the end hope shrinks back and dies miserably within the dwarfed body of the man. The unrolling of the scroll of the heavens brings no apocalypse.

Such, broadly, is the argument from man's inconsequence. It appears in the conviction, more ancient than history, that the 'high god' can have little concern for so trivial a creature as man, whose reliance, if any, must be in pantheons of minor and near divinities, in ladders of angels, in interceding saints. But the conviction and the argument continue on into modern thought, and they gain something perhaps from the impressive expansions of cosmical spaces which our astronomies teach, and again from our sense of an inevitable natural law dominating all things. Yet throughout, anciently and now, the essence of it is the same, our own self-doubt, our own self-condemnation: 'What is a man that thou art mindful of him?' We look in two directions, outwardly at the infinite fulfillment of nature, inwardly to the puny play of human life; and seeing both and comparing them, man's entry appears to us but as a local impertinence in the presence of nature's majesties. If God there be, or Law, are such as we his concern? . . . This is the argument, but are there no retorts?

First, I would point out that the physical world is an

action and not a *thing*; 'creation' is its proper name, not 'universe' or 'cosmos,' or any term implying but static structure. Ordinarily a 'thing' is an object definable in space; an 'action' is definable only in time; and if we ask how can the physical world be defined in space alone, we are at once aware that it cannot be. Apart from time, space is non-existent, although the opposite is not true. Perhaps I can put the matter most simply by asking, In what space is yesterday? or, indeed, tomorrow? The space of the present, of now, is the plenum of all space which commonly we call the real, and in it, since it is completely filled with its now, there is no room for our yesterdays and tomorrows. And yet we cannot speak of these as unreal, or of a world of any sort as existent without them: whatever of meaning any experience may have is dependent upon past and future no less than present, and is in essential part past and future; which is to say that nothing can be truly defined or understood as real except it be as action.

I interpose this metaphysical consideration in order that you may see how quite imaginary is our abashment before the idea of spatial magnitude and of vast numbers as applied to mere extension. Actually what we see in the stars is not space, but time; the ambit of our vision, as measured by its nows, is by no means great, and it is the presumption of self-ignorance rather than genuine penetration which gives us our conviction of the world as an enormous box within which the stars lie in tangled skeins or as an immeasurable hive within which they are aimless swarms. The Kiché Indians tell of the boast of Vukub-Cakix, first of the Giants: * 'I shall be yet again above all created beings; I am their sun, I am their dawn, I am their moon. Great is my splendour; I am he by whom men move. Of silver are the balls of my eyes, gleaming like

* *Popul Vuh*, I, iv (following Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg).

precious stones ; and the whiteness of my teeth is like the face of the sky. My nostrils shine afar like the moon ; of silver is my throne, and the earth liveth when I step forth from it. I am the sun, I am the moon, I am the bringer of felicity. So be it, for my gaze reacheth afar !' But, adds the Indian chronicler ironically, 'in reality his sight ended where it fell, and his gaze did not embrace the entire world.' So with man, even with telescopic sight, his vision penetrates only to the husks of his nows, ending where it falls.

But when, as we should and as in our subtler thought we do, we realize that the vastnesses of space are genuinely only our probings into the recesses of time, and that the stars before us and the whole scroll of the heavens are but the palimpsest of creation, then the sense of immensity ceases to be oppressive, and becomes rather an awe of majesty. For the world, viewed as an *act*, is found not to be incommensurate with our own sense of the possible meaning of life. Again to put the matter simply, we make no difficulty, real or imaginary, in conceiving the possibility of an eternal life, nay, even for ourselves ; whether it be true or not, it is at least nothing monstrously repugnant to our thought. But this eternity of life, how does it differ from that of a creating world, within which our lives do surely fall ? The sweeps of great numbers into past and future no longer appal our minds ; rather, they answer somehow to a very deep and intimate conviction that death is itself unthinkable, an incredible recession into unreality for which our only analogue is sleep, so that we say of one departed, he is not dead, but sleepeth. This, I am certain, is the truer mode of thought ; so that when the time comes, as will be, that we have become the familiars of our own scientific knowledge, moving fluently therein, we shall have no other difficulty with the conception of galaxies and hyper-galaxies than now we experience with the notion

of unending time. It is perchance true that for this latter, also, we entertain some sense of remoteness, so that the gates of past and future seem to open into recesses unthinkably far from human journeyings, but are we willing to say that the journeyings of God cannot reach thereto or that in measures less his life could be defined?

But it is not alone in the dimensions of the infinitely great that man is confronted with mystery and afflicted with blindness; he is not less so in the dimensions of the infinitely small. Even as beyond the last range of our telescopes falls the mist of the indiscernible, so under our microscopes vision fades into indistinction — and I mean not merely the weak penetration of the physical eye, but this eye's vision made acute beyond sense by the delicate augmentations of human reason. What we see in this minute world, of atoms and their systems, is not less remote from our own bodily organs in the scale of the infinitesimal than are the star-systems remote in their vastness. As three centuries ago Pascal acutely remarked man is caught between the mysteries of an upper and a nether infinite, each an unsounded abyss, with respect to which his body affords no measure: under the stars he is less than dust, above the atom and its elements he is more than a universe. However we may be moved to admiration by these transcendent magnitudes, the great and the small, nevertheless it is evident that in neither can we read that which here, in our embodied form, our life indicates; while as for its meaning in other than bodily measures the great and the small give no inkling. The universe is great and man in comparison of no consequence only when man is conceived as a body and not as a mind. But when his mind is taken as measure there is no disproportion; for is it not this mind — far more than visual sense — which has computed the energies of the atoms and charted the patterns of the nebulae? Grasp of the distance from earth to sky

makes only the body of man seem insignificant, but of his mind it is the glory, such that all his readings of the skies are as a victor's wreath. . . This is my second answer to the doubt which springs from abashment, for surely if the mind of man can penetrate to the outposts of physical being, and thereby take on grandeur, for all that lies submerged to man's sense or clouded to his reason naught less than the mind of God can suffice to render measure. The world is not only an action; it is also an understanding, even infinite in its form.

And now I come to one further and last response. Yes, man *is* embodied, and his wisdom is mainly expressed in terms of his bodily life, so that viewing himself, bodily framed in the star-vast whole, he cannot evade some self-deprecatory withdrawal—like an insect speck shrinking back into the mold from the terrifying light. But granted this, there is another fact about man which is a character of his life, and, therefore, is a part of the world's action. This is the progressive *disembodiment* of his mind, the progressive expansion of his intelligence beyond its bodily limitations. I cannot dwell in detail upon this profoundly significant fact, nor pause on this occasion to indicate how it has been a feature of the whole great development of animate life here on this earth, far back into prehuman forms. But I can and must illustrate it with allusions which I trust will make it clear. The birth and advance of science itself is its most eloquent figure. For to scientific thinking, the first crude measures were essentially but dimensions of our human bones, of our muscular efforts—palms and paces, foot-pounds and finger-counts—but the very insufficiencies of these to the mind's needs compelled the creation of the whole apparatus of instruments and the whole instrument of mathematical computation, until the body has come to be but as a forgotten initial to the book of science. Furthermore, this science has long ceased to

be the expression of the biographies of its scientists; it has expanded into an impersonal realm of mind, bound by no individual fate nor embodied life, and upreared into a domain more spiritual than any field of Hades Elysian or any Paradise of singing saints. And as in science so in the other great interests of the essential man: so of art and morals and religion. The plain truth is that in all of these man has been progressively lifting above the bodily form of his terrestrial birth through the long generations of his history: and his rise to the viewing of a world of being in which his body is but incident—first nourishment, then husk of his metamorphosis—is the first fact of his humanity. Our growth is an emancipation, not an imprisonment in the bodily form: of this all mind is the testimony, and the shocks which we sustain as generation after generation we waken to new and sudden revelations of the sweeps of reality that lie beyond the range of our bodily experience are our truest indications of the vitality of that human spirit which will not brook a mere bodily enclosure. The spirit of man moves with the eagles, and its destiny is loftier than the stratosphere.

Do I need to give illustration? If so I would ask only that you look upon the familiar cycle of the bodily life as it is revealed before you. There is the babe in crib, exploring, trying out, familiarizing its own enigmatical body, absorbed in its hourly appetites, its lusty hungers and irresistible sleeps. There is the child, alive with curiosity, alert in every sense, delighting in the sparkle of the goldfish, and seeing God above the hedgerow. There is the boy, with the new horizons of schooldays; the youth awake to love; the man who has discovered business and a world of affairs—each progressively less body-bound, each more frailly identifying himself with his physical incarnation. And last, there is the aged man, willing to sit aside for his hour of contemplation and with his wise old

eyes steadfast to the meaning which lies behind the flares of our human days. In India, it is said, a man's life is divided into four periods: his childhood, under tutelage; his youth, devoted to love; his maturity, when he performs his allotment of the work of men; and his forest-days, when in old age, he withdraws into the unbodied dimensions of the spirit, there to meet God. Whether or not this be parable, it is true to the essence not only of the individual life, but of the whole earthly progress of the race of man.

Nay, of the stars shall we say that mind is abashed before them, or God shamed by their infinities? Or beholding the heavens at night shall our thanks fail for creation's first word, *Fiat lux!* Amid the octaves of radiant energy, our physicists tell us, only a thin aperture opens to our vision the range of the spectral colours, only a thin wedge of light parts the darkness from the darkness. But it is this thin wedge which is the sure token of the mind's liberation from its bodily confinement. Readily enough *all* might have been absorbed in the gloom, *all* revelation withheld, and we have been left groping and blinded, with no hope of apocalypse. The mechanic Thing, if it be the world's truth, has no need of luminosity. Material globes, blanked to vision, might have swung unseen and untraced, throughout their eternities; or indeed, their manifestation might have been to some foulness of sense, a stench, a reek, a morbid horror, which yet for a material science would be as utterly communicative as is now their celestial glow and flame. Or again, lost to us forever, they could have moved remote, leaving us as mole-men, gnawing or mousing our way through the darkness, or in the abysses of seas content with our own phosphor-illuminated iridescences. But Nature—or was it God?—has opened to man two strange apertures: the octave of *light* and the seeing and responsive *eye!* That the one and the other should be,

at all, this is miracle. There is no reason in nature why sight should extend beyond the limbs' reach, beyond our near and animal range ; no reason, indeed, why we should have such a sense as sight for our world's unlocking, rather than unaided touch or smell or some dumb sensitiveness to the slime whence our bodies are said to have sprung. There is no reason in nature why the stars should send us light, or the moon disclose its phases, or the sun give aught save its warmth to our bodies. Man might have been an earth-worm, save only that in creation's morning there came the divine word, Let there be light ! Light means more than mechanism ; light means miracle—and the miracle which it holds is man's transcension of his own body, his discovery of mind, his revelation of God. This, then, is the teaching of the stars.

IV

NEVERTHELESS, the revelation is not direct either to the eye or the reason. Magnificent as may be the pageants of the stars and the nebular clouds, no telescope reveals the form and no computation commands the presence of an ordinating deity. When Laplace, it is said, expounded his celestial mechanics to Napoleon, the emperor inquired, 'Where, then, is the place of God ?' And the astronomer, 'Sire, God is unnecessary.' This has been and essentially still is (despite Eddington and Jeans) the response of the astrophysical and the physical sciences to the mind's question : whether the mechanism be perfect or not, still for its perfecting God is unnecessary. Today, in our industrial world, we are contriving factories which are more and more automatically self-sufficient and in which the presence of man and his labour are more and more dispensable : the ideal which is implied is clear, and in that great world-machine which the physical imagination depicts even the Master Mechanic is eternally laid off. This is our second

great ground for disbelief. God is not seen in the sensible and material worlds, and in our scientific thinking we can not only get along very well without him, his presence would be intrusive and troublesome. Errancies and mutations in the orbital motions of stars and electrons may for the time puzzle us, but it is not by ascribing them to the purpose or fantasy of a God that they are to be explained; the goal of the physicist's speculation lies in another direction.

Where, then, if we would answer this second great scepticism, shall we say that God *is* needed? to what phase of human experience is he indispensable? where, indeed, is he *seen*? . . .

Again I must divide my answer. And first I must point out—what we all must realize—that none of us could sanely expect to meet God in either sensible or mechanic form. If in some fashion he speaks from the cloud or from a burning bush it is not as deity but as body that he is revealed—revealed in the same fashion that the delicate beauties of flowers or the sublimities of great hills are often said to reveal him, which, assuredly, is to fantasy more than to sense, and is by no means to every man convincing. The argument of the Lord in the 38th and 39th chapters of the Book of Job, where out of the whirlwind he speaks, to throw into confusion his servant, is gorgeous poetry; but the modern geologist and meteorologist and biologist would at least put up a brave response as to the foundations and measures of the earth, and the father of the rain, the numbering of the clouds, the breeding of wild goats, the wings of peacocks, the flight of hawks and eagles, and the rest. Science is not abashed before all this, and the articulations of nature, though they be intricate, are not obviously divine. God is not seen either in the poetic variety of natural phenomena or in the argument from design.

Now as for the mechanic Thing, the World-all conceived as some vaster toy of the physicist's laboratory, how could man anticipate ever to find God through analysis of its operating parts? or yet its whole device, were this possible? Man's position is and must be such as might be that of one who, knowing nothing of its art, looks upon the shiftings to and fro of the player's pieces in some cosmic game of chess: the motions are all before him, and he can estimate to a nicety the transformations of the positions, every law that governs the pathways of pawn or knight or bishop or rook, every rest and acceleration, every mass and momentum, and even the amount of energy applied by the hand that makes the moves and adjusts the pieces. But with all this, he would know nothing, and could hope to know nothing of the game: the play and the player would be remote from his calculations. It is just in this fashion that to our physical sciences the world's Play and Player are and must be remote; their study is of the board and its pieces, but the Mind that creates the game is in another dimension. Its revelation is not in the sensible tokens nor the rules of the game, not in the visible stars nor the analysis of their orbits, but rather it is in the Drama itself, for which the heavens are the gaming board and the stellar æons the plays.

It is only when we turn from the spectacle back to the *action* of the world that God can at all be apparent. And this action, furthermore, is not merely one that is constituted of mechanic motions, nor yet of the energies into which these may be analyzed. Rather it is the action which is objectively disclosed to us as the evolution of nature, stellar and vital evolution alike, and which in our own lives takes on its one intelligible form as a moral evolution. The drama which the world-action is, giving existence to all that we can call real and meaning to all that we can understand, is our ultimate *reason*, and the height

of our conceptual mastery of nature and life. It is here, if anywhere, that God is made known to our thoughts. The physical mechanism and the sensible spectacle are the theatre and its passing shows: it is for us, the beholders, to answer if there be mind and meaning in this world's portrayal.

Is there, then, mind and meaning in nature, man included? The question is equivalent to that other, Is there anywhere truth? Is there in any part goodness in this world? And to this can there be other than an affirmative answer? Assuredly there is no fact more deeply of our fibre than that the moral reason is a last and final reason, and that the moral explanation is the only explanation that is foundational. Truth itself rests its ultimate case with honesty, and radically, as we all know, man's life and man's realities are oriented to the good and the bad, as to the zenith and nadir of nature. There are no final understandings except in terms of good and bad and where moral values are undiscovered lie only wastes of chaos. Probe the matter to the core and with entire deliberation we must say that the moral sense *is* our human reason, and that apart from it there is no intelligibility. Among men, whatever its forms and figures, it is universal and in essence one, and for men it has ever seemed to extend its clarifications beyond the horizons of human life out into all known and knowable being. To this sense and reasoning the good is positive and a goal, and the bad is shrunned, combated and abhorred: no matter how clouded in perceptions, in instinct it is always thus. Always man's life and nature's reality are oriented to a good and a bad, and of this the drama which we call their evolutions is the evidence. If this be not so, then truth is a sham and reason the insanity of the measureless.

Now of course, in saying this, I am not averring that all men in the same fashion know the good, nor that all seek

it, nor that sin is not genuine in human experience, nor failure, nor evil and calamity, and in nature also. Rather, I am maintaining that the bad is real even as the good is real, and that ignorance and error and pain and ugliness and black horror are one and all to be found in the world's drama—as history tells us is so, and as our daily life tells us. My contention is not that the bad is non-existent, for I hold that to be a lie; but only that the good *is* existent, and that man's life is oriented toward it, as toward his sunrise, and that his sense of the good is his mind's prime furniture. For, let me ask you, is not even our impersonal science itself founded upon devotion to truth and avoidance of error, just because that truth is good and falsity is an evil? Without this moral substructure, science would fall, and all the lore of the stars; without it reality would crumble and beauty fade from life; for truth and beauty are values which we assess, and assess in behalf of that good which gives them being, and because of that profoundest instinct of our souls which compels us to be seekers, even if faulty seekers, after truth and beauty and all things noble, and enemies of lies and spoliations. Long ago the sage Plutarch said this word: 'The search for truth is a striving after Divinity.' No more penetrating judgment has been pronounced, concerning man nor concerning the world.

I am saying that the reason of the world is its moral reason, and this alone, and with Plutarch I would add that this means that where we find cosmos there we find God, for it is God only who is the ordainer of the good; it is God alone who can have given us this light. Nay, let me return to this image of light and ask more of its meaning. For I have said that the eye and the light to which it answers are in the physical and biological world unaccountable except by some doctrine of adjustment which is essentially a doctrine of chance. If the light does not call forth the

eye or the eye create the light (and each of these theories is held), then only some happy miracle can have brought them into accordance within a purposeless nature. 'Phototropism' is only a name for this miracle, a name for the fact that life as we know it in the plant and animal world does actually turn lightwards; but why this should be is unrevealed by all the chemistries which describe its varied effects. And least of all can we explain how from this fact of perception of light man should have become a star-gazer, and thereby a disembodied soul. Yet when we turn from chemistry to morals, suddenly the whole becomes clear, and the miracle is converted into reason. For if it be, as I have stated, that sight more than other senses lifts us out into broadening worlds, and emancipates us from the oppressive slaveries of soil and flesh, and gives to the mind the height of its language, so that the greatness of poetry and of science are alike its expressions, then can we doubt but that this means the good? and in the most imaginable of senses, God? *Fiat lux*—I repeat it—is the first word of creation, and perchance the last word of Destiny. For visible light is the vestment of God as man perceives him outwardly, just as it is our metaphor of his inward revelation.

It is with this understanding, and with a discernment not to be matched, that Plato likens the Good to the Sun. 'Now that which imparts truth to the known and the power of knowing to the knower is what I would have you term the Idea of the Good, and this you will deem to be the cause of science, and of truth in so far as the latter becomes the subject of knowledge; beautiful, too, as are both truth and knowledge, you will be right in esteeming this other nature as more beautiful than either; and, as light and sight may be truly said to be like the sun, and yet not to be the sun, so in this other sphere, science and truth may be deemed to be like the good, but not the

good ; the good has a place of honour yet higher.' And Plato adds : 'In the world of knowledge the Idea of Good appears last of all and is seen only with an effort ; and, when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and of the lord of light in this visible world, and the immediate source of reason and truth in the intellectual ; and this is the power upon which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must have his eye fixed.' For such a power have we other name than God ?

v

ALREADY I have encroached upon the terrain of the third and, as I think, the most poignantly telling of the grounds from which men are led to a belief in the illusoriness of God. This third ground of disbelief, you will recall, is that God is not found triumphant in the moral world. The good is close beset by the bad ; life is sore encompassed, its treasure precarious, its ends defeated—so decisively, indeed, that there has arisen a whole school of thinkers whose contention is that all religion is but a refuge from defeat, a mirage self-induced giving to the thirsty soul its momentary compensation, to prove but a vain and cruel relief from hurts which too soon it can only exacerbate. Innocence wronged and happiness turned into mockery, righteousness ambushed and made ruinous, pain pitiless and indiscriminating, vice flaunting its gauds, evil snorting and triumphant, and at the end the icy indifference of a death that stretches good and bad alike, in a kind of ghastly brotherhood, upon the chill, dank slabs of the Great Morgue. Where is your God, cries the sceptic, where is your good God in a world that holds these things ? does He take thought of its leprosies ? . . . And we know that he is facing facts, bitter as gall.

I shall not deny the facts of evil, nor its worst realities.

I cannot : there they stand, malignant in Nature and glaring in History ; no softness of speech can expunge them, no folly of persuasion exorcise. It is true that more than one theology has sought to cleanse creation and to save the face of divinity by denying the reality of evil, maintaining that the bad is but appearance and due to the frailty of human comprehension. Viewed from the altitudes, they say, all will be seen as fair, all as beautiful and good, even as from the lookout height the blistering trails and alkali wastes of Death's Valley take on glammers, remote and serene — but for the bones bleaching there, is this their comfort ? Nay, it is small wonder that the Great Negation has seemed to the tough-minded but the pathetic folly of self-dupes, unwilling to face the hard facts, who make of God and religion their compensatory illusion for mangled lives. Braver, indeed, than such a theology is the way of the elder East, through inaction seeking to escape the evils of being and self-emaciate to sink into annihilation. Dream is no escape ; truth lies not in denial.

Let us turn, then, to another understanding. And first I should like to point out what I deem to be a prime cause for our difficulties in conceiving God. It is just this : that in much of the imagery which the centuries have shaped, God has been pictured as a kind of manufacturer of this world or at best as a transcendental magician evoking the celestial notion from the void, as for his own amusement. God, in this view, is wholly responsible for his toy, which indeed is but the inevitable expression of his own whimsical genius ; he rules it, but he rules it as a clever boy spins his top ; when the play is done the world is God's rubbish, and goes into the discard. This, I say, is the essence of the theology of transcendence, and if I put it in a homely figure, it is only to make clear that such an image is childish and incompetent — God an idler through eternity, amusing his own ennui. . . Yet it is on this image that

rests our tradition of God's omniscience and omnipotence and all-responsibility. God's world, we say, meaning the universe, and we cannot clear him of its faults. Such is the mess in which an archaic theology involves us.

But clearly this is not the God of human experience nor of the great human faiths. God as man's heart has discovered him has been no playful spectator prideful of his trick, no transcendental Egotist, self-glorifying. Rather he has been actor and worker and maker in the midst of time; he has been a labourer, mighty in travail; a champion, contending with huge forces and facing difficulties which only the patient æons can resolve; a lord and leader, encompassed by glooms which his shattering bolts do but transiently dispel; a slow builder, laying the foundations of his house upon the abyss and securing it only by an eternal vigilance: and who shall know that some vast Twilight of Divinity shall not yet engulf it? Such have been the images that have expressed the convictions of peoples: God their hero, their noble, the great protagonist of their cause!

Have I not already pointed out that the world, as science is showing it, is an action, whose form is unreturning time? and have I not shown that man's life, as seemingly nature's, is oriented to the good, even as a flower to its sun? and that whatever our terrors, our disasters, none the less we will and can follow no other standard—we, who are the company of the Good and strugglers after the light? If with me you hold that such facts are elementary in experience, then assuredly you will join in the understanding that by *God* we mean that power which out of old blindness has opened and is opening our eyes, physical and spiritual, to a light that can illumine and a vision that can exalt. This is a fact of human experience, and so far as we can read, it is also a truth of nature, and it is in this fact that we take our stand. God is the lord

of righteousness and the power that makes for the good, and for our souls' and for nature's being he is more tremendous than any massy centre of gravitation.

I shall illustrate this truth with only one example, but that a very central one. There is one story which men of every colour tell, and which has been made the heart of every mystery. It is of the birth of man out of darkness and pain, and of his wandering amid terrors and monstrosities, and of his pitiful yearnings for the dawn of cleaner times. And then of the descent into man's troubled world of the Vicarious Sufferer, the Hero begotten of the Good, who walks embodied where men walk, who teaches, enlightens, uplifts; who descends into Hell and contends with Death; who undergoes the high passion, and suffers and dies for man; who is lifted up from the grave and from the dead, and in the image of light ascends unto the light, Son unto Father, the Heroic unto the sustaining Good, there to be man's promise and saviour beyond the boundaries of his days. . . I shall not follow out the instances; but this tale, I say, is so wide among men, told with many a name and rendering, that Christian missionaries, everywhere astonished, have held that it could only have been spread as the story of their own Gospel. Of this there is no evidence, but the story itself is evidence of truth yet more eloquent. And this is that for the whole human race, out of some source unguessed, save it be the very truth of our being, men have risen into consciousness of the great valour of the good, and from this have shaped the drama of their redemption. It is a spiritual image evoked from the felt inspiration of life, there where that inspiration is deepest; and as time has widened our understandings, in its meanings it has reached outward until to-day the whole tale of the evolutions of life-worlds and star-worlds fits into its moments. Evil does not disappear, nor is it shown as overcome, nor even to be a dead thing

while life is living; but in the great drama which is the world, the plot is a struggle for the good, and its high protagonist is God.

VI

ONE last word. At the outset I spoke of the experience of God as being universal to humanity. But I did not say that it is everywhere simple and the same, nor universally consistent. I did not, in other words, discuss the varied attributes which men have ascribed to God, nor the natures which they have sought in him. That is a complicated problem, but concerning it here, at least, I may point out that it is rather in the outward and executive than in the inward and motivating traits ascribed to divinity that our differences become fantastic. Inwardly God is more than a moral action (coloured to suit times and manners); inwardly he is a personality, and a personality for whom men learn devotion. And this is because God also is love. 'God is love and he is the object of love,' says M. Bergson in the work which is this philosopher's testament to his fellow men; * 'the whole contribution of mysticism is there. Of this double love the mystic will never have finished speaking. His description is interminable because the thing which he has to describe is inexpressible. But what he says clearly is that the divine love is not some part of God: it is God himself.' And it is in the light of this that Bergson goes on to say that 'nothing forbids the philosopher to push to its end the idea which mysticism suggests to him, of a universe which should be but the visible and tangible aspect of love and of the need of love'—God's universe as love would create it! The creative energy itself is love: 'Let us then transport ourselves on high, and we shall have an experience of

* H. Bergson, *Les deux Sources de la Morale et de la Religion*, p. 270. Paris, 1932.

another order, the mystic intuition. And this should be a participation in the essence divine.'

Ringling down through the centuries unstilled and unstillable, like a deep, commanding chime, into human experience has entered and been sustained, love, and with it the sense of divinity. I do not say that love is the whole of being, for life has not taught me that this is fact; and even though it be love—love of truth and cleanness and rectitude—which gives structure to reason and power to science, still, with the impurpled Empedocles of old, I shall own that though love govern the citadel yet hate tears at the walls of the world. I do not say that love is wholly pure, nor never led awry; rather with the unflinching poet of the Purgatorio I see it slothful, perverted, and passion-cleft, with such stains as only the harsh climbs of the hill of purification can take away. I do not say that love is for ever the conqueror: for there are deeps of futurity beyond any vision, and love unblinded is love defective, even as God's love can be infinite only as it becomes oblivious of all that he must forgive. I do not say that love suffers no wrong; but rather that all things are suffered for love, and that this is the meaning of that image of the Great Sufferer which has branded its crucifixions into the very substance of the stars and has brought awe and adoration into the hearts of all peoples. I cannot say, then, that love has no needs of its Christs; but I do affirm that in human life the part of love is the beautiful and heroic and noble part, and that no instinct of our being is less to be denied than this which commands that it is for us to live unto love's nobility. Love is a world's fact, as blindingly real as the sun; and in the life of man love is an untaught experience, which mankind, with one avowal, have named their experience of God. . . Hath he need of another attribute?

At the last, unto each of us, falls the question, not of

belief, but of life's realities. Beneath thinking stands experience, mine and yours and all mankind's, and it is this that gives the final answer and the abiding conviction. If within our lives there be found any invincible certitude that the good lays upon us a command and that the nobler way is for us to search out, and if within our lives there be any felt surety of an evadeless love, which is the soul's magnet and would save us if it could, then we are in the presence of God, before whom all argument is meaningless. We shall not then ask what is God's nature; we shall only hail him as our greater comrade, whose being is the impulse of life itself, such that so long as we *are*, God also *is*, breath of our breath and lodestar of our days.

There is a moment when speech is no further of avail and the fleeting plausibilities of words break and shatter like the spray from the last wave of a receding tide, fallen futile against the granite. Man turning from the glammers of sense and the confusions of thought stands upon the brink of being, in his own naked solitude face to face with the last reality. The noises of the market-place fall remote, and his own days are as dust, and the stars in their ages are as a wind-blown dust. Before him, alone, is the still form of the eternal, but whether it be empty and a nothing or whether it be full, it is for him who hath seen to say, even in the chambers of his own soul and before the Truth that there he knows. Which if he have found it full, and not to be forsworn for that he hath beheld it—he, alone, with his own life—he will answer it with a quieted heart, and he will name it the presence of God. For the measures of heaven and hell, of stars and dominions, are in our own souls.

CHAPTER IV

THE HONOUR OF GOD

I

AS BETWEEN God and Man faith is of three types. On the man's part, there is first and most simply that faith which is represented by the *credo* and which is no more than a *belief* in the existence of a divine being, no more than an intellectual assent to the presence and role of God in the world. This is the type of faith that gathers argument about it and is made stalwart by reason; it is the faith of philosophers and theologians and of ecclesiastical councils and churchly hierarchs, and while it may pillar edifices of thought it is only rarely that it can kindle into a passion of understanding—as with Giordano Bruno and with Spinoza it did so enkindle. Obversely, it is the type of faith which is scouted by infidel scepticism and from which the agnostic mind holds aloof. Dogma is its weapon and authority its sustainer; but what it can mean among men is mainly social and institutional. God is indifferent to it.

The second and more moving form of men's religious faith is *trust*. By this we do not mean any primarily intellectual adherence to a doctrine of the being or even of the nature and attributes of God, but we do mean a reliance upon God as man's aid and helper. Trust implies, to be sure, that God is good, that he is wise, that he is strong, and above all that he is friendly and helpful and ever-ready with his loving bounty, and we are prone to exalt these very human traits into attributes of divinity by the simple expedient of exaggeration, saying that God is *all-good*, *all-wise*, *all-powerful*, *all-loving*. But fundamentally such superlatives, if not out of place, are unnecessary; for what we

mean by trust in God has as little to do with our several qualifications of him as with our intellectual assent to his mere existence.

Actual trust in God means something quite different from any dogma. It means a recognition of his character and person in a manner not at all dissimilar to that which prompts our trust in the character and person of our neighbour, which is assuredly not the outcome of any studied analysis, but arises directly from a familiarity that has bred confidence and has engendered love. Nay, it is even clear that for our perfect trust God suffers from attributes that are too august. The Lord of Glory, on his high throne, omniscient and omnipotent, excites fear, even if it be a reverential fear, far more than he summons from us the spirit's intimacy; he is too remote for our affections, and in a degree also for our trust, which ceases to be personal, and becomes official only, when we transfer it to his justice or his mercy, or yet to that providence which is uncannily wise to the sparrow's fall and can know no pity for the damned. This, I think, is abundantly evidenced in the great religions. Between the spirit which is God and the souls of men are interspaced God's emanations, each one of which is a person less than the divine person above, each nearer in scale to the man person below. It is to these intermediaries, closer in nature to the human, that the heart's devotions go. Men turn for sympathy and the near succour to Christ and to Mary, to Amida and Kwan Yin, when in their souls they shrink away from the unmitigated blaze of God's infinite understanding. Or, if there be a bodied form in which a mortal can endure his vision of God, rendering thereto his inmost trust, this form is of no theologian's abstraction, compounded of an assemblage of attributes, but it is that of the 'father,' a human father, at once parent and person. 'He that sitteth on the throne shall spread his tabernacle over them. They shall

hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life: and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.' The image is of the tented Patriarch, solicitous of his flocks and his followers, in the desert their guide and shelter, in hurt their comforter. Than this there is no more tender image of God as the Father, to whom men give their lives in trust.

Reciprocally this trust is by God placed in man. 'The greatest gift which God of his largesse made at creation, and the most conformed to his own excellence, and which he most prizeth, was the will's liberty, wherewith creatures intelligent are endowed.' In such fashion Dante expresses the primary tenet of Christian faith, that God has endowed man with free and responsible choice of good or evil, and therewith has placed in the human spirit his own confiding trust. It matters little whether we phrase this in theological terms, having to do with sin and salvation and the mysteries of a fall and a return to grace, or in political terms describing human beings as nature-endowed with liberty and by social right free in speech and ballot and in the determination of government and policy, or yet again in the language of logic and of science appealing to a reason-guided mind and to selective standards of truth. The fact yet remains that alike in religion and polity and science we hold ourselves as men capable of choosing and framing for better or for worse, and in our own destinies legislative; and this freedom we ascribe, in the name of God or in the name of Nature, to that power which has brought us forth, and delivered unto us this responsibility and this trust. There is something idle and fatuous about every discussion of determinism, whether theological or biological, for we live and frame our institutions and we select our truths on the necessary assumption that as men

we are gifted with understanding of truth and falsity, right and wrong, good and evil, and that as captains of our fates and helmsmen of our souls we can and do choose and steer the directions of our lives. This is what we mean by freedom, and only nonsense can deny it. This is also what we mean by God's trust in his creatures, when of his largesse that gift most conformed to his own excellence was made the prime character of creatures intelligent. Subtly it means, and metaphysically, that time in its courses has brought us, whether but for our transient bodily years or more lastingly as spirits, as endowed persons agentially into a world of which we are part-shapers and part-creators. This may be a freakish striving of an else-baffled biotic force, of a life-energy mired in matter, as a curious science would represent it; or it may represent the real intent of a vital world which has lifted personality into being, out of the struggle of the ages, as in our impulsive experience we believe. But for the Christian faith it has meant God's gift to man, God's self-mirroring in us; and therein it has signified God's rendered trust in the human spirit, making of us, for good or ill, his partners and his children. For veritably it is as a human parent looks toward his own sons with love and hope and confidence that God must look to us, he insecure of our fates and sorrowed by our strayings and our wrongs and our wrecks, yet as a father loving and patient and hopeful of his sons. We may call this an anthropomorphic theology; it is the only convincing one.

Faith, then, in its second sense is trust, and it moves in two directions. It is man's trust in God and it is God's trust in man; its truest image is that which is found in the relationship of persons mutually understanding and sharing in responsibility, and most intimately in the human image of father and son—which clearly was the understanding of Jesus, as of many also not within the Christian world.

But of faith there is yet a third meaning, perhaps of all the most significant, which again holds its pattern in human relations, and which again holds both for man and for God. This is faith in the sense of *good faith* or *troth*, and is nearly akin to *truth*, of which indeed it is but the spiritual form. It is of faith in this sense that St. Paul exultantly cries: 'I have fought a good fight, I have run my course, I have kept the faith!' And it is in the interests of a faith of this sort that Socrates humorously and gently chides Crito, when Crito would have him flee an unjust prison, he harkening to the spirit of the laws murmuring in his ears like the sound of a flute in the ears of the mystic, 'Think not of life and children first, and of justice afterwards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below.' Whatever in our conduct with others is clean and honest and is carried through, and is without pretence or affectation or second motive undisclosed, whatever is of this character we name good faith, and it must also have the qualities of constancy and deep earnestness. Love is like this, when it is lost to self-seeking, and like it also is that whiteness of honour which compels a man to go through with the business, where the affair itself is something hard that must needs be done for the sake of straight justice and for reverence of the best. Therefore it is that we speak of the lover's troth, meaning thereby not only his keeping of the eager tryst with his beloved, but his steadfastness 'for better and for worse' through all the fates that fall; and therefore also we speak of a man's honour as something superior to the conduct which it guides, and to virtue itself superior, for that it shall carry him without fear and without stain, beyond any margin of pride, toward the course that is nobler. The true order of knighthood and the true spirit of saintliness know faith in this sense, which is an inner and a kept faith of a soul with itself, and is a measure of

stature. *Troth* is our word for it, and *truth* where truth is inner ; and it lies between a man and his own soul, and it lies between God and his own nature.

For in a moral world it is not alone man who must hold himself to account, but God also, facing his own standards of equity and purity and nobility—in short, facing his own divine *honour*, to which nothing external can constrain him, and from which nothing within can give release. This is the last and highest arbitrament of the good and the bad that man can conceive—God's faith kept with himself,—and it is perhaps the most just revelation of man's spiritually creative history that it should have taken form and image from the triune relationship which, by nature taught, we most intimately know. For a patrician understanding of the unblemished good of which his spirit is at once the manifestation and the custodian is the essential being of the Father ; and the active will to bring all life, including God's own, into realization of the good is in essence the secret of the mission of the Son ; whereas that stillness of comprehension which can bind understanding and action into a literal compassion and into one loving devotion to goodness, through love perfected, is genuinely the Holy Spirit. In a degree all this is certainly myth, psychological in intention ; but it is also, as every great myth must be, a truth of the world : for in us it is actualized in common elements of our human relationships, physical and spiritual, and it is a genuine and factual outcome of the sort of nature that has brought us into being and has endowed us with moral understanding, and with eager devotion, and with loving compassion. The elements are nature's and assuredly they are elements of only such a nature as we must name God—whose presence, therefore, even physically, we find incorporate in our own lives.

Faith, then, in this third and greatest of its meanings leads us directly into the central mystery of Christian

teaching, that of the Trinity, which to our understanding is psychologically necessary in any world that can know good and bad or true and false, and furthermore is in human measures actual in the world in which we move as genuinely human beings. In our own natures is its revelation, perceived and interpreted wherever a man intelligently faces moral issues and resolves them with an inward honour guided by respect for the true and by love of the good. The presence within our souls of such a triune being, at once understanding, acting, and evaluating, forces us to ascribe its nature intrinsically to that world which is parental to us, just as to the physical world we ascribe our bodies' parenthood; and to this moral parent, cosmically ours, we can assign no lesser reality than to what is bodily and no lesser greatness than to what is divine. God is revealed in our own souls, not indeed for all that he can be, but confidently for not less than our innermost faiths demand.

Of these faiths I have said that they are three in kind. The first is formal and intellectual, and is marked as by a syllogistic assent, and I have named it *belief*, because it calls into play no more than the exercised intellect — which in man's life is to be honoured, to be sure, but into which life itself, nor life's understanding, cannot be absorbed without self-destruction, as without love of truth science is dead. The second figure of faith I have named *trust*, and this I have stated to be not only in character an action, freely undertaken, but also to be social and companionate in its form, whether as trust reposed or trust delegated, such that its very reality depends upon a relation of man with man or of man with God. And this trust is not only man's confidence in God, for his strength and goodness, but also the trust which God reposes in man, when like a father he releases his child from nurture to become the spiritual comrade of his own divine maturity. . . Trust, in this

understanding, discumbers us of the old notion, inherited from Aristotle, of God's engloried solitude unresponsive to the world's hopeless and idolatrous worship thereof — of the Prime Mover himself Unmoved — and in its stead leaves with us God as friend and counsellor and active sharer in the risks of being, God as our co-actor and co-creator. . . Thirdly I have stated that innerly faith is *troth* or truth to oneself, such as we have name for in *honour*, and with which is associated all that is incommunicable in a soul, man's or God's, although its power and presence so interfuse with life that, untaught, we know it. And it is of this, God's honour, that I would speak, as to its meaning with respect to his person and to our destiny.

II

THAT which we name the intellect possesses two aptitudes of great practical benefit, but at the same time profoundly deceptive. These are the powers of analysis and of abstraction. It is to them that we owe our scientific structures and the efficiencies with which we make of the sciences instruments of our wills. The idea of truth also is moulded by these propensions. Pragmatically we conceive truth to be shown wherever we can reason from general principles to concrete actions which will satisfactorily result in the fulfillment of our intentions, as most notably in the field of mechanics and in all engineering; or again (and this is for many minds the sole test of truth) whenever, as the result of a calculation from abstract conceptions, we are able to foresee events which do not occur through any connivance of our own wills, and in this case we speak of natural laws as operative and as themselves expressing the world's truth. There are thus two forms of the pragmatic application of abstractive science each of which, when within experience it 'works' (as the pragma-

tists say), is regarded as demonstrating truth and justifying the algebra of intellective thinking. A third mode in which this same thinking is felt to be justified and to lead to true understanding has nothing to do either with manipulation and practice or with prediction, although it is still a dependent upon analysis and abstraction. This third is the contemplative mode, perhaps best exemplified in mathematics, in which the mind is concerned with its own ideas, deployed before it, and finds conviction in the logical arrangements of these ideas, to which, when no further question is raised, it concedes the character of demonstrated truth. These, then, are the three intellectual tests with which we organize our world scientifically, when (with some pretension) we give to their conclusions the name of law, and esteem that in them we have penetrated to the structural essences of a universe of which they are the beams and rafters, and therefore of the mind itself the forms and the metres. But in this there is deep deception, for the world is not a formula nor a pattern of formulae; nor can laws and forms ever yield any account of that near reality which life is, and which the unexampled world daily is, wherein each moment is specific and each event is its own unrecurrent miracle. Abstractive science may indeed hope to satisfy our sense of formal righteousness in nature; and it does certainly guide us—as the chart guides the wayfarer—to the realization of ends which, wholly apart from it, we design, just as an enriched human life is designed *via* the impounded waters of the great dam, precalculated. But life itself and the world itself, Creation actual with history, these are matters which no science of laws can forthshow, and without revelation of them there can be no truth deeply satisfying. At least, within the soul of understanding there is an impulse untutored which cries out that the *everyday* world and the *personal* lives of all

creatures must be reckoned as the constituted meaning of whatever *all* a world or a life can be, and thus as the fullness of Truth.

Such, I think, is the source of that stubborn dissatisfaction with the pronouncements of the sciences which besets our intellectual life, giving rise to those several hostilities of science and religion, science and art, science and polity, which are inherent to an incoördinated social spirit. And quite similarly within the field of religion there is a fission, due to the same cause. For the theological tradition of the nature and attributes of God is in kind analytic and abstractive; it springs from an intellect, not from a spiritual intelligence, and it issues in formulative artifice. What I mean is that when we speak of God as the all-mighty and the all-seeing, or even as the all-loving and all-glorious, coloured with art as such designations are, they after all represent abstractions, and not a being. They are cult-epithets which gather about them certain formal sanctities, but which do not lead us into any real presence. It is quite true that man's curious mind has tended everywhere to satisfy its longings for a comprehension of divinity by assigning such epithets to the gods, and it is fairly evident also that peoples to some extent have personalized and humanized the deified nature-powers by ascribing to them qualities that could bear these epithets: from Zeus the Rain-Bringer to Zeus the Saviour is just such a transition. But nowhere is this personification of abstractions more than a pathetic fallacy of the mind, and this is as certain in the case of Christian theology as it is in that of pagan myth. God as a creation of attributes is not only a logical puzzle, he is a scientific monster, as radically incomprehensible as is a universe assembled by formula. Again the untutored impulse rebels, and the spirit of understanding rises up in revolt against a crass deification of abstractive in-

tellekt. As for physical reality, so for the divine, we are compelled to turn to other responses than creeds or their burdens.

Even in its unguided and unilluminated forms, in those religions which we characterize as primitive, the human spirit moves instinctively from the vague to the personal in its envisagement of God. First felt is a power, or a den of powers, shapeless with Nature's manifest incoherencies, shifting and whimsical and momentarily enkindled with flashes of every passion, or cunning with every wit. Deities of such composition are for man's dread or for his perilous coddling, and all the more so in that they are fragmentary of personality and ape insanity. The world's dark pantheons, half inferno, are peopled by distortions of a divine semblance, reflecting the gropings of a yet dimly awakening spirit. But it is of note that as this spirit does move into its awakening, as under the leadership of great-souled men, the founders and the teachers, it indubitably has known bettered awakenings, then and invariably it has lifted toward beings that are divinely *persons*, having nothing to do either with the windy vagueness of the age of malformed imaginings and unchaste idolatries or again with the thin abstractions of a polished and aloof intellect. In response to some shrewder demand than his mind can formulate man has impulsively required that God shall become a person as variously endowed as is himself, and nothing less than such a person, to be approached and known as he would come nigh to and know a human fellow, has been possible for him as the image of God. This is true even in a physically anthropomorphic bearing. In Mediterranean religious art the oldest stratum of thought is represented by bird, insect, and animal forms, or by sleek human bodies surmounted by bird or animal heads, expressionless. But as the sentiment of humanity more and more pervades this thought, and the gods become invocable persons rather than

charms and magicians, the forms assigned to them are humanized, after man's familiar pattern, so that their flesh is but a finer mortal dreamed immortal, while their dignity becomes seigneurial and matronal or even takes on the surprised beauty of youth caught up into the eternal. And in this art a third moment comes when the struggle of thought is to emancipate the spirit from any mere flesh, yet through human lineaments still to depict the soul. Christ and Mary are as spirits given reincarnation in this later art, not as symbols but as portraits taken from a divine flesh,—itself almost resigned for the pure flame of spirit in the spectral and haunted brush of El Greco, who treats the human body and form but as a sacred memory.

More definitely than in any other great movement the development of the Christian background teaches this lesson of personalization as the true quest of reason and of faith. In the Hebrew Testament God still shares something of the old magical obscurities and half-animal fervours of oriental thought, although he does emerge finally into at least the official humanity of the throned judge and ruler, or of the bearded king glittering in raiment like a Solomon of the heavens, or of a lord of hosts and battles terrible in strength and sure in vengeance — and it is from such images that there issues the *Majestas Dei* of Christian art, in glory crowned, and sceptred above Earth his footstool. But royal dignities and regal magnificence hedge in rather than reveal the person, and dazzle the imagination far more than they disclose of understanding, for it is not in sovereign images that God can be intimately known. This is surely the meaning of Jesus, and it is his Testament first which gives us the conception of *the Father* — at once wise and loving, strong to guide and eager to befriend — as the full likeness of the divinity who can command the heart's assent. Yet for many among the followers of Jesus, even in this presence of an All-Father,

there has been something too august, too high removed; and so it is that the Christian generations have made of the consecrated Son and of his Mother, and lesserly of the Apostles and the Saints, such embodiments of God's being as seem more compatible with man's near understanding. We may speak of a Christian pantheon, if we like; but the plain fact of history is that here is revealed to us the tense demand of the spirit of man asking for understanding, for *reason*, in the only category that can fully yield it, and this is the category of human personality, in its richest incarnation. We speak of the mystery of the Trinity: historically this mystery has never been resolved by theology, but if at all resolved it is in that humanly triune image of the Holy Family, which subtly conceived may be the final and fullest significance of the *life* of a generative world.

In short, it is not by the high road of abstraction that God is to be approached, but by the concrete and direct discovery of him as a person. Furthermore acquaintance-ship, or if you please *familiarity*, is the only true knowledge of God, and neither divine wisdom nor love can in any other mode become even partially ours. And this means, quite irrefragably, that our faith in God, as a trust and a troth, is created by our own natures, his reflecting. It means, too, that for us God is and must be himself a person, yes, more individual than our own, and that for the saving of our human sanity we must know and confide in him. Finally it means that if God is indeed pure and noble and in character after our heart's deepest desire, then our understanding of him can never be of the intellect merely, but, as magnificently Dante phrases this truth, it must be 'matured in the flame of love.'

Moreover, in the mind's affairs there is no understanding that is more kingly than shall be such knowledge of God. We have bowed before a natural science which has led

us by the path of abstraction, but which has not brought to us any conviction of truth ; for there is and will be no lasting conviction that is not couched in terms of the most endowed personality that we know. *The world cannot be simpler than its most complex creation.* This, I affirm, as an axiom, and I know of no greatness of philosophic thought that has not been actuated by it and I accede to no pronouncement of any science that does not acknowledge it. Detailed discussion of both the principle and its exemplifications in scientific thought I cannot here make mine (though elsewhere I have given illustration), but here at least I can once again quote Dante, and say of nature as he of the stellar universe that —

the motion and the virtue of the sacred spheres,
as the work of the hammer from the art of the smith,
from the blessed movers must needs be inspired ;
and the heaven by so many lights made beautiful
from the mind profound which revolveth it
taketh the image and thereof maketh seal.

III

God, then, is a Person—to be known as men know one another and to be approached as man draws near to man. Is he therefore also a body, sharing physical form with man ? Assuredly the imagery of human thought has moved universally and impulsively to such an affirmation. Man has created God in his own image, we say, meaning in his own bodily guise, taken as of radiant youth or of wise maturity, and there made immortal. This has been true not alone of Greeks and Christians, for even the speculations of Buddhist Asia, while sublimating the Spirit of All into a divine sea transcendent of every body, have none the less conceived it as perpetually returning into the transiencies of nature, and in all that is compassionate and appealing taking for its thousand times the saintly incarnations pic-

tured in the temple ikons. The nimbus is but a flame transfiguring into flesh, like the supernal dove of the Christians or the blessed Sophia of the Gnostics, Virgin of Heaven descended as a star, here to become, even if fragmentarily, a Body of God, man in form, until when the flame hath burned through and the spirit is returned there is left only the ash of death. Since our ancient days fevers of aspiration have clung to such symbols, and do still cling, picturing God as man's bodied perfection, and picturing men, like as in a shattered mirror, as his broken and transient reflections.

There is truth in this imagery. For it would be an idle and impious thing to say of nature that there is nothing of the divine, in presence and in body, in the myriad flashes of loveliness which illuminate the world of sense or in the proud chords which from measure to measure strike into the action of life and penetrate with music its chaos. Nay, the whole phantom of physical being, can it be better understood than as such a perpetual re-embodiment of spirit as the Asian East would have it to be? Geology, and every historical science, shows us Earth and its denizens moving through the ages toward patterns which for us count as perfections, as if the whole force of evolution were guided by the hand of an Artist striving to compel every brittle and recalcitrant substance to conform to his design. To-day the physical face of nature is more lovely and picturesque, the geologists tell us, than in any æon of the past, today the flowers and verdures are richer in colour and form and Earth's lands nigher to Eden, and who can question that today, vastly more than in any age gone, the pattern of vital intelligence has in the mind of man explored a peak? We have heard much of the mechanics of such transformations, alike from physiographer and geneticist, but of a true cause for it or of any reason for its direction we still have no better conviction than God's

demand that Creation be found good in his sight. And if this be in any part true, as faith universal has pronounced it true, then surely we can say that God also is incarnate in nature's phantasm. I do not say that in nature there is nothing but God's body, nor naught inimical, any more than I should say that an ulcer or leprosy is the man's true body; but I do affirm that in what we instinctively name the sublime and beautiful in nature, and for all that which means for the human artist his priesthood and devotion, there is no less a reality than God's own presence, and if our last physical hour may be blessed with such a radiance then this will be as a kiss from on high, and a consecration.

Herein I am not intending any pantheism nor vague adulation of physical nature. Nature is not all fair and good, nor no wise is it perfect; nor is pantheism ever genuinely consistent with personality. But just as in our own blemished bodies we can see traced the symbols of our souls, and indeed just as the body's form becomes for us more and more the spirit's writing, so that we speak with one another not as mechanical contrivances but as living minds, so we may conceive that God is a spirit communicant in bodily forms, and shaping, as radiant energy shapes stars, the lights and lovelinesses of natural things; or yet he may be that energy itself, and the stars his ideas, and the whole world his drama and his life, and the seal of his impressed will. This is possible and sane, and we have no science that can gainsay it; but faith we have, deeply impulsive, which long affirms it, saying that God speaks through nature, even if strugglingly and in part foredoomed. Plato so conceived the world, and Aristotle, even if reluctantly, and the realm of thought still returns to their opinion.

But this subject is so interbound with the question of the moral nature of the energy that can create a world that it cannot be resolved apart from this question. If God is

a person in any sense that can be representable or intelligible he cannot dwell wholly in solitude. It is this that makes the conception of pantheism, or of a God immanent in *all* things, essentially incomprehensible ; and if, as I maintain, only the conception of a personality adequate to the highest complexity which we know, can give us valid explanation, then scientific knowledge of any sort is unattainable, and the world is impossible of rational apprehension. But if God is not in solitude, but is a person, and in the sense in which we ourselves know inward fission is likewise multiple, then the world can be only moral, and he in a genuine and intimate fashion will be our companion. It is only through such an understanding that we can honestly speak of God as loving. For love is expressive of a relation that lies between persons, and between persons who are in essence independent of one another and capable of being comrades. It may and must indeed be, as it is of human lovers, that the one shall be stronger and wiser and more the guide and the other the follower and the aided and the comforted, or yet that they shall be mutual in their powers, both giving, both receiving ; but whatever the relational form, it must always, if love is to be, be such that there is an association of free spirits. For love, as best we mean it, cannot have any part in a mere cherishing of a prized object, nor in any self-glorification (as theologians have sometimes suggested of divine love), but rather it must be, and it is, in fullest meaning a devotion, an offering, from the one life reposed in, and consecrated to, the other ; love is a gift, and free. I think that this does not need debate. We know love directly, in our own experience, and we know well that God can be the Great Lover only in the sense in which men love one another, although more generously and nobly than men ; and if there be also in this love something which passeth understanding, so that even the Cross of Suffering is its symbol,

yet is this still personal and sacrificial and for the sake of another.

The love, therefore, which can be God's nature, as is demanded of our faith and as mankind from out the mists of time have conceived it, must be heroic and ennobled. God must be for us a Christ. Perhaps this is only in the sense that a noble human life can incorporate divinity, and perhaps it is coloured by our inveterate physical anthropomorphism, yielding an ikon created for our understanding's sake. Or perchance (as I myself guess) it enters far more deeply and penetratingly into the last substance of things, and means that the world is fundamentally such that God can maintain his own beauty and purity only in a terrible struggle against a harshly enveloping cloud of raw hatreds, as abysmal as is his own love, which exact from him heroic strife and unflinching suffering, so that he uprears over the stricken field eternally the anguished banner of the Cross, of which also the physical and animal worlds are impress and seal. For it seems to me that suffering and pain, and also vileness and evil, are as evadeless as life is in the world that I know, and as desperate as human fates are daily shown to be. But I cannot find these ills to be victorious over that spirit which daily rises again to combat them, and which will not concede to them the field, for it is led onward through shadowy time by the banner of God's love, and it summons us that we be his companions, and though heavy with sorrow it yet consoles us if we but respond: for the white moment of the understanding of love is our consolation. I see this truth inscribed on the blenched yet responding faces of the lily-bearing Angel and the stilled Virgin in Botticelli's painting of the Annunciation, which more than theology tells how God suffers with his world, and how even death is brief price to pay for the treasure and glory of participant love.

Thus faith of the second ascent, which is trust, makes

of God our hero and our champion, and finds its attestation in that love which some impulse of being or some descent of grace has made real for us, and which of its very nature implies the presence of love's comrade, so that we can in truth say that there is no wit nor understanding not matured in its flame.

But there is a third ascent of faith which I have named God's honour and which lies not in his comradeship but in his solitude. For just as in our own souls there is that which is disclosed and is shared, and that which is undisclosed and is wholly our own, so in the person of God, if his measure be full, there is that which to us can be known only by inference from our own natures, and only because we cannot deem that God can be innerly less than unsullied. Wherefore we believe that God's honour is as a kind of pledge unto his own spirit; and because he *is* truth, by his own self-honour he is bound to that for which we trust him. Alone he must be, in this, having an understanding into which we cannot penetrate, but which is as that of a captain in the hour of peril, who only, of all the ship's company, knows their dangers and who must make of himself their reliance, firm if unto the death. In the nights and storms of creation there are perils and wreckings of which we, cabined in this earth and in our human bodies, can little know or guess: but God must know, and it is for him to steer the course of Time amid all the world's havocs and strain, and innerly his must be the high soul of the captain. It is a thing from which we cannot shrink: God is not wholly a haven and a strong refuge and a commanding peace, actionless; but he is and must be sublime and heroic, else he is not God nor superior to ourselves. 'Fear death apart from peril, and not in peril, for it is necessary that we be men.' So speaks Pascal, and in this utterance he sets a measure

which divinity cannot diminish and remain divine. The high test of manhood is in the facing of peril, even the last, and to God we cannot concede less. Therefore I say that if God is to vie with and exceed the best that our own life's world shows to us, he also must face peril and undergo pain and in his own lonely and aloof spiritual being know and stand by white honour. This is more than love, for without such an inward honour, ready unto sacrifice, no love can be strong and steadfast, nor unexampled before men. Perchance it was for the proving of this final test of the soul's high solitude, that the shuddering Father, in a last austerity, withdrew from the sacrificial Son upon the Cross, and forsook him to the lonely purification of an unsolaced death. Only so could a viaticum for all men be purchased.

We do, then, if we know God, also know that his part in the world is stainless, and that his love is seated in an inner purity and strength, and that for his own honour's sake he will keep his troth. These qualities are the deep heart of personal goodness, and when we name God good we ascribe them to him as a person, and not as one might say of objective and outer things that they are good, for in such there is much that is evil. God is the power for good in the same sense that a high-minded man may be a power for good, only in magnitude differing; he is spiritually good and he is striving, as a strong spirit must strive, to bring to expression his spiritual life in nature and in history and in the lives of his comrade spirits. And his honour, which is his inmost self, is pledged unto this.

Can such a character tell us aught of our own destinies? To me it seems that it must tell much. For if we are his beloved, and as children to him, and are being upreared to become his comrades and helpers in that great conflict with chaos which the world appears in its dramatic essence

to be, then it is certain that he can never spiritually abandon us, nor know any sacrifice too great to be given in our behalf: he will be faithful to the last, and beyond any solicitation he will give. This does not mean, I think, that he can satisfy all our desires and imaginings, or that he can work any magical transformation in our lives; his power does not extend so far; and indeed we do not know that he can save all that he would, or that he knows no heart-wringing grief nor unspent sorrow for our souls' bereavement. I cannot see God as a burning, all-powerful glory, with evil dissolved before him, for life and our own crying hearts belie this; but I do see him as a great dawn breaking through the night, and with the cheers of morning awakening the silences into life. It seems to me, further, that all that we know regarding nature *historically*, in its *time*-dimension, justifies such interpretation. There is but one open understanding of the procession of the stars up from their unguessed abyss, and of the long panorama of the laboured emergence of earth's habitable form, and of the plant-being and animal-being of life, through sea-shapes and terrestrial shapes and aerial shapes, and of the drowsy awakenings of mind, and of the affliction-attended discoveries of the fruits of the tree of knowledge, which are Good and Evil. We call all this the tale of Creation, and nowadays we have named it Evolution, but both names mean but one thing, which is that the world in which we share is headed toward a summit, that we are in some sense *mounting*, and that as the lights break more and more upon the heights afar off, glittering, ever more clearly we know for what ends we have been born and under what leadership we ascend. It is true that desperate labour marks the ascent, and that each age is like a stricken field where many are fallen and the waste is heavy, and that there is no utter assurance for any, nor for God himself, that a triumphant quiet will be as an end. We cannot count upon any cita-

del of everlasting security nor upon any quiescence into unalloyed glorification : for nothing in the world or its life gives hint of these save as euphemisms for death and defeat. But we can and do know that there are splendid moments of beauty's revelation, and exaltations of inner victory, and that there are tender consolations from a God who is not only leader but who is love. And we know that our trust in him is in one who will carry us as far into the light as love can make way and honour make noble. If this shall be beyond our mortal days and the few brief embodied years of earthly life, there is nothing to gainsay and much to support, and most of all the troth of a God who has given us our spirits in pledge and a love which reaches impulsively beyond the grave, so that he would seem to be bound, if he can but achieve it, to lift us into yet another ascent of understanding than is this which we name mortal. But if it be not so, yet can we rest with this assurance, that in our known affairs, here within the narrow circles of human days, there is always and uncompromisingly a baser and a nobler course, and that it is for us to choose the nobler. Only so are we keeping faith with God and with our own honour ; he can not do less with the truth that is his.

There is still, beyond all that men can say, in God's being a mystery — just as beyond all the utterances of natural science lie mysteries of being. From this we can make no recession, and into it none of the metaphors of our known lives can carry us. We cannot doubt — and this is our strong faith — that God meets love with love and with troth keeps troth. But that he is vastly more than any light of ours can touch, of this too our faith is assured. For even as our telescopes may pierce to thrice a hundred light-years of star-worlds while yet the astronomer is confident that but a faint facet of the physical universe is disclosed to him, so faith's astronomy confides in a God

transcending every vision and revelation. This is faith's humility, and the fountain of its prayer, never more feelingly uttered, as in the name of the souls of all men, than by a pagan Indian of the American prairies, 'A man from the earth I am . . . have compassion upon me, whoever, from above, you the Supreme!'

CHAPTER V

GOD'S BODY

I

CUR DEUS HOMO. . . Wherefore was God become man? What can be the birth and the meaning of that desperate fantasy of the human spirit which has caused men, even from out the early twilights of their humanity, to figure as somehow necessary to their salvation a descent into flesh of the high divinity, a mission and a passion, a sacrifice and a sacrament, and out of it all a cleansed and reinspired human life, transfigured, glorified, guiding on unto some supernal ascension of our natures? Back into our quivering human past, up from the depths and the mires of it, we can read and recall the fantastic fact: embodiments and blood-feasts; the innocent victim caught trembling in the briars of the wilderness to become the vicarious offering; the scape-soul bearing blackly the weight of human sin; the madness, half shudder and half exaltation, of the throngs of devotees calling 'Crucify! crucify!' out of some blind hope that release from their own evil would issue from the torn wounds—and that it should be *God's* body that man should so mutilate and sacramentally devour! The thing is incredible: it is outside the pale of possibility; no animal appetite, no nightmare of physical famine can account for it; it is nowhere like the brutalities of a carnivorous nature, flesh consuming flesh that flesh may live; nor is it remotely conformed to any image of man's reasoning or practical nature. And yet it is fact: out of some dim impulsion of being, some miasma of imagination, men have demanded and demanded again that the divine sacrifice must be made, that God must be born man, must suffer as man, must perish sacrificially, and must rise

again into a purified and more than human life, thither upbearing the suffering hosts of all humanity.

The strangeness of it is more than a mere unruliness of history. We are well enough aware that events do not occur with any comfortable conformity to the rules of accepted reason; the patterns of human happenings are not those of rational theory, and among them all least to be accounted for are those which demark the beliefs of men, and the practices which show us what in our beliefs is most deeply earnest. Indeed, it is entirely clear that much that is most painstaking and rigid in human reasoning is in fact actuated by a very central determination, not at all consciously understood, to justify to our own rational natures convictions which we will not surrender, cost what may. As men we are born into faiths which in no wise conform with the models of thought we set for ourselves as reasoning beings; and as living men, subject to the experience of a world with which we participantly react, we find in our histories strangenesses alike of instinct and conduct which fit into no frame of logical understanding—for which, in brief, there is no science. That we strenuously and a bit pathetically strive to adjust reason to conviction, and by science to save our faiths, is testimony at once to the honesty of our thought and the power of our faith: perhaps also to the intensity of a conscience which demands harmony in all our understandings and not less to the radical and cleft sense of the conflict which lies between what we can rationally grasp and what we instinctively must believe.

The struggles of theology with the mysteries of faith give example. No work of human intellect is more stringent or more disciplined than are those edifices of thought which form, all said, the mind's apologies for the soul's beliefs, or, as we should honestly add, for those experiences of life which have impressed beliefs into the soul's fibre and have taken outward form as the spiritual history of

mankind. For we must not forget that theology deals with fact in as strict a sense as does any science. That this fact belongs to the range of the logically anomalous, that it does not conform to the erected canons of the natural and mathematical sciences, all this is of minor issue. What counts is that the fact is here and is as directly written into the substance of history as can be any phenomenon of sense or any habilitation of number. Men's beliefs are no mere accidental gloss upon creation. In a dual sense they are symptoms of reality — first, in that they take on their fantastic forms as inevitably and as unaccountably as the fish assume their jewelled hues or the flowers their ephemeral and delicate motleys; and secondly, that the forces which stamp them are of no invention save the world's. Experience binds them into life; it is of no ease to exclaim against their hauntings with denial; the ghosts will not be laid.

It is thus with the Incarnation. However fancy may have clothed the experience, it is none the less vivid that men have felt themselves, out from the immemorial, in a bodily sense dissatisfied and incomplete and capable of a more refined and purer and nobler being. The human body could be seized by God, they have felt, and, inspired by the divine breath and power, it could be transformed and transfigured, new-born into a more gifted and godlike life or perchance restored to an innocence and beauty which it had tragically lost in some fateful Eden. The myths and the glammers are many: possessions, obsessions, raptures, enthusiasms, karmic embodiments, theophanies, and more than all the visions of virgin-born Saviours come into the world to breathe the air that men breathe, walk their daily walks, to suffer with and for men, and vicariously to die for their purification. It is like the phantasmagoria of a mystic revelation to perceive, down through the course of Time, the processional of those bringers of loveliness and healers of the spirit that have left behind them

the tense conviction that their passage was more than an accident of mortality, that they were indeed hither sent of God. This is not alone a Christian thing, for of Osiris it was sung in the Egyptian mornings of history, and of Orpheus with the wistful beauty which takes possession of all things Grecian, and of Mithras who should conquer through suffering as every hero must, and elsewhere in the world of the pilgrim incarnations of the Buddha, and of Krishna, and of the weeping yet blessed Quetzalcoatl, whose suffering footprints were seared into the rock ere he was wafted away to his mystic Tlapallan, as in another Ascension. These are only examples, out of the multitudes of gods become men, but they are examples more than commonly instructive for each of them is certainly or credibly the visionary memory of an actual man, once historical, and of a man who inspired and uplifted his fellows, and seemed to them more than of their own flesh, wherein for each was his passion and his sacrifice.

On any naturalistic basis all this is unaccountable. It is, as I have indicated, a kind of fact which is strange to reason. To be sure, scholars have struggled with the matter, striving to trace genesis and parallels and to found the beliefs in physical appetites and distempered delusions; but none of these so-called explanations have bluntly faced the thing. For it is beyond our most science-set imagining to find in any animal kind save man this dissatisfaction with its physical self, its body and its bodily desires: no slug, no worm, no mole, no led beast nor slavey creature, we believe, ever conceives for itself a more endowed body or a purer and more liberated life; and even of the larval grub we cannot imagine that it dreams of mothhood. But man does this. His body displeases and his life disquiets him, and betimes, strangely, he is seized with the mystery of another estate, his and more than his because it shall be caught into him-

self as by a vaulting of his being up out of nature and into spirit. And when, sad with his own impotence (sense of which he *can* share with the poor beast), he perceives amid his own kind one who is stronger and more illumined and overflowingly able to help and lift and inspire him, is it miracle that he name this one Saviour, and divine? So it has been, with all mankind.

Based upon fact, this — first, upon our own disquiet and sense of life's misfit; secondly, upon the perception of other and nobler possibilities, nearer to our recognition of what the honour of the world demands of us; and thirdly, upon the transient presence in our midst of men supernally lifted above ourselves — actual, historical men, as we must describe them, God-endowed. Jesus was such a man, who became Christ and Saviour and the Light of the World through the faith which he inspired in men and through his power to revamp their lives and illumine their perceptions. That the road to this was through his suffering and death, the Via Crucis, has served to set for human thought a problem outside of nature. There was and is nothing in nature's science to account for it. Its answer had to come from another science, and this is theology; or else from something more deep-set than any science whatsoever, the thing which we name *faith* when we conceive of faith as a grace more than as an avowal, and which is genuinely a seated and impulsive understanding, sprung, so we dare say, from another gift than sense or intellect — perchance, too, more direct than they in its gaze into cosmic being. It is no misnaming to call this *spiritual insight*. In all case, from these two, from theology and from the spirit's inward seeing, have come two perceptions of the Incarnation, and indeed two Christianities which are not wholly conformable to one another. It is to these that we shall turn for our answers to St. Anselm's investigation *Cur deus homo*.

II

THEOLOGY is reason's answer to the mysteries of faith. Theology is itself, however, founded upon a twofold faith, of which the one aspect is our very trust in that human reason of which it avails itself for its demonstrations, whereas the other aspect is trust in dogma, or perhaps more accurately trust in those experiences and revelations which dogma strives to formulate. Both of these basic reliances have parallels in our organizations of natural science, for the scientist, too, must found his demonstrations first upon his trust in human reason, and again upon his belief that natural phenomena are real and not intrinsically deceptive, or in other words that human experiences of nature are valid. Thus there are two faiths, the one in human reason the other in human experience, underlying the expositions alike of theology and of science. But there is yet a third aspect of the grounds of belief, which indeed becomes the very pillar of our most insistent thinking; and this also is common to theology and science. In the case of theology this is the high credo that revelation and reason *can* coincide and mutually sustain one another, that dogma is rational in the best right of reason which wit can discover, and that the very worship of God is in part the act of seeking that harmony whose existence the mind cannot doubt. In the case of science, it is the naturalist's assumption of the uniformity and constancy and mathematical intelligibility of nature, grounded at once upon our trust in the mind's analytic instrument and our confidence in nature's conformity thereto. In the theological instance this third faith is itself complex, for its affirmation is that the God who vouchsafes revelation directly in the spiritual life also reveals himself to the human rational understanding with which he has endowed us and which is capable of measuring his truth. Scientific speculations

have rarely ventured an equal confidence, although now and again the guess is uttered that the mathesis of the human mind is itself and truly a direct manifestation of nature's inward number; in any case, this likewise is a faith.

Thus there are three areas or gradations of faith upon which theological expositions, as those of natural science, are grounded: a direct trust in the mysteries of revelation, in the spiritual experience of mankind; a hopeful confidence that the exercise of reason, being of a God-given faculty, will clarify those mysteries; and lastly, the daring assertion that reason and revelation may be found to unite as two faces of one truth, that God's thought may actually become man's thought and understanding.

Not all theology has ventured the three steps of faith. The first and simplest, open to the untaught and to the taught in equal measure, is most utterly expressed in Tertullian's passionate cry, '*Credo quia absurdum!* I believe *because* the thing is impossible! because it is a miracle!' Reason, 'the wisdom of the Greeks,' as Tertullian calls it, becomes suspect, deceptive, a wile of the devil; salvation can come only through a turning away from subtle abstrusities, and a simple acceptance of the experiences of God's revelation. The attitude is familiar. It is the very essence of Pascal, he who so well knew the mathematical reason. 'The heart has its reasons which the reason knoweth not.' . . . 'Humiliez-vous, raison impuissante. . . Ecoutez Dieu!' Such is the faith which has inspired all the Evangelical creeds, and all souls that turn impulsively from the mind's perplexities to the heart's assurance.

Of the second faith, that which is clear with reason and at the same time humbled of its powers, Clement of Alexandria is teacher. 'Were the Gnostic given choice,' he says, 'of eternal salvation or of the knowledge of God (though intimately they must be the same thing) he would unhesitatingly make choice of the knowledge of God.'

This is a stern and ascetic doctrine, with a long entail of consequence in Christian theory; for mind you, it is a definite sacrifice of the heart and the heart's desires to the illumination of truth, a prostration of the wracked and worn flesh of the affections before the high altar of the Measurer of all things, a thrusting of the whole hope and faculty of man into the crucible whence should issue only the refined metal of an unrecompensed understanding. Centuries later we see this same unblenching austerity in the grim-faced inquisitors, of their own souls as of others, who seal with a seal that men be damned, that *they* be damned, for the glory of God! At its colossal height it is in the stony inscription over the cavern of the Inferno: 'God's love created Hell.' . . The oriental parallel is in the abnegation of the Buddha; there, too, the heart with all its yearnings is sacrificed to the mind's quiet, just at that peak where illumination fades into annihilation: one perceives it in the stilled faint smile of all the imaged Buddhas, where is the wraith of a vanishing sweetness and the vacancy of death. In our own day this same abnegation is the first of the rituals of science, for who enters into its arcanum must abandon all hope save of the mind's transient twilight. All this is our troth with reason.

But there is yet the third and more daring faith in which theology has most nobly rested its case. No doubt the full *Summa* of the Middle Ages is its most majestic expression, but in essence it was formulated at the very outset of that rich period when the thought of God was the dominant of thinking. St. Anselm, with a passion no less than Tertulian's, believed that God's revelation of himself is both to the heart and to the mind, both through miracle and through reason. For him God gives understanding to faith, for him reason joins and anneals with dogma, so that while the creed still stands highest yet there is no division of their imparted truth, no line or moment of juncture. Man was

created to see God, and the rationally inspired mind is the high organ of this divine vision. Devotion itself is absorbed into intellection, and indeed all of Anselm's writings—hard and syllogistic in their thought-structure—are permeated with such a piety that they read more like the prayers which they really are than like argument or controversy. His devotionals are exercises of the mind, stark with discipline, rather than amazed or enamoured or ecstatic vision and exaltation, though at the same time they may breathe such piety and enthusiasm as in the *Proslogium* mounts to a white fervour, purified and ennobling. This is theology in its most splendid powers, theology with wings. . . And again it is strangely akin to many an utterance of our priests of nature, drawn toward zeniths which their thought hails in the name of reason, though it be of a reason by faith transcended—faith in a nature which approves of reason and unites it with truth; for the God of the theologian is not remote from the Truth of the scientist. Such, then, is the deeper harmony of theology and science.

Now this third estate of theology, which rests its case upon the rational intelligibility of the articles of faith, leads inevitably to a science which explains and sees the scheme of salvation *from God's point of view*. It is the divine nature, not human need, that gives reason to the plan, and the theologian who feels himself devoutly caught up into a God-given understanding becomes perforce the rational pleader of the *cause* of divinity; he is a defender of the faith not as a champion of human experience or from any sense of defect, but as the enlightened apologist of God; it is his to justify God's ways to man by the exposition of God's wisdom, and in essence by God's need of man. The point of view becomes absolutely the opposite of that faith which springs from human spiritual helplessness and thirst, asking salvation for the man's soul's sake; in place of this, risen with reason up into the majesties, the

theologian becomes as impersonal and remote and indifferent to individual human fates as is the devotee of those modern sciences of nature, who also, in the heights of pure reason, must see humanity only as an accident of their indifferent universe. Thus theology, like science, becomes cosmic in its outlook: it is God alone that is to be saved, not in the mode of a soul's salvation, but as the phenomena of nature are saved by intelligible law.

No doubt where theology deals with such problems as of the existence and attributes and powers of God, or again of the trinity and the nature of the unity of its persons, or of the origin and transmission of sin (not unlike our own doctrines of genesis and the transmission of genes), no doubt in all this the theological reasoning moves as smoothly and with as little defect as does that of the physicist or the biologist of our own time; the background and the instrument are much the same. But the method (and in both cases) reaches a crux when a problem of history enters, and it is just such a problem which appears with the Incarnation. For it is not the nature of God which is at the heart of Christianity, nor even the constitution of man, whether material or ensouled, whether helplessly wrecked or salvable. But it is the question of Jesus, and of the meaning of his appearance among men, and of his transformation into a Christ which time no less than art has aureoled; and ultimately it is a question of all the Saviours to whom a Christ-seeking human race has from season to season turned in hope and aspiration—among whom, for us of the Christian world, Jesus is Master. This is the problem with which the faith really most earnestly wrestles, and upon the solution of which it stands or falls. And how is this to be met by a theology rested upon logic, even if this logic be God's own pure reason? A Father who offers up his Son to heal the defects of his own faulty creation, instead of rejecting the sorry failure and utiliz-

ing in his infinite patience the times of eternity to devise a purer world nearer to his mind's need — how is this to be reconciled with a limitless power and love, with a God that can be respected? *Cur deus homo* . . . why, indeed, from God's view, should the divine being take on the wretched form and fate of man?

St. Anselm's answer (his, to be sure, only as one expression of the theological tradition) is the essential view of rationalizing theology. It is the view which has become incorporated in creed and dogma, and is the very substance of that book-learned theological Christianity which is expressed with churchly authority and sanctioned by debating ecclesiastical minds. What, then, is this view? Essentially, as God sees it, that *the divine honour itself* demands the sacrifice. Near the outset of his argument Anselm asserts: 'God maintains nothing more justly than the honour of his own dignity.' And at once we perceive that there is something chivalric, of the *noblesse*, in the divine mystery; no less than the knightly gentleman must the Deity have his code of honour, exacting of himself that he keep troth with his own ideals. *Cur deus homo* argues through many chapters on the details of the immaculate conception and the virgin birth and Christ's humanity, and of our sin and of the degree and mode of salvation and the justice of it, but foundationally all the arguments come back to this one central point: that the honour of God commands the event, commands the rending of the Trinity for its moment, the descent into flesh, the passion, the crucifixion — 'even crucifixion among thieves that he might maintain strict holiness.' Christ suffered the Incarnation, was born and died, not as a debt which God owed to his misguided creatures, nor even as an expiation by which the Son consoles the Father, but ultimately for the family honour, the divine self-respect, if we may so put it. Thus Anselm summarizes: 'That honour certainly belongs to

the whole Trinity ; and, since he is very God, the Son of God, he offered himself for his own honour, as well as for that of the Father and the Holy Spirit ; that is, he gave his humanity to his divinity, which is one person of the Triune God.'

Lurking in the background of the theological phrases we surely feel the presence of an aristocratic image not remote from a feudal consciousness : God as Father is an Imperial Sire, a Majesty, whose name must be unsullied because the honour of the house requires it ; and Christ, the prince and heir, gives himself to redeem what in honour's name must be wiped out, the stain on the escutcheon ; the sacrifice is willing, it is free, and father and son are in union, demanding the purity of the high record, even at cost of suffering. . . For the moment the image strikes blindingly into our preconceptions, yet who shall say that there is not in it some deeper intimation of the world's moral being than any softer thought can have given !

But at least, this : the Anselmian interpretation of the Incarnation has given us an explanation which is from God's angle, not ours. And it is as clear a symbol as can be of the reversal of faith which theological Christianity has instituted. Not man before God, suffering judgment, seeking mercy and guidance and love, but the Deity at the judgment-seat of a Reason which is man's not less than God's, this is the image ; and if men and their thoughts have any part it is assuredly that of impassioned pleaders in God's behalf before this very Reason. God also must be brought to account, and the faithful of theology are his loyal defenders.

III

IN the passage in which Anselm states in theological terms how the sacrifice of one person is for the honour of the trinity of the persons of God, he adds : 'But though we

express our idea more definitely by clinging to the precise truth, yet we may say, according to our custom, that the Son freely gave himself to the Father,' for 'by the names of Father and Son a wondrous depth of devotion is excited in the hearts of hearers when it is said that the Son supplicates the Father in our behalf.' Herein, and quite unconsciously, St. Anselm touches the quick of another Christianity than the theological, its rival and far more than its equal in spiritual power.

This other Christianity is motivated not by any appeal to reason and least of all by any hope of mastering God's point of view, but rather by a direct and dramatic appeal to our sense of what is fundamentally and nobly human in our lives and it is made from the point of view of humanity. It represents no conscious deprecation or abjuring of a principle of reason, after the manner of Tertullian or of Pascal, and indeed it may be said to possess a rationality of its own, although this is in no wise of the type which we associate with verbal or mathematical demonstration. No less than these it involves its principle of order and sense of consequence, but its roots lie in images wholly remote from concept and number, and its convictions of truth are through understandings of a different description. It has, in fact, its unique type of reason and may even be said to employ a logic, since it certainly possesses its special mode of discourse, all these of another than the accepted canon. I should call this reason the *dramatic* mode of understanding, and the terms which it employs the *vital symbols* of human nature, meaning by these latter all those images of sense and experience which deep in our physical and psychical lives carry the ultimate burden of meaning, and, in making thought *familiar* in the most intimate sense, give to it reality and present significance. When Anselm speaks of a Son who supplicates his Father, he is employing just such images; for sonship and fatherhood and the inner

relation which finds expression in supplication and response are vivid in the lives of all men.

Theology has been eventful in creating sects and schisms, but the unity of Christendom is of no theological persuasion. Its source is certainly due to the world image contained in the drama of the Creation and Fall, the Redemption and Judgment pictured in the mosaics and carven into the stones of church and cathedral, and deeply into the minds and hearts of men. To this drama and to its most tragic and human episode, the Passion of Christ, the religion owes its oneness and its greatness. It is the *story* element of the Testaments that has made of them testaments truly, to be spread abroad and handed down from man to man and soul to soul with an understanding that needs neither gloss nor exegesis: because the essential reading of them is actually composed of the acts and moments of our human living, and of the aspirations which stand as judgments and dramatic fates behind the screen of our daily events. Man finds his own pattern self, far more than God's being, mirrored in the Scriptures; and it is this humanization of the universe which becomes the heart of his faith.

This humanization, in broad, *is* the Incarnation. God as maker is a skillful artizan and a generous provider, and Adam and Eve are erring children whose defect entails a nexus of woe upon their family. God, again, is judge and leader; trumpets are at his command and his words are like trenchant blades. God is a saviour and protector, strong to uplift and wise to sustain; and finally God is the loving father, merciful and forgiving because deep in his compassion is an understanding kinship with men. These are the images which bring the Deity into humanhood and make faith convincing.

Sheerest of all, and most driving and compelling, is the

life of Jesus. Here, as an actual presence, is God's embodiment, and centrally just because in the model of humanity which Jesus represents men recognize what most secretly and utterly commands their loyalties: that *character* which stands in judgment upon their own. In each human being there is a shuddering duality: on the one side his historical and factual self, and over against this that pattern man which he feels he should be, and, had he the metal, could only be. Jesus shows this pattern quality incarnate; in his person he reveals man in full measure, at once man and hero. It is this that commands Christian loyalties, and when added to this there appears the hope which the Gospel story incorporates, promising the strength and metal which men feel to be wanting in their own endowments, then it is that the full-blown faith of the Christian emerges, now become the logic of the Pattern Man, the Logos made flesh. Thus the Incarnation, in essence, is the fact of the embodiment of man's ideal of his own shadowy nobility—that for which he would that he could sacrifice all else in an utter devotion.

In the text of the Gospels it is remarkable how little there is of indicated theology or even of clearly constructed doctrine in the minds of either Jesus or his followers. Paul's Epistles are if anything even more instructive, for in his conception of Christ (in which is no physical memory of Jesus) what alone is clear is a blazing sense of the presence of a life-assessing *character*, a diviner comrade who is Master just in the manner in which a man's clear honour is master, something he must live up to, or losing, must miserably perish. It is this, and with it the call to decision which life is ever making, so that every instant is a test, which gives to Christianity its militant humanity. The faith is truly a faith in no mere sense of rational adhesion, but in a battling fashion, like a call to arms; and it was with

a wholly right instinct for what was crucial in their religion that the fathers of the church defined God as an *act* and man as a *will*.

Hence the drama, with its actional appeal, and hence, indirectly, the clothing of the whole Christian idea with a flesh of simple humanity. In the Gospels if doctrine is notably absent, yet the vividness and immediacy of life is everywhere present. If one were to take away the images of the Holy Family, of the Birthday and its natal celebrations, of the Boy *imberbis* teaching, of the Baptism and the descent of the Holy Dove, of the Shepherd and his Flock, and then again of the Dolors of the Passion, the Cross, the Tomb, and the Ascension, it is to be doubted if the Gospel pictures could genuinely ever hold the attention of mankind, and it is certain that they could not carry with them the vast wave of enthusiasm that first made of martyrdom a singing and later became a kind of choric response—now lament, now praise—in Christendom's history. The sustenance of the Faith has lain here.

Thence, its truest expounders have been the artists and poets who have blazoned its imagery into the sensible imagination. There is little reason to suppose that the living Jesus can have greatly resembled the traditional Christ of occidental art, and the Virgin Mother, as all men know, takes on the race and features of every nation that has painted her—just as in Asia, the Buddha is of every race. But this does not at all mean that the gamut of expression which piety has permitted for either Christ or Virgin outpasses the bounds of the character which faith ascribes to them: in this, the essential matter of character, they are everywhere the divine Mother and the all-loving Son, supernally men's master, than whom the Christian virtues, the inner virtues of faith and hope and charity, need no other symbol.

Christian iconography plays lovingly with these simply

human figures and the episodes of their tragic yet elementarily man-fated lives, in which every nearest image of our natures is clear and intense: birth and childhood and maturity and death, joy and sorrow, parental and filial and friendly love, temptation and hate and incomprehension, work and weariness and wandering, repose and seclusion, the simplest of suppers, and then the blare of mob publicity and the naked desecration of the gallows—such events as are the intimate tokens of many a man's days, only here saturated with the sense of a huge consequentialness to humanity; in these are the vitality of the imagery and the life of the religion. So also the hallowing symbols which become the illuminations of Christian art are the common things of every day, taken over to become like the flowers of the field more in glory than the array of Solomon. We need only to see in imagination the gallery of the altars to realize that Christian art draws its inspirations from no earthly magnificence. There is the Angel of the Annunciation with her wand of lilies—*Ave, gratia plena, Dominus tecum, benedicta te in mulieribus*; there is the Nativity, the Shepherd with the crook, the Star, the *Gloria in excelsis* under the open air of night; there is the Dove descending, and, under the sign of a cross, *Ecce Agnus Dei*, the Lamb of the sacrifice; later is the bat-wing devil thrust from the Mount of Temptation; and then follow the palms, first with *Hosannas* and afterward become the sign of the *Requiescat* of the faith; and finally there are the thorns and the stigmata and the stark geometry of the greatest symbol of Christendom, which is a cross, which is the rigid and schematized body of a man. Cimabue, Giotto, Duccio, Simone Martini, Fra Angelico, and all the schools of Christendom have glorified these themes and made of them the faith of bookless men and a wisdom more than of texts.

Nor is the appeal to the eye alone. There is an essential

poetry in the Testament itself, not only in the parables of Jesus or the gorgeous imagery of St. John, but in the drama of life and motive which is there portrayed. The Church has intuitively seized upon this and made of it the beautiful action of the Mass, which is far more than liturgy, holding within its compass the whole symbol of life. Such poetry has veritably fed and universalized the literatures of the Christian world. In the achievements of imaginations such as Dante's and Milton's it has upreared the cathedrals of poetic thought, emplacing within the schemes of their adornment Creation, and Judgment, and Coronation under the Majesty of God throned above the arc of the cosmic zenith; but it is likewise the breath of the vivid devotions of many a lesser poet, of George Herbert and John G. Whittier and Frances Thompson, and of winged words from many tongues, conveying quite simply to men's spirits the intimate pieties of Christ's humanity.

Here in the Gospels and the sacraments, in the works of the Christian artists and poets, is expressed the theology (if one may name it such) which has genuinely established Christendom and which has summoned to its service the zeal and love of bodies of men who, in responding to some old instinct of the human spirit, have turned not alone in adoration but intensely with a sense of reality to that human valuation of God and nature which the Christian religion is, and which indeed every living religion must be. It is a theology issuing *from man's point of view*, with no apology for God and no call to his defence save in the military sense in which every Christian is soldier and enlisted in the discipline of the good. In all this it differs radically from the doctrinated theology of the schools, from the thin abstractions of the rationalists, whose metaphysics it essentially contradicts. For within it is another and, I shall venture, a truer metaphysics, present implicitly, which alone is able to illuminate the mystery of the Incar-

nation, and to give an understood response to the problem of *cur deus homo*, of wherefore the divine should take the form of man.

IV

THERE are, then, two Christianities, a Christianity of the logical mind and of the natural reason, centring its thought upon God and his world, itself a problem of speculation; and a Christianity interpretative of the drama of history and of life and of our deep-set faith that human nobility may become incarnate. The two rest upon diverse philosophies and upon unrelated essential logics of experience, albeit that not unoften both find hospitality in the one church or in the one generous nature of a man's mind, as of Anselm's, or yet more notably that of St. Augustine, whose *Confessions* is as intimate with human motive as is his *City* with God-thought. But for all that they are thus cordial in seeming, in substance they make formal war upon one another.

Let us turn first to the theological metaphysics, with its rationalizing rigidities. God is one, though a trinity, and a trinity not only of persons but of major attributes; for he is at once omnipotent and omniscient and the all-just apportioner of the fates of all things; power and wisdom and righteousness are the fabric of his majesty, and the law is at his right hand, and his will is an action which no nature can gainsay. Creation is the mirror of his thought, and the choirs of them that chant his praise and do his will are the echoes of his own inward harmonies and the phantom portrayal of his own astounding emprise, the making of a world that should be the glass of his glory. Ordained and foreordained are the lots of men and angels and demons, and of little fluttering sparrows, and of the stars and constellations. And his peace is a white flame in which all is realized and all consumed: *e la sua volontate*

è nostra pace! . . . This is the God of rational theology, and it is the Law of natural science, and the service and the cult of them is the same.

How therewith stands the Incarnation? I shall again let Anselm answer, he, humble with piety, and fired with the zeal of understanding as no man his better. Says Boso, the saint's respondent in the dialogue: 'The substance of the inquiry was this, why God became man, for the purpose of saving men by his death, when he could have done it in some other way. And you, by numerous and positive reasons, have shown that the restoring of mankind ought not to take place, and could not, without man paid the debt which he owed God for his sin. And this debt was so great that, while none but man must solve the debt, none but God was able to do it; so that he who does it must be both God and man. And hence arises a necessity that God should take man into unity with his own person; so that he who in his own nature was bound to pay the debt, but could not, might be able to do it in the person of God. In fine, you have shown that that man, who was also God, must be formed from the virgin, and from the person of the Son of God, and that he could be taken without sin, though from a sinful substance. Moreover, you have clearly shown the life of this man to have been so excellent and so glorious as to make ample satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, and even more.' It is not necessary to elaborate the casuistries with which this strange thesis is so desperately sustained; they fall hapless of their own inner ruin, leaving only with us a double admiration, one for the selfless devotion with which the saint dedicates his reason to God, and the other for men's willingness, in God's behalf, to take upon themselves the whole terrible flaw of creation — aye, to be damned for the fuller justice of God!

Such is the theologian's Christianity, but it has never been, I think, that of the living faith. For the world of the pictured churches and of the not less image-filled minds of Christian worshippers has been never such mere bauble of dialectic thought as is yielded both by the theologians of another age and by the mathematicians and astro-physicists of our own. Rather the true Christian world is one of movement and striving, of wills and imperatives, of sufferings and consolations and exaltations, of trust and hope and love. There are fightings in this world; there are triumphs and defeats and martyrdoms and death beyond atonement; there are stringent hatreds of sin and there are tender idealizations of the precious innocence of childhood. If there is tragedy at the heart of it—tragedy rightly named *the crux* of the faith—it is because there is a genuine and metaphysical tragedy in the world itself, and perils which no mere wit may evade. 'Patriotism is not enough' . . . *science* is not enough! Salvation can come only from the united front which Man and God together advance against the blackness—and many sink cloudily in a strife whose end is foretold of none. . . This is the metaphysical world of Good and Evil, the old dualism of man's life and heart, and it is this which is the truth of the living Christianity.

Within this Christianity the Incarnation falls visibly into place, without call for apologetics. It answers as no other image has ever sufficiently answered the age-old requisition which human nature makes upon nature, that somewhere, in the courses of the suns, shall be found the fact of the forcing through into embodiment of our ideal of the loveliness and nobility which men's spirits demand for their completion, the Pattern Man who shall fulfill the meaning of man. If I may draw a naturalist's analogy, it is so that the blundering evolution of an organic kind strives through

crude and imperfect and defective breeds and species toward that splendid one which shall be the peak and salvation of the genus—the perfect of the horse-kind or of the rose-kind or of man-kind. Its life may be but for its hour, amid the gruellings of the world, but for this hour it justifies both its kind and the nature which has produced it, and though it fade and perish, yet it lives as the patterning embodiment of a whole striving after beauty by a creative nature. So also the spiritual life of man, forcing through from the world's outlands, demands its exemplar in *that man*, once living, and living forever in the beauty that he attained.

Was it not sense of this which, as I have suggested, lurked as a preconception in the background of Anselm's thought, coming never to the surface for rational inquiry or misgiving? Who reads *Cur deus homo* will be impressed with this: that the whole argument and the one pillar of its reason is the unquestioned assumption that *God's honour* is the sufficient cause of the world, and that it is solely *pro causa honoris*, for the good name of the family, that the Son becomes Christ and is crucified. We may ascribe this to the chivalry of a high-minded man of the Middle Ages, who could not conceive of question where honour was the charge—but is this indeed enough? and is not the theologian, here also splendidly the man, better than his theology? For if the world *is* that fight which, as William James said, it *feels* as if it were, and if, in the night of things, God somewhere moves as the battle's leader, then assuredly it shall be the first vow of the crusade of his host to keep clean their spirits, and unsullied that nobility which is man's diviner birthright. *La noblesse oblige* is a command laid not only upon the soul of knight-hood, but upon the entire spiritual substance of creation of which man is life's advance bearer, and it is the sufficient

explanation of that life of Jesus in which it is the most loftily incarnate. Here we touch upon a metaphysics beyond the computations of light-years or the subtleties of atomic orbits.

It will be perceived that I have once again returned for understanding to such an image as I have designated *vital symbols*—for honour is that type of reality which can be known only in being experienced, but being understood through experience forthwith becomes of itself a medium of explanation and a lamp of intelligibility. It was so with Anselm, who from the intensity of its illumination had no need to question its source. The whole Christian faith rests similarly upon such symbols, which are the bearers of its inner meaning and call for no better theology, for they themselves have their sources in creative being, and their reality is to a seeing which is more direct than is eyesight. This fact, as I think, is prophetic of a new metaphysics of the faith, for it seems clearly to indicate that if we but turn frankly within, to the true patterns of nobility which with instinct we know to be true, we shall there find ever-freshening evidence of their incarnation—not alone in the past, but in the growing present of spiritual understanding.

Asking of nature its meaning the abstruser scientists of our day find only mind, though it be but a mathematician's mind, so that with the tradition of Plato they can say, 'God always geometrizes.' But of the truer Plato shall we not ask if the Good, which for him was supreme, is not likewise the thought of God? Do we not find it a fact in life, and more in substance than the unsensed circles of the heavens? And of him whose experience of God was far keener than Plato's, to whom God was indeed a presence and a Father, shall we say that his was no guidance nor his life no embodiment? Not such can be our judgment if we have known but even changingly, like a fitful breath

of spring hovering over the virgin fields, some intimation of a purer love and a more sustaining nobility. Thereupon, as in apocalypse, we are suddenly aware that the world is a flame of spiritual energy striving to burst through to its incarnation.

CHAPTER VI

SCIENCE AND EMBODIED LIFE

I

THIS being embodied is an odd and fascinating experience. Its oddity is evinced in the fact that we seldom feel fully at home in our bodily senses nor quite accommodated to our physiological functions: there are awkwardnesses, intrusions, itches, and irritations, uncertainties and illusions, all of them symptoms that our physical equipment is unhandy and malapert, and not at all adequate to what we will or hope for. Even in its most obviously designed uses, such as seeing, hearing, manipulating, moving about, or yet in digesting food or expressing thought, the body is prone to accident and subject to disease; it is very like a foreign speech not yet fitted to the tongue; its expressions are devious and cumbersome; and it is repeatedly failing us just at the urgency of need: there is now a halt in the limb, now a deceit of the senses, now a loss of breath, a fatigue, a vertigo, a mist of obscurity rebuffing our straining perceptions. The broadcast atmosphere which we commercially generate about us is becoming, for hours on, a clatter of nostrum-advertizing, all directed to the apparently universal human struggle to escape from physical ailments or to solace us for bodily imperfections, and drugs and diets and every mortification of the flesh are lauded as the instruments of our emancipation, as if the physical miasma could only be dispelled by some sort of purge or mutilation. From the standpoint of an impersonal biology, one concerned merely with the chemistries and mechanics of vital bodies and guided by no other philosophy of life than the physical sciences can give, there is no clear reason why we should ever be at odds with our physical condi-

tion whatever it may be ; it is not for cell nor multi-cell to dispute its local fate, nor for the gene to quarrel with its hour of eclipse or of fruition. If the functioning body were really the all of our human estate and our essential selves no more than the passing exploitations of an organical stream, there could be no sane contention with any bodily state nor sense of discomfiture through illness or weakness ; the measures should always meet, so that aspiration should coincide with realization and each of us be content with what he physically is at the moment — just as in Dante's *Comedy* the damned are content with their troughs and the saints with their stellar assignments. Satisfaction should be our perpetual condition if the exploration of life really ends with the physical account, and it were then logically all wrong for any of us to resent or to be baffled or bewildered by our physical limitations. Indeed, the strangeness of it is that we should even speak of 'limitations,' thereby showing ourselves to be *not* physically at home in physical bodies, but rather, deeply, as genuine incarnations, not by the body exhausted of reality. Yet actually we know no such bodily self-satisfaction as the logic of the laboratory would enjoin ; actually we resist and cry against bodily rebuffs ; and assuredly we do feel our *selves* to be in some veritable fashion incarnations. Herein is the oddity of embodied living.

Its fascinations are in character with this odd sense of miscarriage. Our bodies have for us all the novelty of unaccustomed toys, or, as we mature in purpose, of tools or instrument with untried possibilities. They become quite definitely generators of energy, controls and transmitters of force, plane table and magnifier for map-projection and the reading of nature, in shape and motion the measures and metres of time and space, and through their digital integers the computers of great and small and the dials of cosmos. Indeed, the man's body might be likened

to a spindle around which, whirling, grows the ever-expanding fluff of a universe which, in some suspected sense, derives its organization from this bodily core, with respect to which it is always a circumference, a shell or cocoon spun from the encased body's substance. Endowed with such possibilities it is no marvel that our human bodies, from the first, are fascinating acquisitions, with which we strive to become accommodated, and which, in their growing familiarity, we tend to confuse with our very selves. Something of the same effect very commonly occurs with our dependent use of those mechanical extensions of the bodily instrument which tools and appliances afford. The carpenter's favourite hammer, the concert-meister's violin, one's automobile or spectacles, all take on an intimacy of importance which exceeds, certainly, that of beard or toenails, and makes the object as integumentally our private own as are our very finger-tips or as possessionally familiar as are the idioms of our mother-tongue. All such personal tools belong to our total physical kit, within which eyes and ears and limbs and digits are no more than key pieces. When in play and adjusted, hand and hammer, or fingers and violin, form the instrumental part of the one action, which is the self's carpentering or musical expression, and whatever of the body does not at the time serve this expression is but so much physical lumber; to the purposeful being of the maker or the artist it is impediment, nuisance. Catlin tells us how not infrequently the young men of the Mandans allowed both the little finger and the index of the left hand to be chopped off: the youth retained but the two fingers necessary for supporting the bow, thus proclaiming that his meaning in life was solely that of hunter and warrior; he sacrificed what was superfluous of his body as he would strip for battle.

Most of the animals are in their bodily growths provided with the tools which define and circumscribe their life's

activities. Outfitted from birth they carry their kits with them. The whole pattern of their existence is designated by their physical inheritance, and by it the world which they are to know is confined and limited, mainly to helpless narrows. The finned and the winged, the webfoot and the taloned, are hatched predestined; the hoofed and the fanged are not only herbivorous or carnivorous in limb and tooth, but also in the mechanics of their very skeletons, whether tight-jointed or loose and supple, whether meant to support weighty or lithe bodies. The number of machine-like appliances in the organic world is hardly less than are man's intentional extensions of his own bodily powers, and oddly the feebler creatures outdo their betters in such gifts; for attached to insect-bodies are hammers and piercers, saws, files, pincers, spinnerets, looms, lancets, hypodermic needles, propellers, lamps, and there are chemical tubes and vats for developing glues, poisons, inks, and shelly crusts—the whole industrial age in miniature. Just to observe the female wasp dig her obstetric chamber, lance, transport and deposit her larval victim, and after the egg-laying close in and hammer down the orifice and finally camouflage the location, diking it against flood, is to carry the ineffaceable impression that here in the sub-size world is a mechanical sagacity not inferior to our own. Nevertheless, in all this there is an illusion of distribution which radically affects our reading. For in this realm of insect industry each life and being is the slave of its own equipped body. Its conduct is pre-determined and without choice or variety; to put the matter otherwise, all its tools are specified; none are themselves subject of choice, as is the case with our human instruments; and hence there is no freedom. It is true that certain creatures live through varied life-patterns—tadpole to frog, larva to butterfly; but in each stage the creature is utterly determined, and so far as we can judge without premise of other moment than its own:

purpose and expectation, in our human sense, are wanting. Broadly we may put it that the evolutionary advancement of life is actually one of progressive emancipation, such that with each essential generalization of function, from mollusc to insect, from reptile to bird, mammal to man, what genuinely transpires is a variegation of the possibilities of life, and hence of creative capacities. And when we come to the human creature, with his power of either employing or dispensing with the tools which meet his varied ends, his body being freed from their burden and hence from any direct relativity to its own puny size—so that Leviathan, a 200-inch telescope, a dynamo of millions voltage, are alike at his disposal—then we are at last in presence of an emancipated mind and life; or, if in final action limited, at the least man is a creature whose shell shall be a universe no less in expanse than only the megaparsec of light years can measure or the transfinite explore. The bodily shell is no longer crustacean, but as wing-free as are mind's dimensions.

Already with the infant in crib, and before he can lift the weight of a head which is absurdly disproportionate to his baby frame, we can observe his lively, exploratory interest in the nubbly toes waving carefree above his still unaccommodated eyes. He is the very picture of that physical helplessness and alert curiosity which are the most striking traits of the embodied man, and make of man a grotesque among the animals, an infant all his days. He must try out and get acquainted with his babyhood body, a matter of mirth for his nursery games, and an exasperating foil when he attempts the fantastic human equilibration of walking bipedally; and all his life he must struggle with his physique. For it is man alone among the creatures that insistently rebels against his birth-given posture and in the axis of his erect frame defies gravitation; and while life is in large part a zestful testing of bodily functions and

powers, it is also, daringly, an effort to compel from the body more in meaning than its native endowments warrant.

Something of this is perhaps implicit in the mixture of wistful amusement and of tenderness with which we regard the bodily strivings and enthusiasms of very young children — we, half-rememberingly conscious of our own hapless strivings to compass more than nature can permit in bodily understanding, and so being ourselves but as yet other infants. Perhaps, too, looking now innerly and not without, there returns within us that nonplussing moment of our own infancy, when for the first time, in an ineffaceable experience, there came to us the abrupt realization of the duality of our puny self-body and its encompassing outer world, then so immeasurable. To every one of us such a moment came, when of a sudden, whether alone or with companions, there fell upon us the frightening understanding that just these fingers or toes were of our self parcel, and that the small body, in some sense ours, was cast desolately adrift in its own solitude. What is curious is that even at this first moment of remembered life, when we entered into bodily consciousness, we encountered already a *self*, gifted with the capital powers of a human mind all developed, though there dismayed by the meagre prowess and physical littleness of its owned picturable form: body and world were two, and back of them the trembling personality of a little child, adjudging and abashed. The like hour was many times to recur in the course of life's years, and each recurrence would be marked by this same hapless sense of disproportion and strangeness, and of the tenuously fleeting touch by which self and the outward world communicate. It is with us as if the self, come as a stranger into its world, were frailly evoked from some pre-natal void, to be for its moment brought into play with those wonder-lands of a

physical nature, within which our own bodies afford a magic glass of insight and dim-signalled communication — and aware at once of the magic and of the transiency of the instrument we are wistfully tender of an infancy to which, in a certain fashion, man's whole life is condemned.

II

MAN is the most revolutionary of the animals. Among the animals Man alone is consciously *born*: it is he only who can gaze curiously and aware upon the world saying strangely to himself, Lo, it is my Parent! He speaks of earth as his Mother, and in a later day, when he has discovered that there is within her a mystery of life-giving, he speaks of nature as Mother Nature. But beneath such expressions there is no genuine filial piety, no sense of intimacy or kinship. Man, the offspring, is estranged from his parent world, and even in his recognition that somehow he is the issue of its body there is revulsion and rebellion: *he* is Man, and *nature* is Nature; already there is a kind of hostility of Man and Nature, and he feels his birth to have been in full sense a deliverance, an emancipation from old confusions which his reason must righten and from deep-tainting abhorrences for which his moral sense shall give cleansing. He is become, in his own eyes and consciously, *abstracted* from that which has produced him; there is no love lost between son and parent, and if they are ever to come to an understanding it will be after labour and contest and as a result of the taking of counsel and of cool calculation.

The other animals, caught in the mesh of appetites and fears and affections which are the form and substance of their quotidian being, give no indication of sharing man's lonely freedom. For them there are no questions to ask, there is no Nature to interrogate, nor do they recount with moral malice old tales of spawn-devouring parents and

incestuous sires. Birth, in the animal world, is not an abstraction; it is only emotional change. Today the dam may give her life for her offspring, as yesterday she gave them suck; the sire may guard or slay his young; it is all temporary and accidental; tomorrow will see parents and brood as rivals for food and love, and enmities and friendships will lie as that land lies in which all pasts are forgotten. In the woods the sociable birds are chattering, as do the birds when morning is fresh and sunbright; the hawk swoops, and the feathered prey pierced by his talons screams while the captor mounts heavily, yellow-eyed and contemptuous; there is a moment of agitation all about; then an instant of silence, and as the executioner departs once again the glade breaks into song, carefree and sunbright, oblivious. Nature is like that, and in the main the animals accept one another as they accept trees and pastures and earthy coverts, all as substance of their hour; hot with emotion they often are, cool with question never. Of *abstraction*, in the human sense, they show no sign, and they never personify either themselves or their world for good or ill.

It is true enough that certain of the animals, unwittingly in the main, have gone over to the side of man, in his rebellious independence. The ox and the plough-horse accept yoke and harness and stall, and macerate the soil obedient to man's will; but for them barn-fodder and natural pasture are equal gifts, and alike the hand and the field that feed them are of the order of their being: they are servants, not agents, in the action by which man forms and farms Earth to his will. Possibly the dog is more consciously man's ally, as for long centuries his species was the solitary human friend in the welter of nature's hostilities: for the dog shows more than the heart's faithfulness; he is canny in the face of deceptions, and he feels that he has acquired obligations; man is to him far more intimately

his kinsman than is his own blood-brother, the wolf. But if the dog and a few other animals have developed an allegiance and in some remote way a sense of dependent humanity, this is clearly due to their idolizing powers—perhaps, subtly, to the magnetism of the Human Force itself, to which through long contact they have come to adapt themselves, yielding to its mastership and releasing themselves from their older loyalties to its hostiles, the Forces of Nature.

The few domestic animals (and that their kinds are so few seems of itself to argue that domestication runs counter to the grain of animal nature) which have become the allies, the willing slaves, or the sorry dupes of humankind are at best but man's camp-servants and attendants in his campaign against his great antagonist, nature. Left to themselves, man-abandoned, they would all speedily run wild, once again nature's spawn, or they would haplessly perish: they would never have arisen, even for one fighter's moment, into that consciousness of a nature-abstracted integrity which gives to our situation its essential humanity. Whatever of freedom any of the animals attain (just today I read of a medal for heroism given to a mongrel cur, a mere hanger-on of humanity) is theirs but through and because of their incorporation into the human solidarity. In association with men they find a fragmentary and precarious liberation; aside from this association they are embogged in the morass of nature's indiscrimination, absorbed into the old swamp-life of being. As for man he rises above this, if but for his brief moment, because he dares to fight: he is free because he is a rebel.

It is perchance to the dog's *idolatry*, as I have said, to the fantastic greatness of his heart, that is due his participation in man's desperate cause, and hence his own winning of a partial and no doubt temporary humanity. But it is a fair question, whence may flow this idolizing power, this gift

of devotion, since in this is his emancipation? Nature must begrudge it to him; nature begrudges to all life its precarious hold upon time, its defiance of her own spend-thrifty waste, her own blind, incessant slaughter of meaning. Somehow the poor beast has won his idols and his idolizing not from entropic nature—his dam, certainly—but from some unnatural sire whose lineaments are only discernible in the time-forms and the thought-forms which all idolatries imply. . . It is far anterior to the dog, no doubt, and likewise to man himself who must owe his yet greater inheritance to such a progenitor, that Time began to hold out against the dissipations of energies, and consciousness began to take form as the very banner of discord. Yes, before consciousness even, before the dimmest of his adumbrations, the chlorophyll-storing plants were converting motion into power, impounding solar energies, and indeed commanding the Sun himself to stand still. The plants first made *time* possible, and after them, and by their aid, the animals first gave to this time the form of *sentience*, and consummately in man set its measures in *thought*. This is the epic abstraction, the creative revolt wherein life rose up against entropy and spirit emerged from chaotic matter. . . Only a *metaphysics*, following veins unguessed of the moderns, can answer our question with understanding, and familiarize to intelligence the faithful dog's idolatries.

No symbol of man's revolutionary character could be more eloquent than is his own upstanding figure. Earth is prone beneath his feet; earth is horizontal; he stands vertical. This is the fundamental geometry of his world, and it is a geometry of revolt. There are other creatures—the ostrich, the giraffe—that have awkwardly aspired to rise erect; but man alone has made of his backbone a column, and he alone has demanded of his body's bones that they hold him perspectively free from Earth's pull. True

enough, his emancipation is partial and temporary. He is planet-bound and season-throttled; he walks with uncertain balance, he rests cumbrously, and ironical sleep captures him, both as to form and to time. Harder still, he is pursued by bodily evils incurred by the arrogance of his upstanding posture; for nature, who never designed him for a biped bearing, but meant him to be one with the clamberers and the crawlers, this nature pursues him with diseases and weaknesses which a meaner carriage could avert; she makes his brain to dull and his belly to sag with age, she dikes up his blood-stream, wears his heart with its poundings, plants his flesh with explosives and poisons, and in every imaginable device seeks to cow and affront him before his final destruction and her meaningless triumph.

In the riddle of the Grecian Sphinx, to which the answer is Man, he is a creature which in his morning crawls on all fours, quadrupedal, at noon stalks proudly erect, and in the evening of age makes of a staff a third limb of support. To the image should have been added a sinister fourth estate, the body prone and prey to the indecent gluttony of Earth's sarcophagic soil — or, as the tale-teller might have it, 'but when the night falls he is devoured by his own Mother.' The whole image is the grimmest of all Greek commentaries upon a saying of their own poets, 'the things of mortals behoove mortality'; and in a mode more nobly pathetic it is also perhaps our final illumination of the meaning of that body of tragic poetry in which Greek literature has impressed for all men the terror and pity of the lot which is man's — trapped by Necessity, and tethered to his own weaknesses of body and mind, caught within the jaws of Nature, caged by the encroaching nights of before and after — Man haunting the Void, — but mind-illuminated Man none the less! — as the shining Hellenic intelligence saw. At least for his noon, for his hour of humanity, Man stands upright on his own two feet, revolted of that dust of earth

which is his body's core and fate, knowing himself to be more than some natural spawn, and in frame and spirit the measure of all things. In its sum Greek tragedy means just that, and perhaps not all the wisdom of our men's philosophies can signify more.

III

THE duality of man and nature which I have been indicating is not that of mind and body, but rather it is the subtly duplicitous two-foldness of the *Self* and the *Physis*, meaning by this latter the whole realm of sense-derived and mind-organized experience, the physical universe as in scientific abstraction we conceive it. Our man's being, as in intimate fashion it comes home to us, is no mere phenomenology of a mind, and certainly none of a nature which if not actively hostile is at least opaque to mind. Rather it is something which surveys the mind's processes and nature's with an equal objectivity, playing the role of percipient and critically adjudicating the delicate balances of thought no less than it meets with wonder or studies with suspicion the confusing babble of the natural world — as a physician may study his own fevers or prescribe for his own distraught mental state with an equal if remote confidence, or as a philosopher may see in his own life both an event and an experience. The self is thus something independent of its own history, which befalls as incidental to it just as a spatio-temporal world is incidental to its cosmic body: the dualism is fundamental, antedating experience. Certainly we speak as if this were so, for no man, we say, lives or can live all his possibilities, and no actual world can exhaust the possible: yet *apart from the possible no man nor world could at all be*.

Now within this series of man and mind and nature, the man's body holds a peculiar position. It *implements* the self, and it *expresses* both mind and nature. The imple-

mentation of the self is what is meant by our being embodied at all, with awakened senses and active limbs. The expressional function is two-directional: biographically viewed it is represented by a *lifetime*, physically studied it is an *organism*. We may put the matter quite simply, I think, if we but contrast the methods and yieldings of the scientist's and the biographer's appraisals of any man's being.

The scientific appraisal begins with a physical-chemical computation of bodily energies and constituents. The anatomist will then chart structure, gross and histological; the physiologist will add thereto his study of the organic functions, and of the portion in the whole of a complex bodily living which is contributed by bone and muscle, by visceral, vascular, glandular, lymphatic and neural systems, and he will show the nice balance maintained by circulatory and respiratory functions, and by the ingestion of foods and ejection of wastes. To give still broader setting the zoologist will class the animal *Homo* among his kindred primates, these within a mammalian and ultimately within a vital whole, all elaborately checked by inner homologies and external variations; while the geneticist will compute genes and their transmissions in relation to a patterning of traits which the man's body carries. The anthropologist will adjust his calipers to the bones and organs of the human corpus; he will record stature and pigmentation, hair-analysis, blood-type, finger-print pattern, all in the interests of identification within a totality of humankind. From still other angles the actuary will rate the individual in a pattern of vital statistics; the physician will test his metabolism and organic strength, and with radiographs examine his entire subcutaneous structure; while psychologist and psychiatrist will contribute their cinematography of men's behaviours, and record, to the thousandth-second, rates of reaction to sense-impressions and to thought-prob-

lems. Of rogues at least, even one's superficial likeness, the simple photograph, is of scientific moment; and for the sociologist, who studies human creatures in their groupings, the man among men, there are encyclopædic intricacies of classification, all meant to show what the man-animal truly is. Last word of him, in this primary, the scientific sense, comes from the 'mortician,' who disposes of the ash of each passed life and adds his disposal record to the death-certificate.

Such are some of the computations devoted to the description of the bodily man. In the case of any single individual their full sum would yield a library of charts and tables. Yet in this library there would be no satisfying, no *real* account of any individual: the man's actuality would somehow have escaped; and nothing in the record could replace the portrait hung upon ancestral walls. Another line of research must yield us that by which we can identify a *character* along with a body, and, so to speak, bring the corpus before a jury which will judge it, not with respect to avoirdupois, etc., but as to its place and meaning in its own phenomenal world—judge the man for what he *is* as a fact of history. And here enter first his group of human associates for whom he is in his degree a centre of energy and of power, whether as no more than man-pack labour or cannon-fodder, or as an ordinator of states and a guide to destinies. His closer living associates, those by whom he is beloved or hated (for da Vinci remarked that only as a man hates another can he know him) give a finer appraisal, adjusting ever more nicely with the progress of their mutual living; and it is mainly out of such social appraisals that portraits are drawn and personalities gauged. It is from this approach also that the biographer (who may be regarded as the more human counterpart of the mortician) limns his record, giving the subject a place in time. Yet even here, yes, even if the biography

be autobiography—in which, for the nonce, the subject makes of himself an object, and sets the realized events of his life against his own understanding of his own possibilities, that is to say, against his character—even in autobiography the account is still circumferential and estimative: the citadel of the self is still unassailed, and the real man, as each man possesses and knows his own reality, is yet wholly aloof. Mind's consciousness no less than physiology and the social assault of companionate opinion all fail of the inner fortification.

Science and history, then, alike fail to give us the full of a man's reality, and for the very sound reason that reality, whether of a man or of the world, must comprise those possibilities which alone give definition and significance and neither science nor history deal with possibilities, but only with things done, with *facts*. It is true that both naturalists and historians appropriate unto themselves a type of predictive function, and a generative. We learn, we are told, lessons from nature and lessons from the past, and cyclic repetition is said alike to mark natural laws and historical developments. But this is illusion; for there is no lessening from the past that does not, in the mere fact of forewarning, tinge and alter world-meaning; creation is ever-newing, and the march of time is a progress in novelty. Our modes of learned investigation, natural and historical both, in their concern for generalization and for the elapsed, have something of the character of autopsy. The living event escapes them in being studied.

IV

HERE there enters for consideration the peculiar mediatory, the symbolic role of the human body, midway of self and nature, implement of the self and gnomon of the world. On the side of science its purport is almost absurdly simple; essentially the body is the cosmic metre. Primarily all of

our measures of the structures and operations of mechanics are derived from our man-body frame. The cruder units of linear measurement are from our natural limbs: the thumb which is our inch, *une pouce*, the palm, the hand, the foot, the ell, the cubit, the yard, all were in their origin unregulated dimensions derived from the average man's skeletal frame, to which the pace but added the motion of a stride. *Mille passus*, a mile, a thousand paces, is the pace multiplied by the cube of the ten digits, which, as we count them from the nursery day onward, furnish the magic of our common computations, integral and decimal. For it is the gift of two five-fingered hands that has created the pattern of our numerical orders and has yielded the metric system, with its hundreds and hundredths, its thousands and thousandths, and the facile reading of ciphers which seem to make of great numbers simple unities. One ten-millionth of an earth-meridian from pole to equator is the *metre*, the middle number, or 1, of that whole scheme by which cosmos and atom are alike given readable proportions: but why, let us ask, should we have just this decimal of an earth-arc for our unity? Is it not, obviously, because the metre is the decimal fraction most grateful to man's frame and convenient for his needs, because it is virtually the yard, the pace, and so is an elementary human action, just as the ten digits are an elementary human count? In the metric system also, and in all of its ramifications, man's body is the unit—caught between the infinite and the infinitesimal, that is, between the numerically great and the numerically small. Were our hands six-digitated or eight-digitated or simply cloven the universe would be other than it is to us, and were we Lilliputians or Brobdingnagians it would be other, for its number and its size both are functions of our physical endowment. We can see this securely if we but recall our own infancy with its uncomprehending awe of the grown-up

world and its thrill in what to us, grown, are petty elevations. And we can perceive it with a yet more telling imagination when we turn to that fascinating universe of insect atomies which is under our feet: there we can enter in, if at all, but as vast clouds and earth-tremors enter into our world, and there the prime integer of space would be not the metre but the millimetre, just as for the atom it could be no more than the millimicron; or justly the integer would be something incoördinate with either of these, but derived from the hexapod structure of the insect or from the ionic composition of the atom. To each anatomy, insect or atomic, certain numbers only and certain measures only could be familiar and intelligible (granted the mind that could know), and cosmos would be organized by its own physical intelligibilities. So it is that man physically anthropomorphizes his world, construing it from his own familiar form.

Further, it is a function of the human frame to give to the cosmic world not only its dimensions but its projection. The whole order of space is generated around the human body in its most human position, erect-standing. There is a centre to this space, which is where the man is stationed and has foothold. On the foothold plane, which is the world's equator, it has four directions, an east and a west and a north and a south, and this is because man knows *before* and *behind* and *right-hand* and *left*—taught by his body which, with arms out-stretched, stands cruciform, and casts the shadow of a cross as the index of the world's quartering (and this could not be were he a quadruped or an octopod or a milliped or any many-limbed creature). Furthermore, because the man stands erect, like an axis, and knows an up and a down, a zenith and a nadir, his world is no flatland, but cubic and possessed of a pole; and the human frame revolving—whether laterally, as the arms may swing for one turning about, or end over at

angle to its axis, like a boy doing his 'cart-wheel'—describes circles which unite into a sphere and in setting limits to bodily motion give to the universe the form of a globe within which are charted the stations of the stars. A cross within a circle, or again, a man's figure at the core of a ball of space—the cosmic egg—these are two images which the lore of mankind has most utilized as world symbols. By the geographical and astronomical sciences of mankind they are still employed, and it is of more than passing remark that the greatest of religions has made of the cross its emblem also, symbolizing a man as the centre of all in a yet more significant and spiritual sense. For it is not in its physical diagram only that the world-order is a projection of our humanity.

Thus form is added to dimension in the definition of the physical house of life, all as the expressed analogy of the self's first familiar implement, man's body. But to complete the mechanics of what is often regarded as a machine universe, there is necessary force. Muscles and nerves in operation upon the fulcra and levers, the screws and springs which our bones afford, yield just this force. Muscular innervation is the precisest meaning of force and energy that we can know, and all the units of work are as definitely proportioned to our bodily powers as are the linear measures to our dimensions. A pound is literally a lifting, as an ounce is a finger-weight, a peck is a picking, a lug is a man-carry. When for exactitude we combine our descriptions and create the foot-pound, we are still in the domain of body relations which would be meaningless for either an elephant or an ant: for the foot-pound, like the pace or the metre, is really significant only in relation to a man's foot-bones and his arm's lift and his second-out-counted breath or pulse. To comminute this unit into a centimetre-gram-second subdivision of force is but taking decimals of the intelligible unit, and through the magic

of number giving to them the aspect of unity: an erg of energy is outside the range of any except a *computed* experience.

Finally, to complete our image of mechanical nature as Newton, and in the main modern science has conceived it, there is necessary but one more element, and this is a measure of duration, of time in its numbering sense. Yet here, too, the living body gives us our understood measures. They come as pulse-beats and respirations, as appetites and satieties, as wakings and sleeps, as years and lifetimes. It is true that the astronomical cycles, subject to our observing senses, give for time its security of measure; but the astronomy which we observe and utilize is after all that which is coördinate with our experience: were we ephemerids of a summer's day it would be meaningless; in last resort a second is a heart-beat and a lifetime is a completed bodily metamorphosis. And if we wish vastier measures, whether of light-years or of intergalactic æons, in the end we derive them from multiplications of the known and familiar experiences of our human bodies; so that all our science, as I have before suggested, is but the weaving of a cosmic cocoon about our own larval being—for not in the physical world is the genius or meaning of *man* embodied. Latterly Einstein and others have given us the conception of a *physis* in which time and space and energy unite in one complex of being closed about the ghostly observer whose referents they are—a union of all descriptive elements in one formula which is the last fulfillment of the classical physicist's thought; but the fact that here, in this final summation, there must be preserved even the wraith of an observer, of a percipient mind, is sufficient token that here also, at the centre of the relativist's world, the human spirit is creatively the cosmic reason. Not from the stars, as the old astrologers taught, is the character of man's endowment derived, but from

man's endowment do the stars get their characters. Life is not an accident of physical bodies, but the body is the life's expression, to be maintained or abandoned as the life may dictate.

V

I HAVE dwelt upon the relation of the man-body to the physical world not because the physical is the only world that is given form and substance by the bodily life, but because, especially in recent centuries, the physical world has acquired prerogative in our total conception of what a world must be, and what its reality. The Thing of Stars, the spatio-temporal Universe, gets its orderliness and its impressive domination over our sense of reality from its varied conformations to our own humanly active bodies, and all its intelligibility, in good last, is but the progressive familiarization of nature's chaos through the application of bodily and vital symbols first made ours by the self's own discovery of a body. The consequence is that the Star-Thing itself — even to its outermost limits and with all the structure that is within it — as the order of our bodies take hold of it and mind makes it conceivable, becomes but as a garment or shell or extension of our physical encasement ; it is like another and huger sarcophagus within which are caskets and effigies and cerements and veils, each in contour more intimately limning the human form, until as the core, the mummied man's own body gives meaning to the whole. Nor is the virtue of this analogy exhausted by the spatial figure, for its meaning is in fact of a kind of death, the cosmic shapes clinging most closely but to the shrunken lineaments of humanity. The whole physical husk, from man-body at the centre to stars on the clumsy margins, becomes dancingly skeletal, like a machine made all the more grisly if its parts are in some kind of motion, so seeming to ape life. For the physical universe, as the late

word of science has been describing it, is a thing emptied of life, and hollow, and, like a sarcophagus, unimaginably life's devourer, consuming the very form to which it is shaped.

Nevertheless, a dead and mechanic *physis* is not the sole natural world. The physical tends to become two ambiguously related domains of experience. At the outset it is vivid with sensation and sensible qualities: the fluid and the solid, the warm and the cold, the attractive and the repellent, these were the substantial marks of the *physis* as the Ionians conceived it, and it was not until Pythagoras, by the trick of number, placed reality at a remove from sense that it began to take on that character of abstraction and impersonality which has in our day become its dominant trait. The *physis*, as we know it, is no longer, like the lightning flash, phenomenally stirring and perturbed with the thunders of sense, but it is now become a cold and remote calculation, and the net which captures it is a formula; death has entered in, and our science is nature's autopsy. The reality as astronomers and physicists are conceiving it is intangible and invisible and inaudible and its starry magnificence is an illusion of time which entropic death will cure: only in the darks of the senses can its truth lie, computed but not perceived.

To be sure there are those for whom this mechanic notion abides uneasy, and the gleam of a more spiritual understanding of the world is awakening. The gospel of the formula is receding, and the drama of creation is replacing the mechanic *physis* as our one possible interpretation of Nature. Eddington suggests an *ekpyrosis*, a conflagration as the world's figure, and Jeans and others whisper of God behind the screen: but for each a new principle has entered. It is as if the trump were sounding and the bones of the mechanic world were being raised to judgment!

Still in the warm realities of sense-perception we encounter another nature than any *physis*, and a world with which the mechanic and energetic universe has never been genuinely confounded. In confused thinking the two are intermixed, so that our appeals to nature always carry a covert assurance of sensory revelation, we thinking in terms of contemplation and of adventure, whereas the plea has been entered in behalf of austere law; the astronomer at his telescope, enthusiast with awe of the panorama of the heavens, is in wholly another universe from that of the same man as mathematician in his closet, perusing the tabulations of stellar spectra. For whenever nature becomes a reading, it ceases to be a teacher; mind may master it, but it calls to no disciple. That nature which inspires men's love and zeal is of another world, and the body which gives to it form and expression is not the stripped skeleton and anatomized muscles of a man, but his living flesh.

For the natural world, as the perceiving senses encounter it, while still a function of the man-body, now we must conceive as fully endowed with an imagination that shines through from the self; it is like a glass, a lens, clarifying and bringing near, and, in focusing upon perceived objects, creating that happy play of fact and fancy which constitutes our daily world. Here, once again, our bodies interpret the world, but not now as mechanical devices or as mere generators of energy. Seeing, hearing, touching, breathing, pulsating, purringly warm or shiveringly chill, zestful with pleasure or whining with pain, the sensuous body meets at a myriad facets a nature which is lighted, coloured, sounding, flavoured, hued with emotion, rhythmic with action, dramatic with intent; and this is the nature which so closely invests us physically as to seem but an emanation or continuation of our veritable bodily being. So convincingly near it is that without reflection we accord to it the prime right of reality; it is the impulsive

real in the one genuinely existential sense of real, as the most honest of everyday satisfactions, and as the take-off field of all discussions or analyses of being. The world of sense is, in short, the very fortress of hard-shell thinking; it *is* experience; and not all the demonstrations of the physicist's laboratories or of the astrophysicist's mathematics can diminish its certainties or take away its prerogative. What could hold more of reality than just this rose in just this morning's light, shading from its sombre crimson to the flush of the translucent petal windowed by the sun's illumination!

And yet the briefest back-reflection begins to throw doubt upon this reality—not alone that it is transient, and never definable, and therefore wholly devoid of cosmos; but more particularly because the effulgence of the rose streams rather from ourselves than from uninterpreted nature. It is because we have eyes in our heads, and precisely such eyes, that light and form and colour reveal any rose at all. Can the hummingbird that haunts the blossom, the bee, the butterfly, the mite, by sight or sense, know at all the rose that blooms for *us*? or such a world as sensibly *we* live in? Eyes of insects are not human eyes in construction nor in perception; and this same bird, poised in the air, stationary with whirring wings, like a featherdown in nothingness—can our mechanic universe, clumsily metred by our clumsy human limbs, for a moment match time or space with his aerial? Even the affectionate dog at the knee, into whose eyes we can look with conceived fellowship, has he any real wisdom of my familiar things? can a bone mean for a dog what bones mean for men?

The dog's body and mine, for the afternoon stroll, will follow companionate paths, but only by frail attachments move through an identic world. For him reality is a mesh of entrancing smells (so our man-sense judges) woven into

a sort of arabesque by his runnings-about and his coursings ; for me, meditative of the mountains, it is phantasmagoria, a vision — and suddenly I look down at him and wonder if he, eagerly following my index and my urge to see, can remotely be thrilled by the phantom beauties of the hills, or even recognize in the descried road in the distance a path of possible travel. He wags his tail hesitatingly ; he looks up to me with questioning eyes ; there *are* understandings between us ; but is his world mine, or can it ever be ?

About our two bodies, the dog's and mine, two sense-worlds build, each having the nature and organization of the body which is its nucleus and of the perceptions which that body generates. The two worlds criss-cross and intersect, but they never coincide. Even my world, I recognize, is no constant nor simple one. The mountains are for me two things, they are path and they are vision ; and the two are mutually destructive. When, from my pause, I lift up mine eyes to the hills and in spirit ask of them only that they rise before me like dream-coasts, coloured from Paradise, then I know instinctively that they are in no nearer sense attainable ; they are the margins of my world and at the same time they are my presence within it, and their colour and their beauty are my own illumination, and my life's reality. But if I follow their paths, journeying or tramping, then I know that this visionary world will be dissolved and others take its place. I shall in vain explore the ways of the hills for the spying out of the charm that first allured me ; other charms, other prospects, other worlds of beauty may be disclosed to me, but underfoot will be only soil and rocks and leafage and the scurrying concourses of midgets for whom my passing is but as an uncomprehended cloud, an eclipse of the sun of their universe. I may no more enter into the glory of the transfigured hills in a bodily fashion than I can touch

the gold that pedestals the rainbow. The beauties of nature shape a realm which is so locally mine that not even to my understanding dog can I indicate its existence; and within myself I know that I enter into the world of natural charm and the world of pedestrian exploration—each in its fashion bodily—in modes so diverse that only the totality of my personality can fuse them.

Furthermore, it is not alone with the animals that we are innerly uncommunicative. The words and signs by means of which we strive to transfer our sense of being and of meaning to our fellowmen, as we are well aware, are pitifully uncertain; the whole history of the arts of expression is the tale of our desperate effort to improve our thought's symbolisms, and to perfect our discourse; yet even so we clutch only at the margins of one another's intent. Human life is stippled throughout with tragedies of misunderstanding, which each day's newspaper emphasizes afresh, and with all our kinliness of structure and all our community of enterprise we have still no clearer comprehension of one another than our own intuitions can afford. From within ourselves we know our neighbours, and every act of communication rests upon the double foundation of a faith on the part of the communicator that his cipher will be read and a power on the part of the communicant actively to meet the message with skill to decipher it. We can speak with one another only because we believe in one another. *Sympathy is the first step in science*, and without it there could be no transmission of knowledge, either from person to person or from age to age, nor any participation in a task which should engage our collective powers. The very existence of our humanity turns upon its presence and surety in our men's world, which without sympathy fades from being and absents itself from reality.

In the embodied life that we know, here once again, and in a third fashion, neither mechanical nor æsthetic, our

physical endowment holds its place as mediator and as the alphabet of world composition. We are no longer now employing this body as a skeletal device for a cosmic geometry, nor yet as a glass to sense-arranged experience ; neither the nature given by science nor the nature coloured by sentiment is now its objectification. But in place of these we have entered into another nature, which is the moral nature, and which creates for us a universe yet more expanded and complex than are the worlds of physics and of sense-perception. Like these others it is dependent upon bodies, but unlike them its dependence is not upon any single human body but upon aggregates of human beings, for the meanings that are to be transferred are to be more than any one man can know. Men in societies must find in one another each his own significance, which is never wholly existent in a one person ; and hence it is that the corpus which can express the societal world must itself comprise associated bodies. One can see this most elementarily in the simple association of the sexes, not as mere life-bringers, but as lovers ; and again in parents and young, as forming a true family, which in its idealized image is become the Holy Family. But beyond these associations there enter in all that create for us communities and states and brotherhoods, and also those subtler spiritual fellowships which link age with age and carry across centuries the meanings which their incarnate lives have created in men's kindred souls.

For while in this humane association we begin with the eager reading of bodily gestures and the flashing expressions of face and tone, yet speedily we mount to another plane of understanding in which the intercourse is of motive and action, and only the speaking spirit is significant. Bodies then become but the token and hieroglyph of a reality which possesses no physical force or sensible appearance, yet engrosses all our interest and shapes the intensest and

fullest of all our worlds. For in the end the reality which holds us in life is that drama of action and affection for which the visible and tangible spectacle is no more than symbol. Just as the printed pages of a book are flimsy nothing, and the volume itself of no meaning, except as it is being read; or just as the flickering images upon the cinema screen are a transient chaos except as they enable a mind to create the drama behind the scene; so we men in our associations are but wraith and madness except we discover within ourselves a moral universe out-towering time and passion. To such deed is devoted the highest and fullest of our embodiments.

VI

IN what I have presented I have aimed to show the embodied life as genuinely an embodiment, as a true incarnation, and not at all as a freak of material nature or an odd accident of natural forces. The living man, as I conceive, is no chance play of the colour of creation, but is himself form-giver and colour-giver and indeed world-shaper; this is not because of any increate being which is his, but just from the fact that physically and psychically and in the full use of his native endowment, he reads nature and reality in the language of his own life. His worlds are anthropomorphic for the very reason that the only cosmos he can know is known through his own experience; apart from the shapes which his body renders and the forms which his thought assumes all is chaos; it is waste or foreign-body, and meaningless. Man is the measure of all things, of what is that it is, of what is not that it is not: we revert to this saying of Protagoras, only conditioning it to make sure that the man who is designated as the measurer and judge of reality must yet be man in the richest and fullest expansion of his powers,

having in him every *human* part—life along with body, mind along with life, and soul or self or personality as foundation and fulfillment of each of these.

This composite being we have seen from his babyhood years, first curiously exploring his own enigmatic body; then awakening sharply to the little child's sudden realization of an already endowed self, somehow mysteriously foreign to his midget form, tiny amid the towering things of sense to which it must none the less apply its infant measures. Thereafter comes the growth of this natural form and the testing of its powers, in hand-graspings and foot-contacts, and in the varied trials and proofs of the senses, until at length, thought-guided, there is shapen about it the web of the world and the ranges of the stars. Yet even the Star-Thing is but a vestment draped upon the tenuous architecture of a cosmos whose frame is bodily formula and whose reality is abstractive law, and which by our human measures is construed of the mind and perceived only by the television of our understanding; for there is naught in the *physis* which sense can maintain. Nevertheless, the senses and the bodily affections also frame, of their own function and eagerness, another nature, endowed with sentiment, which is their own precious issue, and this other nature to us forms the world of familiar things and the world of things beautiful—everyday worlds and æsthetic worlds—and these also are as emanations of our body's organs and of our mind's impulsive necessities. Objective they are, like the worlds which have given us to perceive in our bodies a man-body, or in the all of physical nature an energetic *physis*, but subjective too in that our own seeings and touchings and movings and our own inherent mathematics are the spells by which the worlds of things and the worlds of beauties are read and made familiar; so that our man's personality is inbound with their being.

But yet beyond these our embodied life is hungered of explanation; for our moral being is still not within the scene. For this we have need of more than our own unitary physical persons, of more than that which can be photographed and biographized: we have need of a society of men, many-bodied and with many minds; and speedily it is alone in the minds and hearts of many inter-communicative men that appears the significance and the reality of this most complex of our natures—to which we turn, as did Socrates, for the true essences of justice and wisdom and temperance and truth, and for our better revelation of what the world in its humane reality lastingly is. For in our hierarchy of incarnate natures this one stands supreme, as in life a man's honour is his noblest reality.

Such, then, is the picture which I would have evoked. And I would now ask what must be the destiny of that self and person which is at the core of the body and its experiences (in turn its garments), just as the body is at the core of our formed physical and sensible worlds? Are the being and meaning of this self exhausted by their bodying forth? such that the self is its own body's illusion, and its own physical world's illusion, mirror and mirrored becoming one? In short, is a man's *being* so body-bound that it neither knows nor can maintain any other than its bodily existence? Or can there be a saner reality of soul and self, with respect to which the physical body is such a changing vestment as human experience itself is, or as nature and the stars are? This is the problem which it has been my deeper purpose if possible to illuminate, and upon which I am in hope that my presentation may already have thrown some illumination.

For it seems to me very clear that what I have been sketching bears one salient significance, which is that *life finds its way through the body* rather than remaining en-

thrall by it. From the infant's vigorous absorption in the untested powers and uncertain needs of limbs and senses and appetites, to the man's programmes of interests and activities, which, whether they be the practical affairs of business, the fantasies of art, or the abstractions of science and philosophy, are all unbodied of an anatomical flesh, the progress of life is toward *disembodiment*, and toward a less and less physical self-centring. Indeed, this is plausibly a reason why we regard with a lesser respect, and hold as in a manner childish or somehow decrepit of manliness, all such professions as are mainly physical in their devotion, as boxing and wrestling, or gymnastic dancing, or sensuous acting, or indeed any pursuit which is primarily dependent upon a body-pampering. Conversely such asceticisms as the business man's quick-lunch, or the student's closet, or the soldier's indifference to pain and death, or the religious conquest of the flesh, have among all peoples commanded respect; and a hatred of undue softness is regarded as a mark of high-thinking men, not that there is ill in physical pleasures, but that constant quest of these for their own sake is unworthy humanity. Thus, following man's instinct, it is felt that to grow justly in our right nature is to become more and more body-free in our concerns.

Our personalities, then, naturally outgrow a merely bodily investment and become engrossed in the explorations of worlds which transcend first their own bodies and speedily their human years. Science becomes our concern, and wisdom, and humanity, and eventually all that can be caught within the margins of an understanding which we trust will survive the ages undiminished, though our own poor carcasses waste into unremembered dust. For now the personality, the self, has passed beyond its first need and use of the body, and dissatisfied therewith is creating for itself a richer body, extended from its own,

which is no less in dimension than all that time and space can yield, all that can enter into its cosmos. William James, now years since, devoted splendid chapters to an account of the self, and all that it must include — not alone heart and brain and sensitive organs, but beyond its flesh-clothing its fabric-clothing, and beyond this latter its family, friends, traditions, obligations, beliefs, devotions — all these go into the making of *my* self. But we must add even thereto the whole universe, to its outermost intelligible stars, and through all its known and imaginable years, this also is our self's extension and our personal habiliment; and only to the degree in which it conforms to the self's exaction of meaning, and in just measure satisfies the criteria which our personalities set, can it be universe or cosmos or nature's law, or in any fashion real.

For this is my second conclusion: that *human personality itself is the essential ground of any reality that we men can know*. Our bodies, our societies, the stars, nature, worlds, in brief all our truths are such just because there is within us, as the central being of each of us, a person rich enough to compass body and star and truth, and make it meaningful. Without such personality there could be no explanation of being whatsoever, and no order to knowledge, and no discrimination of reality amid the fogs of sense. But endowed with such personality, as first and anterior to the body, then via the bodily instrument chaos becomes intelligible and worlds are evoked from the abyss. The ascent is far, from the simple limb motions and skeletal orientations which first set up an image of the cosmic mechanism, on to the heroic magnitude of the moral world, epic with its drama of creation and the thunders of its dooming — a Last Judgment which is truly a judgment because within ourselves sits the high judge, demanding a world's moral solution; but this ascent is possible only for the reason that our own propulsive being

exacts it, and out of its own rich gift assesses reality. For us, at least, the world's dimension is man's spirit.

I am not, of course, saying that nothing can in any sense be that is apart from ourselves or beyond the human, either individually or collectively, for this would be as incredible as to suppose that the hermit thrush or the complex society of the hive could be measure of all possibility. But I am affirming that wherever we find law and order in phenomena, or beauty in nature, or the good and the bad, or any other significance — wherever, in short, we find anything which can be for us reality, we descry this through the glass of our own endowment; it shapes itself to our humanity, and in proportion as our own natures are rich and varied, its worlds — the mechanic and bodily, the sensuous, the æsthetic, the moral, the spiritual — become varied and rich. *And for the fullness of reality the sum of our endowments, all of our perceptual modes, both physical and spiritual, are essential.* The person who lives *through* the life, who runs his course, he is the life's true agent; and the body and the worlds which are its passing incarnations are but its dramatic self-discovery.

But if the self and its personality passing thus through life are support and arch of the worlds that we know, are we to conceive that with the body's dissolution the person also perishes? This is the question of the survival of death, and of a future life. Its full discussion would follow many pages, but here is it not enough to point out that we in no way can believe that the physical world, or the moral, or the æsthetic, pass away with any one man's passing; and surely, also, not with *all* men's passing. In these various worlds our faith is as strong as any faith in the being of our own merely mortal bodies; and yet they are in no less a sense our nature's incarnations, which being lost they topple, and become as chaff in the wind. If there can exist such a universe as astrophysics has been

revealing to us, or such as throughout history the spiritual aspirations of mankind have written into human consciousness and deed, then also there must exist, and survive for so long as these can survive, God and the astronomers, and human souls not less than human bodies.

As to the dispensed-with body, and the manner of being of the spirit discarnate, this is not difficult to conceive. For in life we are daily and yearly dispensing with the used body, and we are never living in the same flesh. And as I have maintained, as we mount in years the body becomes less and less our immediate concern, but rather a temporary instrument, which a man now uses, now lays aside ; just as are dispensable the hand-tools which the man grasps at need only, whereas for animals their equivalents are bodily appendages and baggage ; or just as a child outgrows his toys and puts aside childish things, becoming a man. Until we become even in our embodied years, spirits in an enterprise which is that of the whole ecclesia of mankind, and is our total quest of a humanity which absorbs our private years and natures, and gives us, as we say, something worth living for ; and this is then our world and our body.

Beyond the grave, or may I say independent of the grave, this more spiritual embodiment must also exist even for so long as the stars move in courses or the good stands unestranged. For the cast-off body of flesh is but a familiar incident, like the habit which the actor assumes for his scene and exit and then throws aside, but the play goes on, and the actor, if his role be sufficient, reappears, himself in character, but other in habit and guise. Now of men we believe that their role in the drama of creation is not a mean one, and many among us have assurance that the action in which we participate is as splendid with possibilities as our inspirations can urge, and as real as our loves are real. It might be that other lives than this should

yet be locally other-embodied, and newer histories carry out our destinies; or even that like Lazarus, or through a tyranny of medical or chemical science, we should return into this day's body, having perchance left it, once more to rehearse mortal deeds in familiar flesh — though in such case, we must note, that the resurrection could never be into *just* the former body, which once dying is for ever transformed, within itself carrying the scars of its transition, till, like the Lazarus of O'Neill, the soul shall disdain and laugh at it. But whether such be our after-life, or as we more securely believe, it shall be of a freer and more glorious bodying forth, in a spiritual and supernal illumination rather than in a sun's temporary light of day, in any case we can be assured that within ourselves, as essence of our spiritual being, there is a portion of the inmost reason of all the worlds, and we can repeat with Sir Thomas Browne: 'There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the Elements and owes no homage to the Sun.'

CHAPTER VII

PERSONALITY AND SANITY

I

THE period of the thought called Modern falls within the four centuries preceding the Treaty of Versailles. It is marked by a transformation of the philosophical orientation of the occidental mind, involving an almost entire revaluation of human life and the erection of a mechanical world-setting for this life such that the cosmic *mise-en-scène* has become more important to the understanding than is the meaning of the action: one might indeed say that the convincing philosophy of modernity has become engrossed in the spectacle and oblivious of the drama, as if the theatre and its pomps were the sum of reality and an eye-absorbed hour the fullness of living; the flittering phantoms of the cinema typify the last analysis of this modern world, its mind's cosmos. The whole episode, extending from the opening of the sixteenth to the opening of the twentieth century, is now before us as an essentially completed transaction of human history, subject to appraisal as an affair *fordone*, although still big with consequences such as no past can evade. True enough there are thousands of minds yet living only in its lights and shows and not to be stirred by the newer dawn, and our entire education is shaped by its conceptions, for pasts fade slowly; but that it is fading few of the thoughtful now doubt, nor that with it goes a curious distortion of man's vision of the world, to which in the main he has been blind. For above the horizons of our own thinking a new light is emerging, striking with shafts into the opacities of that naturalistic thinking which has latterly been identified with reason, and with a better illumina-

tion throwing into relief both the frailty of the scaffolding of the modernist's intellectual house and the fatuousness of his reliance upon it. Looking back we can perceive that in its beginnings, in the sixteenth century, there were options in the development of human understanding; the time was prolific with possibilities; yet these were later closed by inevitable choice, as the lust of physical discovery and the glamors of its successes confirmed the occidental intelligence more and more in the singleness of its devotion to an idol Nature, until, for all but the few among thought's prophets, there has befallen a blindness to the more spiritual understanding. Yet now, perchance, in the dawn of the twentieth century, we find these as yet fruitionless leadings of the elder hour emerging as from a sort of subterranean perpetuation to become the keying thought of a new-grown tide of the mind's life and the beginning of its whiter sanity.

II

THE sixteenth is the most epic of the centuries; its history is a veritable Odyssey of Time. In the year 1520 Francis I of France received Henry VIII of England at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in that glamorous twilight and final fanfare of chivalric mediævalism whence, in a later decade of the same century Don Quixote, chimæra-haunted and lovable, was to linger on as a last smiling sympathy, ere knight and squire wandered afar into the errantries of fantasy, bequeathing their quixotism as a ghost. This same year saw Charles V crowned emperor of a dominion to be vaster than any before his day had ruled; and it saw Luther publicly burn a papal bull. In 1520 Cortez was fighting his way to the conquest of Montezuma's gold; and on the high seas, in 1520, Magellan's vessels were circumnavigating the globe, establishing in men's imagi-

nations the zoned earth itself as but a lost star in the midst of unexplored heavens.

Profoundly different had been the neat and snug at-home world of mediæval days. In that world men were in their place, and all spaces were sounded out. The Universe deserved its name, and it was as nicely mechanical a device as should become our own Thing-of-Stars after Newton's day. Central hung Hell-imbosoming Earth, where men, for God's better glory, play out predestined roles, and whence, via Purgatory's ladder, the chosen mount into the over-loft of sainted stars, from there to enter into the Court, throne-ward. Such was the stage. The Act was timed, each scene with its set, from Creation to Judgment, and it was even provided with prologue and epilogue of theology. There were indeed mystics in those days, with other vision, for mysticism is inward of man's nature and no mere incident of time's discourses; but there were no true mysteries: all was solved and revealed for the mediæval mind, and whether in the feudal fief or the ecclesiastical hierarchy each man filled his station, as churl or lord, as heretic, heathen or saint, in a manner to satisfy his high suzerain, he picturing God's will and state. Like our own later modernity the Middle Age was intensely literal and material; its spirits were ghosts; its prayers were emaciations; and even its subtlest bliss was a kind of astronomical contemplation. In those days devils assailed with claw-nail fingers, and in battle St. George and St. Denis were valiant knights and near helpers, with guidons fluttering. *Deus vult* decreed a world as orderly as is our world of natural law, and as engineered and as planned. The Last Judgment over the door of the church was a literal and approaching session-in-court for lord and peasant there entering, and the mute pieties of the crypt were expectant pleas. God could at any time reach down from the bar of Heaven and royally, of his largesse, touch with

celestial knighthood his chosen follower. All was simple, literal, complete.

Then space and time flew apart, and reason vanished from creation, and the Odyssean voyages set sail. Ships adventured into every sea, tropic and arctic. New lands, peoples, beasts, fruits, gods, demons were found out and made familiars. Tobacco was heard of, and gems and furs and sugars were made into cargoes, with teas from China, cinnamons from Malabar, and blackamoor slaves from Africa—slave trade, fur trade, spice trade of the Indian, and sailor's yarns in every harbour, witches abroad in every land. The outlands were glutting Europe with novelties, with Patagonian giants, the Chinese Phoenix, and mummy mined for medicine; while all the magic lands of ancient lore were given a new geography in Antilia, Atlantis, Amazon, and the Brazils, whereto fancy added island Utopias in still untested seas. Especially upon the Iberians, the men of Spain and Portugal, a kind of madness descended; nothing was too fabulous for their belief nor too extravagant for their adventure. After the first great voyages by sea there came the amazing conquests and bloody plunderings by land, combing the wilderness for wealth, saving souls and enslaving bodies, hazarding everything for the smoke of glory. Cortez and Pizarro are remembered longer than others only because of Aztec and Inca gold, but no whit in abatement from these are Ponce de León seeking the Fountain of Youth, or Vasquez de Coronado in quest of the mythical Cibola, or Pedro de Ursua opening the forest-ways of South America in search of fabled Omagua and El Dorado, or most of all fantastical Pedro de Aguirre cutting a bloody slash athwart the southern continent, proclaiming himself Emperor of Tierra Firme, and sending his cartel of defiance to Philip of Spain. From the Iberian Peninsula the madness sped to northward lands, and there were Frenchmen

and Germans and Englishmen and Dutch whose banners trailed the seas—hawk-eyed navigators like Drake or half-errant half-pirate courtiers such as Raleigh—although it was in a next and soberer century that the northern nations were to effect their own more steadied colonizations, after the tides of adventure had something subsided, with the heady froths blown abroad.

The age also was an age of kings, though not kings of the old realms merely, for mighty royalties shone beyond the pale of Europe. In the neat division of the mediæval world there had been known only Christendom and Heathenesse, Christ's children and Mahound's; but this polity no longer sufficed. Now in Europe arose lordly monarchs: the Emperor Charles, and then, in Spain, Philip II; and from the mid-century onward Elizabeth of England and her age. But contemporaries of these on the world-map were Suleiman the Magnificent of the Turks, and Ivan the Terrible of Muscovy, and Akbar the Grand Mogul of India, while in elderly China the porcelain-loving Mings were seated rulers of the teacher-nation of the Farther East. The political picture was glittering as had been no royal spectacle of the past of time; and it is small wonder that poets and painters moved easily with images of monarchical pageantry, or of the new manners born of courts and retinues, embassies and flourish of trumpets. Then, too, winds of rumour were giving place to news, where the ports were open, so that men conversed with knowledge, even though their curiosity might be kindled and enflamed with imagination. Certainly there was nothing encelled in the temper of the time; the mind was outdoor to all airs.

Such were the broadly global currents of events. In old Europe itself not less in emprise were the undertakings of the spirit. Religions were uprooting, and in Christian lands wars were on between men of the Book, for whom

the Bible, now first printed in the vernaculars, was more in the meaning of faith than all the sacraments, and the men of the Church, mainly southrons, who were loyal to the traditional vessel of grace; Lutherans and Calvinists formed the one camp, the Councils and the Inquisitions occupied the other. Kings and feudatories on both sides mingled in the wars and connived at the massacres, yet essentially the struggles were not political; for here, not less than on the seas, was an enterprise of discovery, hope-guided and Odyssean. For the old shells of belief were everywhere shattered, and while men moved partly in traditional channels, yet all were gropingly alert for new outlets to the spiritual as to material life. Perhaps Protestantism meant, more consciously than did Catholicism, an awakening, yet to the seated faith there was a challenge in the new-found worlds of pagan souls not less radical than was that other challenge which in northern lands had turned the inward faith into its questionings. To both the spiritual architecture of the Middle Ages had gone by along with the Gothic edifice, so that these were to hold henceforth chiefly but a monumental value; life moves elsewhere. In Spain there may linger the humorous wistfulness of Cervantes, waving a cheer into the past; but it is from Spanish lands that there rings the clear, clean tone of Las Casas, more than as a trumpet calling to men's valour and greatness of heart, and it is from Spain that there shone the unearthly light of El Greco's mystical art, which is mediævalism immaterialized. The sister country, Italy, produced another spirit: that humanism which bursts full in the varied genius of Leonardo da Vinci (mechanical but master-mechanical, before the machine had become mechanized), and in Michael Angelo takes on the unquiet force of a pressed but unconquered titanism, as of men arising into the intelligence of their own minds and bodies, yet knowing no horizon save wonder.

France was the first northern land to receive this humanism; and Rabelais, roistering in the open (*bonhomme*, and, after a peasant fashion, *bon viveur*), brought into the consciousness of the time the salts and acids of uncurried nature, along with a something rarer which eventually should suit humanity more graciously; while Montaigne, amid wars discovering books, defined the library of a gentleman's thoughts—nothing boisterous, but the eyes smiling. That was toward the waning of the century, when the Odyssey was far-extended. Meantime Erasmus had appeared, and in England Sir Thomas More, and Greek was on the heels of a new pagan Latin, and there were table linen and manners. Expressed philosophy was curiously absent. Within the schools the older theology survived, by now become a rote, and Greek thought was as yet only a scholar's enthusiasm, not understood but boyishly played with. A modern philosophy, fitting the new worlds of expanding time and space, was as yet unthought of: it was to arise, hugely prophetic, as a wraith from the black ash of a holocaust which celebrated a pope's jubilee in Rome, in the year 1600—for which to this hour no penance has been proclaimed from Peter's chair. But unexpressed, philosophy, too, had turned inward, and was gnawing with question the stirred spirit of man. New ventures, new vistas, new episodes, new thoughts and sympathies were cleaving the way unto newer understandings: though the flights were not as yet undertaken, the shells were shattered, and men's souls were winged. In 1603 died Elizabeth of England, and an age with her. And in 1603 was first published in London the tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. The voyage had reached its Ithaca.

III

It hangs in my mind that it was the poet Watts-Dunton who once remarked that 'Shakespeare was always writing *Hamlet*.' His point was that in the role of Hamlet we see Shakespeare the thinker, the philosopher, viewing life not as an event but as an understanding. The play is Shakespeare's own *confiteor*, and Hamlet, the character, is but the mask assumed by the man who is master of the drama. Thoughts such as Hamlet expresses recur throughout the other plays, all with the turn and tone of this one dramatic embodiment of the poet's deeper mind, and it is only because Hamlet is a dramatization of thought rather than of action that he stands more truly as the author's self-portrait than do others of the gallery, who also, from time to time, speak as in an aside the thinker's truth. Hamlet is everywhere echoed or anticipated in the plays, although only in his title role does he present something of the roundness of the author's mind. Such, as I recall, was the critic's claim.

The judgment is surely justified, even while it can be but a partial truth. Hamlet *is* Shakespeare, and Hamlet is everywhere present where the pale cast of thought enters into the tragedies. But the poet is a philosopher not alone in the guise of the Danish prince; he speaks with various tongues, and in many moods and tempers. Like his century he wears the motley, wherein extravagance shows its fabric along with the soberer hues of pensive soliloquy. In Othello and Lear and Macbeth there are passions and tempests more than might suffice the event as your columnist would present it, lifting these figures into the dimensions of genius; there are broad Falstaffian mirths under another masking, Rabelaisian in vein; and again there are subtle ironies and playful amusements, and toward women

wondering tendernesses which, more than in other writers, seem to spring from a sense that knowledge can never be for women what it is for men, for that they are divided off in comprehension where deeply a wall severs the two sexes. Even pedants like Holofernes, who 'have lived long on the alms-basket of words,' and clowns such as Touchstone are more than jests or sprites for their poet, who, as in *Richard III*, can make word-play in the very teeth of tragedy, denaturing nature and yet not dulling the edge of the tragic stroke. Certainly, indeed, in some of the plays ascribed to him, Shakespeare himself does not emerge to redeem the general senselessness of the stagy action, any more than from our movie screen its phantoms emerge from senselessness; but where he does so, and in all that is effectively Shakespearean, he appears in habits far more varied than are Hamlet's blacks. Hamlet he is, but he is also human nature in other measures and in all its motleys, and in none so constantly as in the metaphysical. For it is of Shakespeare as philosopher that I would speak.

The epic century, of which Shakespeare is a final breath, still to our own day wants its epic poet, if by epic is meant a tale single and incorporate and complete in all its acts; and it may well be that the events of that century's period are too huge and perplexing ever to be whipped into a single form or to find a commanding muse. Just such another theme, time-magnified, is the whole affair of humanity upon this Earth—a theme which, as we recognize, no master of words or of thought can ever hope to conquer. To be sure it has been given title, 'Man's place in Nature'; and in the peak of the attempts made upon it, which is the *Divine Comedy*, a whole age of human experience has been amazingly shaped, though less into act than into an architecture, frozen. But for the sixteenth

century that architectural form had collapsed, and the still, shining moment of its summation had fallen into irremediable swoon. Man was still a-seas, still *en voyage*, in the sixteenth century, and his worlds were undiscovered; and although in times since a dulled science has sought to show him his natural place, yet after Dante, no greater epic has been composed than Milton's, which is an epic of angels—a lighter subject than Man.

Yet if we conceive the poet essentially as a voice of Time, and the zones of his thought as demarking his quality, then assuredly Shakespeare is epical, and the corpus of his greater plays—comedies and histories along with tragedies—forms the heroic poem of his century. Outwardly it is Odyssean in character, and like the adventurous time it is tossed from sea to sea, by chance lingering upon remote or magic isles. There is no singleness of form nor of style nor of action dominating the corpus, and there is no one moral or purpose—just as in the World there is no singleness. Viewed in the large, plotlessness and a vagary of winds whistling at mere venture are the first confused impression that Shakespeare gives; he seems not a shaper, but only a recorder, and the record somehow lunatic. This is certainly true of the 'Works' taken *en bloc*: the stories are picked up by chance, out of the mucks of human experience, idiot tales full of the sound and fury of the age, or if they laugh it is with broad untutored jest or puppet-show riot; the sensation page of a modern newspaper shows just such another world, and the political spectacle of our day shows just such another. Even when we turn to the particular plays, which are framed upon the episodes of the Odyssean whole, the actions are still mainly plotless and senseless, like our daily murders and international intrigues. There is in them nothing at all of that stark, objective Necessity which creates Greek tragedy

and lends austerity to modern science, and there is nothing of the confident purposefulness of the mediæval picture. Bereft of thought the actions float as nothings; they portray no world, but only chaos, and that as mad.

In respect of action the play of *Hamlet* is emblem of them all. There is nothing that is either caused or destined in its occurrences; its plot is without pattern and its events are incidental or accidental; no Fate drives through, or sets assorted lots, as with Æschylus; no Nature engines its law, blind and relentless through human mishap, as with Thomas Hardy; there are no gods behind the scenes, there are no grinding mills. Instead, everything is chancy, or if there be timely reason in an appearance, it is only the Ghost that shows it. Fortinbras, in his going and coming, is no more than a dispensable stage property; Horatio is a choric voice, of no moment to any deed; the players are a windfall to the hero's hapless wit; Ophelia in the corridors, the King at his prayers, Polonius behind the arras, are all chance-meetings; and the convenient shipwreck, Hamlet stumbling upon the grave-diggers, Laertes and the nice assignment of the poisons in the final mellay—all are cheap events, innerly meaningless. With Hamlet *out*, the play is less than a consolation reel at a movie house, a flitter of nothings. But with Hamlet *in*, mind enters, and the drama becomes cosmic. One suddenly sees that, without whittling a sliver from Hamlet's meaning, the spectacle could have been dispensed with and another could have taken its place, just as producers in their costuming of the play sometimes shift its century and its apparent culture era. It is the *mind* of Hamlet alone that makes of the silly action a world, as in the other great dramas it is the shadowing presence of Hamlet's mind, untitled, that gives them cosmic sense. It is through this presence that we pity Lear in his chaos of raucous elements, and through

this that we shudder at Macbeth, bewitched, in his other chaos of psychical follies, as they light him down the way to dusty death.

The point of Shakespeare's interpretation is that to the sixteenth-century man there was no order in nature. There was no Nemesis, no Karma, no Divine Providence, no Natural Law. There were huge displays and extravagances, Jove's lightnings and Jovian follies; and along with distensive things flashed athwart his canvases, there were local impudences and impertinences, and with them many little rosy charms peeping through the tangled verses; but science and order, in a word, finish, were lacking in his phenomenal world, whether world of objects and deeds in space and time or of thoughts and passions in man. Shakespeare grasped this sense of the disorderliness of outer form and event as an elemental truth; he sought for *reason* elsewhere, and like another Socrates he called philosophy down from the sky-spheres and made it to live familiarly in the true habitation of humanity, in men's souls and personalities. Nature was a chaff for his day, but thought is an empire. At least, he could see it so, and could depict this insight in those lordly episodes which we name his plays, and which are lordly rather than trivial solely because their spectacle is wind-waste, their understanding, all. For him mind alone could create cosmos, or bring into the misshapen and unfinished bodiments which form time's recordings—events and fates alike—something of central unity and meaning. The very heart of his tragedies, I think, is the realization that all the bodies we know, and all the syllabled lives, nature's and men's, are short of their possibilities (Hamlet's before all!), or but maimed and broken images of what, if truth be real, they might have been. For the hurt of life is not its pains, but its failures, and its tragedies are where these failures have been

felt and understood ; nor are life's triumphs in blares of trumpets, drums, wreaths and corteges, but in the rescue of a wounded name or in the stilled comprehension of that fulfillment whose coronation is silence. Blazonries of sense, monarchic pomps and infant smiles alike, are as naught where no spirit shines through the veil, as Shakespeare knew, and his last curtain seldom fell without leaving as the greatness of the hour its sense of an inner light. Or, where life remained riddling still, remained a rebus unresolved, there was given at least the understanding that only the fellow-feeling, the sympathy and comprehension of human comradeship, can dispel its puzzle ; it is a cipher, an oracle, which is not for wit alone. . .

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madness
tongue and brain not ; either both or nothing ;
or senseless speaking or a speaking such
as sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
the action of my life is like it. . .

After Shakespeare's day it was not to be in any early following (least of all via philosophy or science) that his insight was to make its way. The bent of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has been chiefly toward an *outward* looking, with nature for an objective, nature magnified, and man's soul a minor accident. Kant, to be sure, brings a partial understanding of the innerness of the world's architecture ; though Kant never succeeded in bringing man's full stature into correlation with nature, for he allowed the moral quality of mind to fall apart from the rational and so deformed the whole. To the non-moral purity of reason he assigned a certain empery of the physical world, but this was (as Bavink shrewdly remarks) essentially in an introversion of Newtonian principles ; the Kantian forms are the Newtonian turned inward, and no *whole* man nor mind is made measure of

reality. Plato suffered no similar error, and Shakespeare suffers none. With them there is no blanket supremacy assigned to rational forms, but rather the whole competence of man, the person endowed with every faculty and every sympathy, this human person is the one *reason* that can give order to nature and harmony to the cosmos, which wanting, its boasted law and studied fact can be no more than thriftless gales from nowhere, teasing old wreckage. Understanding this, Shakespeare takes on his many motleys, yet remains himself in all of them. A one-world universe is no affair of his, but a living soul is so. And it is this living soul that is for every world its one reality and its meaning. To evoke order from chaos, a nature from the nights of phenomena, a humanity from history, or to bring significance forth from the noise and confusion of experience, man's and the world's equally, there can be but one agency and one figure, which is that of the man-person and of the God-person man-reflected. Such is the true dramatic hero, and the only cosmic reason.

Perhaps the dramatist himself did not thoughtfully see this, to the last horizon's edge. His thinking breaks with a sense of tragedy still unappeased, and it is partly for this that Hamlet is his own truest avatar. After his day there was to follow one English drama which should carry the issue to its fuller face and reveal a nobility of mind by Hamlet unattained. *Samson Agonistes* lifts above the windy spheres into a high dustless view which is none of mere serenity but of a composure yet more spiritual. Shakespeare never indicates this loftier composure (nor Milton in his angelic epic), but for its one moment it shone through English letters, and its light is stainless and inef-faceable. Whether the light revealed in the *Agonistes* is to remain a lone redeeming ray out of a darkness which earth-blind eyes alone might pierce, or whether it may flame into

such a glow as may yet bring the Great Recompense into the spirit of man, is unknown to us, for the heritors of Milton's understanding have not unto now arisen in numbers and power sufficient to carry through to a port more secure than any Ithaca's, and men's souls still wander through glooms of titanism and amid the wastes and delusions of an idolled nature-realm. But Milton's is assuredly the spiritual completion of Shakespeare's philosophy, where like Shakespeare he sees reason only in a world of which the measures are greatnesses of the fulfilled person, albeit for him this is a person transcending man's life. The wider dawn of a Miltonic comprehension may be yet far distant; but of Shakespeare we can say that, like Aristotle, he saw that nature is not episodic, like a bad tragedy, but inwardly is saved, and saved by the one possible rescuer, which is mind — mind in *all* of its gifts and powers.

IV

BETWEEN the beginnings of the sixteenth century and the beginnings of the twentieth there are definite analogies. Both periods follow upon times of settled and satisfied political and social order, to which the great majority of lives had been shaped, and both follow upon a philosophical analysis of the world-order which to most men had seemed compelling and complete. For the feudal society and the theological universe of mediæval Christendom were no more compact and static than were seemingly the capitalistic economy, political nationalism, and Newtonian physics and astronomy which shaped the world of the nineteenth century. In each world, mediæval and modern, men walked their ways with that sense of solid footing and unadventurous certainty which can mark only the quiescences of cultural history; there was movement, but merely in a vermicular sense was it forward; there were no metamor-

phoses, no shells were burst. The sixteenth century was an age of voyagers, when the scouts of civilization were afoot in every field, and new were the lands and colonies of thought as of material empire; but in the intervening centuries which have followed, the story has been largely one of consolidation and settlement in both the ideal and the landed domains. Earth's sphere has been conquered, charted, claimed, deserts of sand and deserts of ice along with fertile isles and continental vasts; and such conquests have obtained for science no less than for geographies. Men, instead of being theatric performers upon a terrestrial pedestal, footed and unmoved in space, which is what to themselves the mediæval men were, are now become in their own esteems clever equilibrists upon a swift-circling sphere. Yet the distinction is only as of the acts in a circus; in the one ring the show is pictured and posed, in the other it is acrobatic and movie-filmed. Hell's pit and earth's axis are, after all, both fixed centres, and the canvas of time encloses but a single spectacle. It is into such satisfied shapes that the mediæval and the modern culture-periods have accommodated themselves.

But the termini of the mediæval and the modern periods are of another description. Of the analogies that lie between the sixteenth century and our own age, none is more certain than that both follow upon shatterings of elder political and economic ideals. The notion that the chart of our sky is to be read in the floruits of nations, each running its starry course through ascension, apogee, and declension; the notion that humanity's goods are pedlar's wares, or that human lives, in the form of labour-hours, are merchantable commodities; the notion that a blond skin or a catarrhine nose is title-deed to dominion (for who nowadays hears much of the 'white man's burden,' or of a 'yellow peril'!)—all these, and their ilk, are of a past which is none the less eventfully finished in that it is not

as yet consciously interred. For few of us can doubt that the sphere which Magellan rounded and which Peary and Amundsen bannered at the poles has ceased to be an adventure and has become an acquaintance ; or that, in a mode not dissimilar, the tang of strangeness has faded from the outlands of the human sphere ; essentially, in our world, there are no foreigners, we are all associates. In part this is what we mean when we say that the frontiers are closed, or when we internationally quarrel for markets and colonies, now a Germany, now a Japan gone panic lest it have come too late into an already shared and divided Earth. As a mankind we have taken stock of the global asset of our race ; and jealous of its disposition we look with ravin upon one another ; our world is become shrunken and withering in our hands. As this is true of physical and political geography, so is it true of the geography of mind : through science our discoveries have seemed to be enormous, navigating the ethers and pacing the stars ; but when we examine the net asset, we shrink aghast : all is thin and paperish in the tomes that are hope's tombs. The mental world has gone maudlin, and we are self-terrified.

At this juncture a newer science is outfitting and sail is set unto more buoyant voyages. The worlds now to be found out are no longer merely geographical ; they are physical and astronomical ; for the heavens have suddenly cleared, opening up uncharted paths in time and space, and the captains are again heading into the unknown. Once again a closed material universe is bubble-burst, and an epic of discovery is upon us. Some there be who conjecture that we are riding through long, undulating tides of time, swells and subsidences of being, with years counting into trillions from crest to crest ; others hold that we are driving with the vortex, up the steeps toward a last great leap into nothingness—God's erasure of his world-jest ; but there are none who hold that the old boundaries fenced

by the Newtonians are not devastated, and that whatever more creation may be, it is at least and immensely an action. And these newer skies proclaim that man's nature can be neither earth-bound nor star-riveted: the sweeps of space and the tempests of time are before it, and man is once more the explorer! If the books of Eddington and Jeans are selling into the million-count, this is from no idling curiosity of the multitude; it is revolution in the thought and soul of our time, voyaging, and instinctive of a true course.

Certainly it is no task of the moment to predict the adventure, for which Einstein, falling upon an uncalculated continent of thought, may to the future figure as its Columbus. But that it *is* once more adventure, action, this, I think, cannot be in question; nor can there be question that the astronomy and the physics which are in the look-out post are to be followed by a resurgent humanity, in every phase of its life rising to the newer measures of the time, social, intellectual, spiritual, and to the more heroic dimensions of an action which a more heroic world-plan commands. There is no need for specification; not in science only, but in art, polity, public economy, mankind is path-breaking, and if religion seem to lag this may not be for long where souls are anhungered. The world *is* action, breadth and depth of it, as never before so consciously, and it is an action which man is meeting from every facet of his being.

Just here are we not returning toward the Shakespearean sanity, that not only is life a drama but that the world itself is drama, within which the muddled incidents are naught save as mind-shapen? In the new astrophysics the *observer* is parcel of the action, which no speed of light can outfleet, so that the whole of visible nature is his incarnation. And in the other complexities of being, assessed by good and bad, beautiful and ugly, perfect and

marred, the role of the observer and the judge cannot be less intrinsic, nor can aught less than the sum of the qualities of personality, qualities attained and qualities surmised, be the fullness of the charge laid by mind upon reality. Once more we come upon a kind of Hamlet, omnipresent in every reflective and heroic act, and whose presence is all that can make any deed intelligible or any act heroic. It is this Hamlet which is mind, and the one creative mind that can world-shape experience and enrich nature with meaning. Shakespeare, as the Hamlet of his own dramatic world, filled the role for the confused and disturbed atmosphere of his day, thereby establishing a sanity within the moil and rescuing some cosmos from a chaos of fantastic events. He seemed to perceive, well-nigh preternaturally, that there is an uncleavable dualism in the realms of experience, such that on the one side there are facts (as we call them) drunken and riotous, and on the other there is the endowed and shaping man, not merely as the embodied reason which scholastics and moderns alike would make of him, but rather as a reasoning, willing, loving and hating person, availing himself of embodiment but in essence incorporeal and spiritual. He perceived also that this man-person is an invader into the factual chaos, entering armed with possibility, but never with any surety of triumph, perhaps rather with sense of that doomed failure which the Hamletesque tragedies reflect. Nevertheless, the conflict is waged, first for the cause of a noble name, and again because Shakespeare at least shadowed Milton's understanding that the man-person is not without some loftier comrade in his strife for nobility. The Shakespearean philosophy is thus a dualism, Man and (if we may venture) God striving to strike clean ways through the mires of a nature which shows neither art nor meaning, but only the stupid and stubborn hostility of all that hates the light. As in an older lore, man is a spirit descending, undertaking

the tasks of discoverer, way-breaker, redeptor, but with the material chances against him, and innumerable his shipwrecks. Nevertheless to him remains a certain security, if he but cling to that nobler reality which he knows as his own essence and as the world's one genuine reason.

V

BUT if we are to accept the Shakespearean reversal, and if the *person* is to become the core of understanding, as against the bare abstractions of mathematics and logic, it behooves us surely to inquire as narrowly as we may into the central meaning of personality, and more especially of that *mind* through which personality becomes communicable. Aristotle said of Anaxagoras that when, first among the Greeks, this earlier philosopher bethought him of *Nous*, of Mind, as an explanatory principle, he seemed as a sober man amid the drunken. Yet Aristotle himself, although he strove bravely to lay bare the forms and structures of thought, attempted virtually nothing in the way of exposition of that which alone can give richness or significance to either cosmic *Nous* or man's mind, and that is the living personality (for him the 'entelechy') which is the final reality of each. Possibly any such attempt must always be in vain, for it is inherent in the relation of mind and person that analytic thought itself is comprehensible only as a facet of the mind, whose whole functioning is required to mirror the person. It is the *drama*, not reason, which is our chief aid to a genuine personalization, and upon which we most rely for the true depiction of man or of nature or of God; poetry and its personifications, ritual, worship, sentiment, give us our sincerest understandings. Nevertheless, even in the philosophic modes of discourse there are some aspects of the constitution of a personal being which may be indicated; and if, as I have proposed, we should

come to recognize the *person*, living and acting, as our one key to a wisdom of life, then clearly it is obligatory upon us to characterize as precisely as we may what is signified by such a being—in brief, what can be either a mind or a person as an order of understanding? Concerning this, certainly, some things may be said; and if sanity belongs first and most to such an order, then nothing can be of more moment than the grasping of the forms which it imposes upon reality; therein alone is significance, therein alone truth.

Now the revelations of personality are in several planes, the understanding of each being to a certain extent a blinding to the others—as the focusing of a magnifying glass brings successively into relief the planes of its penetration, but holds them not all at once; or as the eye guided by imagination may centre upon the near, the middle, or the far distance, but upon no one without some fading of the others. What constitutes the near perspective is comprised in the world of phenomena and of perceived events. This includes more than the domain of sensed objects, although *sensa* and sensations and sense-perceptions compose the matter and stuff of it; for along with these there are the body-form and mind-form interpretations of them, and these enter into our practical and scientific interpretations, making thereof a world. Indeed, the whole image which mainly we call the world of science goes no deeper than sense and its derivatives, and reality is conceived to be of this shallowness, into which personality enters only as magnification of senses and of sense-echoing thoughts. But to rest here is to be content as with the cosmetics of the self; for what in appearances is nearest is last in expression; and from the realm of understanding the world of phenomena—of ‘Nature,’ as we say—is most remote; to focus upon this alone is to blind all penetration.

More subtle in the exposition of personality are those

active powers of mind that follow deeds and perceptions with thought. This is the Hamlet-function of the understanding self, which is now a shaper of destinies, now a choric reflection of unguided fates (beneath which, to be sure, some shaping divinity may move, imperturbed, as again Hamlet recognized). It is on this plane of self-knowledge that we recognize that not sense-perception and reason alone can give us clarity even in formal understanding, but that sensibility and imagination must be conjoined with these if any reality is to be discovered. Neither the sense-formed idea nor the demonstration can conduct us into the presence of truth, but only the idea tempered by feeling and generative of image—in brief, the sentiment—can give us intelligence of life. It was on this plane that the old tradition of psychology erected its doctrine of the mind's faculties or powers (which in theories of cerebral localization or of glandular secretion has undergone no more than a change of exposition) whose essential meaning is that the mind, many-faceted in its employments, is deeply agential, and no mere mirror of the fortuities of nature. A sentiment, even that of truth, is more than any display of sense-derived facts or of intellectual theories, and it is of sentiments that lives compose their histories and shape their realities. The dramatist has known this from of yore; clean his stage of sentiment, the god vanishes and naught but the chattering machine remains. Quite so is it with the mind's life and the world's actuality; unendowed with faculty, and with *all* the faculties, mind yields only a mutilation of understanding, never science. To know the stops of personality and pluck out the heart of its mystery requires shrewder tuition.

Assuredly there is still a more deep-lying plane, consciously experienced and bethought, within which the person must abide. On this we focus when we speak of the soul or the self. These terms are no nonsense; they de-

note some radical of our being which is persistent, and apart from which understanding still evades us. In epistemological discussions efforts are made to abstract it under the names of subject and knower, but these only fragmentarily designate its character. It is quite true that, in order at all to be, the 'phenomenon' must have its observer and the 'square-root-of-minus-one' its intelligencer, and not less true that the sentiments which weave a life and a character seem possessionally objective to the subject which defines them, so that we speak honestly of *my* patriotism, *my* love, *my* life; there is nothing that can be thought or spoken that cannot by the habit of language be made to appear as object, and hence as appurtenance. But if the subject always recedes, evading designation, this does not obviate its persistent presence. It is structurally present in every experience, and it is the tie which holds together every life; the self cannot be evicted from understanding any more than the reflexive may be banished from speech; it is mode of whatever intelligibility may be compassed. The self is not always conscious, in the sense of self-aware (not to be confused with bodily or social self-consciousness); but there is no consciousness in which it is not a factor, and further there is no mind nor life in which it is not a factor, fixed or ephemeral. Certainly it is something that cannot be narrowed to a mere apparatus of knowing, a blank for nature's writing; rather it is of the character of an actor with respect to which nature is a guise, a role, interpreting but no wise creating the artist. It is something that can be fretted but cannot be played upon by annoying 'outer' conditions, and it will suffer destruction ere it will yield to absorption in some phenomenal husk of things physical or psychical. It is this type of being which mankind has baptismally named the *soul*, meaning thereby an inevitable, even if it be a deeply recessed, factor of every experience and every life. And it is such a soul also

that is covertly or overtly recognized as the keystone and scaffold of all experience and of any possible world. There is always an 'inner' to reality as well as to life, and the man's soul and God's are its being.

All this is from the angle of our *conscious* life, with respect to which the soul may be as utterly objective as any idea, even while the thing itself must be present as subject, as self, in order that this or any other idea become conscious. For the very situation which gives the reflexive meaning and keeps it from being mere tautology is the fact of the transformation of the self, the moment it becomes object of knowledge or experience. The command of the god, 'Know thyself,' is radiant absurdity if it be not grasped as implying a contrast of known and knower, discovered and discoverer. And in self-knowledge it is only the known self that is representable, and can take the form of an idea of which we can be conscious in a definable mode. Although in some bland fashion the known self mirrors the knowing, yet never can the knower be more than algebraically caught in the mirroring — which indeed is of no vital significance, since in the main the conscious life is not reflexive; the reflexive life underlies the conscious and is only on occasion (as by the god's command) brought to the surface. And as it is in the cognitive so is it in the other of the mind's functions — the subject holds the strategic post which makes them possible, and this subject is the person, as a *self* conceived.

Which *person*, if it is to be susceptible of portraiture, will be so as possessing or being a history. It is the self's relation to time that in last resort gives it objectivity, and it is this that makes of its dramatic portrayal its only telling representation. This *time*, however, is not to be conceived as in kind like the time which can enter into physical descriptions. In such descriptions the time-factor is mere measure or it is a part of the description of energies them-

selves, and convertible as are these energies. Physical time significantly possesses no direction; it leads from no *before* to *after*; it has no meaning apart from its immediate content, its *now*. In the sciences which cling to some doctrine of conservation (as of energy) this means that their 'time' is reversible without essential change, a constant of nature, and hence no more than a term in the measurement of whatever *thing* nature may be supposed undeviatingly to be; along with the dimensions of space it enters as a fourth into the four-dimensional continuum, and it can prescribe no more than a static *now* — the physical world. But biological time is of another sort. Where life is concerned we must recognize *before* and *after*, moving from seed to flower, from birth toward maturity and death; never the reverse. It is such time that forms *lifetime* and such time that yields history, whether of a man's days or of the evolution of a universe. In this type of time (surely the familiarly real!) the spatial and sense being of the world — that which glows in phenomena and is perceived in sense — is wholly in the present tense, and therefore the ephemeral. Indeed, one might say that the true four dimensions of the specious reality are three of time and one of space, the extended universe being but the *now* of a time, whose true significance is in the *before* and *after*. This appears to be the message which Henri Bergson would deliver: a world without memory and possibility could be only a phantom world, with no reality — and the physical universe, as our sciences have delivered it, is precisely a world without memory or possibility. But the living world is wholly other. It owns an evolution and a history; it is constituted of a remembered or stored past and of the open possibilities of a future; and whether it be cosmic ages, God's revelation, or but a man's mortal apparition, in it alone can be found reality. It is only living time that can mature character; it is only living time that

can fulfill destiny ; so far into wisdom as drama can reach, character and destiny form for worlds and men alike the one intelligible pattern. Biography makes reason's deepest sense, and biography when purified of its adhesive chaos is drama, and the art of God.

The person, then, can be *known* through its biography, through its exposed events—such as a man's thoughts and deeds, a world's phenomenology, a God's theophanies. And all of these—man, nature, and God—demand *time* for their expositions. But *not* for their understood reality. For to reach this we must penetrate yet more profoundly, and beyond perceptual focuses ; the living time itself must be transcended and absolved—as the tragedy in its catharsis—ere the true purification of the soul may be attained, and the self, as the organizer of biographic time, as the time-former, itself anterior to events, even in symbol, may be apprehended. Under the form of eternity (to speak with Spinoza and with Plato), reside the last meanings of all things, and most of all this is the case where personality is the quest of thought. Life is mortal in event, but eternal in reality, if anything is ; and this is not life in diffusion but life as personalized, and as anterior to time.

'Eternity,' is a word more easily spoken than grasped. Eternity is that which outbounds time, in every dimension. If time be no more than an empty measure, of no significance except in application, then eternity also is without content, a bare mathematical, serving only as a limiting conception for temporal orders. But if time be, as experience seems to tell us that it is, of many types, each with its content and these interpenetrating—so that their orders interlock, as for example, the time-systems of dream and waking interlock with one another, or those of music or poetry with the social time inconvenienced by clocks and mechanisms, or that of industry with that of agriculture, even under their common sun, or yet the myriad separate

lifetimes joining men in a common society, or within the one conscious mind past and present each with its own temporal world—then eternity may possess the profoundest of meanings, being not less than the sum of *all* time-endowed realities when these are taken as beyond measure. This again, is assuming a Bergsonian time; it is composed of timed events; it is not the empty timeless of the Newtonian ‘absolute,’ but is the given content of that which can unite its many orders into a *durée réelle* which no single order can count, and which would be genuinely the eternal.

Surely, of all of earth’s genius, no man has more consciously sought to give imaginal form to such an eternity than has the poet Dante. Not the least—perchance the greatest—power of the *Divine Comedy* is just that in essence it is an allegory of the eternal. When Dante turns his back upon the ‘obscure wood’ of that world of the senses which we, duped, conceive as the real, it is to pass into a spiritual reality unthinkably more intense in its actuality, and eternal in form and substance. There is an odd effect of stillness in the action of the poem; it seems an exposition rather than an exploration; and at first (having only the motions of the sense-world in our blood) we gather the impression that this spiritual world is without any alteration, and is status only. But this is delusion, which when we have recovered our bearings disappears, and like the traveller in an aeroplane we become aware that our seeming quietude is the illusion of our own velocity, outpassing any soil-bound motion. It is instructive that Dante performs his incredible pilgrimage in but three days of the sun’s time, and yet in this he in no wise belittles its achievement or reduces its duration, but rather—and he was no mean astronomer—makes mortal time itself to shrink into insignificance. In a kind of contempt, the sun and all the stars in their orbits appear paltry and their

measures of no import, whereas the truth of the world, freed of such countings, shows forth more and more as a spiritual reality, enriched with all moral understanding and creative power, and it is these (which are the manifest God) that constitute the true eternal. That of which the physical world is the husk, and the world of meanings the allegory and the logos is the soul of its being, the times-comprehending and time-transcending eternal — 'where every *where* and every *when* is focused' . . .

in His eternity beyond all Time,
beyond all comprehension, as Him it pleased,
revealed He in new loves the love eterne.

If Dante had done no more than to render unto eternity its title to understanding he would still walk first among apocalyptic poets. But he passes beyond this to yet another insight, and in common with the best of his age (yet more clearly) he perceives that the last reach of self-understanding is self-transcension. The deepest sagacity of our craving for knowledge occurs when it turns inward to the source of its own *metaphysical* being there to apprehend its communion, even substantial, with the reality of all things — or at least of all that are luminous, of all that are touched by the whiteness of sanity — there to see 'the scattered leaves of the universe, by love into one volume bound.'

Undoubtedly it is this communion which the Church conceived as communion with God, and this love, reflected and shared in the 'new loves' of creation, that is the metaphysical essence of every sympathy and hence of every persuasive understanding either of nature or of God. For love is our only convincing mode of self-transcension, involving neither mutilation nor obliteration; it is the only broadening mode, and hence the only form of genuine creation. Such love is not to be confounded, in its cosmic measures, with affection or with pity or with loving-kind-

ness, for herein are but its human and dramatic exemplifications as shown in a world where pity and affection have only slowly and materially evolved. But the greater love lies in that understanding which is generated by the confluent use of our every power, of imagination and sensibility and intention along with intellect, as a man who is made whole employs them, wherein all our powers are reaching and aspiring, and in their own likenesses each is sympathetic with that which it makes its object. Dante fully understands this, as his march through the circles of hell and up the steps of purgatory demonstrates, but his ascent is none the less on up to that divine love which is smiling, and is God's understanding.

Something similar lies, I think, in Plato's troubling interchanges of *mimêsis* and *methexis* as modes of communion between Idea and Thing, or (as we might say) between mind and world. For when Plato speaks of 'imitation' as designating the sense-forming process, he seems to be looking outward, at things, as our sciences do, and to be holding pattern and copy part out of part, as do we with the objects which we imagine to furnish the sensible universe; but when he speaks of 'participation' then he refers to an inward mingling and a central sharing of a one nature and being. Of such platonic participation the Christian image is love; it is a love that begins with living souls in their relations to one another; it passes to every quality which we can conceive as valuable and endowed with meaning, such that we love tastes and flowers and knowledge and mercy; but in its uttermost revelation it is known only as the full exercise of the powers of the whole person, and as the source of all expanding life. With respect to such an understanding the whole pathway of knowledge, as the modern world has conceived it, is reversed. We of today begin our quests with analyses of things ('phenomena'); but were we to set forth with the exploration of the

soul of man, Hamletesque even amid its chaos, we should find first, or perchance solely, as did Hamlet, the mind that reflects the person. And if we be able to penetrate even this, past the drama and into its catharsis, past the purgation and on into revelation, then we may come to perceive how the inward path may lead to the most precious of understandings, and may come genuinely to know in our earthly loves God's heavenly love. Such journeying has long been known as the Mystic Way. Actually it is but the working through of the maxim, Know Thyself — of which labour we shall eventually discover with Plotinus that its end is the 'flight of the alone to the Alone,' of a man's soul to the ideal impulse which is creating his worlds, and in whose essence he shares. And if this impulse be indeed the divine, then will man's worlds be God's worlds.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MYSTIC WAY

I

MYSTICISM indicates both a theory of knowledge and a conception of reality. The mystic theory of knowledge is of the intuitive or immediate character of all knowing that is of last resort ; it is, therefore, a theory of the essential privacy or personal intimacy of genuine or test knowing ; in other words, for mysticism that knowledge which is the end of knowledge, and which alone may truly become the embodiment of wisdom, is not, as is our scientific knowledge, a vast system of organized, impersonal and communicable ideas, but rather it is a quality of the intelligence which by its very nature is unutterable and incommunicable ; mystic wisdom is a treasure possessed, not an object conveyed, and this treasure is inalienable.

The treasure is reality. The mystic is convinced that he can and does know that which is real and actuating in his own experience, in *his* world. This does not mean that he can know *all* even in his own world, far less that he would be concerned to deny that there are other worlds to him unknown and unknowable : rather, he would in some sense assert this, for his very conception of the privacy of the last knowledge concedes that each who attains to mystic wisdom thereby is his own world's discoverer. But it does mean that amid the unintelligibilities that beset our lives there is a core of essential truth, that this truth is directly and individually attainable, and that attained it is of a piece with reality : it is the last resort of understanding, it is the citadel of being, it is the motor of becoming.

Of course if the mystic reality were of no other order than this it would not be characteristic of mysticism alone :

the realists of the modern schools will say as much. But the mystic conception does go much farther. This reality, it teaches, with which in mystic wisdom we may come directly in touch, is a reality which is not merely known but which in order to be known must be *lived*, and by us. The mystic doctrine of reality is a doctrine of participation, not one of formulation nor of imitation. Furthermore, it is a doctrine of participation without mediation; no vicarious agent of any sort can avail, no proxy can serve, no system of relationships can define; rather, reality is attained as by an absorption into its substance, as by a magical transformation, by a true transubstantiation. It is here that the mystical conception of reality moves far beyond that of the realist.

But there is a third quality of the mystical reality, present for at any rate the great majority of those who speak of it, and perhaps the only quality that makes it worth speaking of. This is its indissoluble complexity — or perchance I should say, intensity, for in no genuinely analyzable sense is it complex: if I may use the figure, it is complex in the unified sense in which a living animal is complex, not in that in which a dissectable corpse is complex; to divide it is to destroy. The reality of the mystic is a whole in the same manner in which life is a whole, and apart from this wholeness it is nothing. Implied in this is very much with respect to the being of the real, and among other things that the reality is in form a realization, which, being for each of us, at the last, private and our own is a self-realization of our own inmost natures. To which I should make haste to add that this self-realization is of no surface or glancing self, but of that impelling inner being which for all genuine humanity is driving toward the good. The desire of truth is itself, says Plutarch, our yearning after Divinity, and in the great tradition of the

mystics, even from of yore, the conception of the attainment of reality has ever been that it is in some fashion a revelation of God which is also a union with God.

But how is this reality, this revelation to be attained, the new life to be won, if mystical knowledge cannot, as I have said, be taught nor its insight into reality be genuinely communicated? The question leads us immediately to a third, and after its fashion most utterly paradoxical phase of mysticism; for of all the schools that have followed the way of thought, none, I suppose, have more zealously proclaimed the seriousness and universality of their message than have these same mystics, who in proclaiming it as treasure have none the less named their wisdom the ineffable. It is true that Plato, having in vision the motley of revellers, waving their *thyrsos*, with cries glad and mad making their way toward the sacred precincts of Eleusis—that Plato adjudged them, ‘Many are the wand-bearers, few are the mystics!’ And I suppose that few have doubted that after a certain fashion the true mystics form a group that is elect. But this assuredly does not mean that mystic knowledge is or must be wholly closed to the masses of mankind, and least has it meant that the way unto this knowledge should not be thrown open to all, the freest and most inalienable of human rights. Indeed, and it is this that suggests the paradox, mysticism of itself has come to mean a doctrine of ‘the Way,’ a discipline that can be taught, which if followed through will of itself lead the seeker to his revelation. Every great religion has incorporated within itself such a discipline, not as the heart of religious truth but as the path leading into understanding. The mystics have ever been missionaries in this sense, eager to show *via* what stations men may pursue their pilgrim journeys, each for himself, of which the ends are inner shrines, the *cellas* of wisdom. Very simply the

whole mission of the teacher is summarized by Plotinus, 'It is for philosophy to point the Way; it is for him who hath the eyes to see the Vision.'

I have now set forth the three primary features of philosophic mysticism. They are: first, the theory of the direct or intuitive nature of all authoritative knowledge; secondly, the conception of reality as a discoverable and shareable and by-the-good-impelled unity within our own lives; and thirdly, a doctrine of the Way, a discipline, which can be imparted, and which may lead him who follows it into the fullest realization of his own life. Each of these features calls for its own exposition, and to this I shall address myself.

II

FIRST, then, of the mystical theory of knowledge, as being direct and intuitive wherever knowledge is utterly commanding.

Now in our ordinary experience of perception through the physical senses we are puzzlingly aware that in fact and in essence the act of knowing and the object known are directly given (as the Kantians say) and are incommunicable. We can make signs to one another, in the hope that these signs will be intelligently interpreted, but we cannot in the least degree transfer our perceptions from mind to mind. In a matter seemingly so simple as indication of the primary qualities of the senses, of colour, form, sound, smell, touch, temperature, we know full well that our whole social attitude is one of question and trust, not one of necessitated social experience. We say, Look, do you not see? Sniff, can you smell it? Is it not warm today? Measure, and you will find that it is square. . . In each case we appeal to an experience which is other than our own, and we rely for conviction upon a testimony of sense for the existence of which we have only the

assurance of hope. In point of fact, so far as the sensible world is concerned, we are each of us more windowlessly immured than might be any Leibnizian monad; no matter how sociably we walk through our lives, we are none the less isolated and insulated, with no spark of transfer of any sensible experience. This present glory of the meadow prismatic with its dews, fragrant, fresh, illumined, I and my companions may exclaim over in choric delight, but no one of us can ever in remotest measure be certain that the object of his delight is present and understood by any of his fellows. Indeed, what possible assurance is there that what is green for me may at all be so for another, in a world where each is colour-blind to the perceptions of every other? or fragrant or fresh where all disputing of tastes is footless? or illumined where all light is inward? The community wherein we believe we share a world of common sense is sustained wholly by faith in one another's intuitions. As a world it is valid so long as it 'works,' as the pragmatists would say; though it should be noted that this validity is only as it works *for us*, individually, and fails utterly the moment our individual experience finds it misfit. The deaf man cannot know sound; the blind cannot know light nor the colour-blind know colour. These can only be given by the perceptions, that is by the intuitions of the senses themselves, and the nicest adjustments which we can make in the social organization of our knowledge will give us no more than a pragmatist's working hypothesis as to the qualities of one another's seeings and hearings. Similarly, it is to be noted that our socially known worlds are based upon the assumption of differences rather than samenesses in our perceptions. In a lecture hall, for example, no matter how close-serried the seats, we are convinced that the perspective of the hall must vary for each person with his own station, so that no two of the assembly ever sensibly *see* the same hall; that is

a hall which exists only as their mutual inference. So it is of mankind collectively, their accords and interlockings are due to drill and compact, as of a well-timed team, rather than to any participation in a single, perceived world. Actual perception is reserved for each alone, and for each it is intuitive and beyond transference, and the perceptual object is, in itself, knowable only in the mystic sense.

This is the first mode of intuition, the first order of understanding, bearing in its suite, if one will grasp the truth involved, the eventual inference that the whole material world is a phantasm with which sense invests us, and offers us no more than the vestibule of a reality, therein caught but shimmeringly. Beyond and within it lie other and more intense perceptions, purer orders of intuition.

At a first remove from that of sense-perception is the order of rational intuition, where reason dwells and the gymnasts of the intellect conduct their expositions. From the hour of Descartes every important epistemological theory has rested its case upon an ultimate appeal to some 'natural light' of the reason which in the end is all that can accept and sanction the steps and conclusions of every demonstration—an inner seeing by means of which evidence can be assessed and truth be found convincing. Ultimately no proof lies except in persuasion, and no persuasion except in an insight before which question is silenced and answer unrequired. Too often in our submissions to the severities of logical forms we fail to bear in mind this last citadel of all reason, itself beyond formula, which is the operation of the rational mind in recognizing validities and assenting to conclusions: no structure of ideas induces this; the 'natural light' alone is its sanction, and to describe such a light there is no term save intuition.

What I have in mind here may best be brought out, I think, by a brief consideration of metaphor. Metaphor is not only the heart of poetry, it is the very substance of all

living reason. Every abstract idea, every concept, is in essence metaphor, involving that comparison of a two or a many in one which makes of any term a symbol. Indeed, a concept, a metaphor, can only be likened to a kind of marriage of thoughts such that in establishing their relation they are brought into a new estate. It is only so that thinking is in any sense fruitful or creative. This holds of even our most formalistic thought structures—of the syllogism, for example. The middle term of the syllogism is nothing if it be not a metaphor creating a new relationship of ideas of which the conclusion is the recognition, banns proclaimed. It might be added, too, that just as in our social world it is alone some chance of recognition which brings about the union of lovers, each chosen from among an indeterminate many, so in the syllogism there is some chance of mind which alone brings together just those premises that construct into argument and eventuate in conclusion, and further that this chance is above and beyond all necessity of reason: it also is the mind's own mode and is an incommunicable intuition. All that lies between empty formalism and significant thinking, between the logomachies of the mind's demagogues and the edicts of its statesmen, derives not from the form but from the contents of syllogisms; and this content can never be other than the direct insight of some thinking mind, illuminated from within.

Mathematical and quantitative reasoning is no less built upon the principle of metaphor than is the syllogistic, and if mathematical reason possesses a more universal cogency this is, I suspect, because it deals with intrinsically simpler ideas, ideas less individual, less coloured with life. In fact, science generally derives its strength from its simplicity, that is from its neglects of the particulars of experience: its whole drift is into classification and formulation, all to be bought only at a cost of neglects of local colour and life,

only through eliminations. Poetry, men have conceived to be a higher form of understanding mainly because it deals with more complex situations and with more involved facts; and while poetry has its form, which comports equally with sense or nonsense, what is the essence of the discourse of poetry if it be not metaphor—the 'happy gift,' as Aristotle calls it, without which drama is empty and verse doggerel. In all of thought's framings the last reliance is upon an image wherein one and one fuse into another one, which—as gold from the alembic—shines with the sudden lustre of a new wisdom. How this is done, within the mind's seclusions, no one knows; but that it is done everyone *sees*, and sees in a fashion which he can only hopefully hint to other minds.

Thus once again it is by intuition and by a mystic sense that reason works. Herein is our second order of knowing, at one remove from the sensible. Like the sensible, it, too, has a metaphysical implication, known to the mystic. For it lifts in cognitive dignity above every formal mode of thought the function of the metaphor, making it in all its forms—parable, allegory, rational syllogism, number—the truest vehicle of meaning. It proclaims thought to be symbolic and it shapes discourse into a language of symbols. But as for the meaning, that it reserves for the untaught miracle of an inner understanding.

But there is still a third order of intuition, without which mysticism would be emptily bereft. Along with our world of incommunicable perceptions and our world of ideas only figuratively communicable, we find our lives to be suffused with feeling. Now of all our inner wits that of the emotional life is least open to inspection and is least certain of communication. We have signs, to be sure, by means of which we indicate our dislikes and our affections, but we know from the all too tragic lessons of experience that the kiss is not only love's token, but sadly,

and for that very reason, may become love's betrayal. Within our own hearts emotion is explicit and undenied, but for its communication we have only the fading emblem to trust, and in the end love itself becomes as an article of faith. 'There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face,' says Shakespeare, but, of the heart, where is to be found more than its fluttering favour? upon what sleeve can it be truly worn? No, the very name of the heart is trust, even when we are more confident of its troth than of any truth that can be plighted; and the fact that true love is of all most easy to betray but marks again the wistful solitude which besets our emotional life. Here again is a realm of experience beyond external communication.

But it is not beyond knowledge. In regard to this the mystic is strongest in his assertion. For oneself, and within one's life, the heart is vital with understanding; it possesses its own intuitions; it speaks with a reason of its own, and it discovers its own clear wisdom. Without it the mystic theory of knowledge would share that certain haplessness which marks all merely intellectual knowing; but possessed of it, the mystic speaks with an assurance for which science shows and can show no parallel: it is something beyond the tongue's dogmatisms, resting its case at the last, divinely, upon a smile. What belief is, what trust, we all know; but could we know it without participation, without this sense which we can only name the mystic?

Thus I have indicated three orders of mystic knowing, which you will now perceive are psychologically commonplace. They are perceiving and thinking and feeling. Each of these is in its essence, there where it is knowledge, ineffable and incommunicable, even while each, by some miracle or impulse, is prompted to make signs, which, by another miracle, are followed in that social world which is the communion of minds. But each of these again, and

there where it *is* knowledge, is so directly and assertedly given that to its host and possessor it is beyond doubt. *Cogito ergo sum* may represent no logic, but it does represent an intuition given in the natural light which no man questions. It is the intuition upon which mysticism, no less than Cartesian science, rests its case.

But further — and here is where the mystic makes his own up-step — the three orders of intuition which I have named become for him in their operation but one. What has long puzzled those students of the mystics who have allowed themselves first to be overpersuaded of the value of the forms of thought, of the empty syllogisms and their kin, is the fact that mystical writers seem confusedly to mingle sense and reason and emotion, as if all were of one value and have to do with one object. This, as a matter of fact, is precisely the case. Wisdom, for the mystic, truth in its fullness, is to be captured only by the use of *all* our powers, in unison. There is no such thing as a hard sensible fact or a coldly intellectual deduction that can in any sense vie with the truth obtained through the fused powers of the whole mind, feeling and sentiment intimate with thought and sense. By powers no less than these can the world which has created us be construed. A merely intellectual or sensible intuition must for the mystic yield but a mutilated truth, one from which the reality must ever be slipping away. Plotinus puts the state of knowledge tersely: 'In intelligible science the whole is in action,' and the whole of which he speaks is the soul. For it is of the mind as of life: the corpse of the animal may be dissected, but the life never; similarly of intuition, its powers are one, all the faculties absorbed in the one act.

Certainly I should add that the mystic intuition becomes virtually a new power in attaining this wholeness of action, a power for which the orders of sense, intellect and feeling are alike incidental: so that the body and its images become

but a vesture—as words are the vesture of thought—for the more purified understanding. All the mystics speak in language which implies this, making it clear that the insight which is theirs at the highest, although its phases are as those of a bodily intelligence, is none the less independent of the body, and indeed is trammelled thereby. Therefore this last order of intuition is called a spiritual understanding and a Vision, although it is vision conveyed by no light that ever was on land or sea. Another æther than the physical is its medium.

All this means that the mystical conception of reality is not of an analyzed but of an experienced being. The intuitive mode of knowing of itself entails this inference, which the utterances of mystics—flares cast into the darkness for the chance of our reading—through the varied centuries corroborate. Let us turn, then, to consideration of the nature of this being which is the mystic's reality.

III

NATURALLY this reality is not a thing to be fixed in discourse. The whole sermon of mysticism is the denial of such a possibility. Experience, utterly direct, immediately present; full-bodied realization, complete yet without surfeit—these are the designations of the being discovered, and it would be easier one by one to steal the glories from the sunset than to disclose its intensities through the tatters of speech. Nevertheless, negatively, we can say something of the bearings of the object of intuition upon our lives, and, as in parable, of the wisdom it may yield. Beyond this only a following of the Way, only the Pilgrimage, may disclose it.

From this negative approach, then, first something is to be said of the world of sense, which is revealed in the order of perceptual intuition. This world, which is set in spaces and times and gives us bodies and things, is itself

but the symbol of the action, a drama in which phantoms move as upon a silver screen assuming the shapes and enacting the events which are the act's interpretation. Reality lies not here save in a secondary and transient sense : no matter how pitilessly events enthrall or circumstances bite, in the end they are but the glammers of time, which without addition leave us hapless in mere chaos.

Of course our natural science recognizes this and aims itself to be the saving sense of the sensible, substituting its own intellectual structures for the meaningless drift of sensation. But science rests upon analysis, upon diremption, part out of part, and the house which it builds (as the second order of intuition indicates) is held structurally together only by the cement of metaphor, which comes to it from yet some other, supra-scientific fortification of experience. One might put it : as science is to sense, so is metaphor to science—'happy gift' bastioning the mind through some yet higher enginry.

To put the matter in allegory, sense and science both are but two geographies of Earth's surface, 'Earth,' in our allegory, being life's reality. Sense gives us the physiographic variation of land and sea and mountain and desert, of hill, valley, forest, field, all next to next and plane-spread in a sort of puzzle-map helter-skelter. Science gives us a map-projection of this physiography, with latitudes and longitudes, poles, zones, equator, all marked off into degrees and minutes, by which we mark our bearings. But both sense and science are dealing with surface phenomena and a plane dimension, and for both the being of Earth (which in our allegory is life's reality) is as a thin film or crust, joined part by part as a map is joined. But to penetrate to that which is the sustainer and shaper of this crust, and the seat of the great forces which shift continents and divide oceans it is necessary to view Earth not as a surface but

as a planetary sphere. We must see the Earth as we behold the Moon and the Sun or, through a glass, the swinging planets of our system: we must behold Earth not as a map but as a ball, whose surface is but the varying reflection of the powerful forces that strain and stretch the dense barysphere within; we must behold the Earth in third dimension, invisible to sense and ungraphed by science, and this we can only do by an order of intuition operative in a higher dimension. Eyes we must have which will open to us not a geographic but an astronomical vision, such that we shall see directly to the seat of force and into the substantial core of the heavenly body, as if it were permeated by light throughout, just as the Sun is permeated by radiant energy, and were not merely a reflecting surface.

Now if we may take this physical image as our allegory, then men in their sensible and intellectual lives are in the geographic dimension of reality, but the astronomic dimension and vision is given when we look within to the glowing source of all humanity. The worlds of space and time are caught into a life, and this life into a mind, of which all are as the radiation. And the seer, through the gift of intuition, moving into this inner life and mind, suddenly perceives that the true being of all is from this centre: the moil of events is remote and local, and in its own plane unintelligible; it is only as knowing penetrates to the centre of things, and identifies itself with creative energy, that real being is known and wisdom, so far as may be, achieved. Further, this penetration changes the whole orientation of knowledge: we are no longer, after the fashion of empirical science, engaged in induction or exploration, moving from an unorganized circumference toward centre and stability, but instead we are now perceiving that the process of knowing is genuinely one of creation; we are

perceiving that wisdom is the fashioner and intuition itself a shaping force. It is in some such mode as this that Plato conceived the Ideas as eternal creators.

Can we say anything of the quality of this being which the mystic first discovers and then, as by absorption, enters into ?

Undoubtedly the utterances of mystics justify something. First of all, the being which is found is a giver, and it gives that of which, from our natures, we stand in need. It is a being which in this sense supplements and fulfils our own, answering our aspirations. Truth is its first gift, the image of which is illumination. Peace is its gift, for it assuages our restlessness and quiets the errant will. Joy is its gift, a joy purified and exalted and in some transcendent sense selfless. Finally, love is its substance, even though this love may mean, strangely, obliteration of all that we naïvely hold dear. And in all these—truth, peace, joy, love—dominating all, is the good: the reality is beyond evil; in this the mystics are agreed, and it is for such reason, surely, that they speak of it as the Divine, and its vision as the Vision of God.

Such is the simple yet austere credo of mysticism, in so far as it adjusts to the manners of our speech. If I may add to it certain qualifications, which are in part my own interpretations, I would note first of all that it rests, philosophically, upon a faith in the deep-seated orientation of our lives towards the good. Man is ill at ease in the confusions of sense phantasmata; he is a wanderer and a seeker; his spirit is oppressed by its daily envelope of affairs and thoughts; he is materially immersed, he is blinded and groping in darkness; he is a lost soul. But this very fact that he is a stranger in the midst of nature and a seeker after another light that shall be his guide, is of itself testimony that spiritually he belongs to a world other than this world, and to an order of being with respect to which this

is only illusion. There is a homing instinct of the human spirit—as subtle as that which summons the year’s fledglings to their unknown southlands when the frosts form on withering meadows and gusty winds scurry the crisped and fallen leaves—and it is this homing instinct which through the gliding millennia of man’s historic and prehistoric time has led men of every civilization and every savagery to set their feet aright upon the way that conducts to the mystic wisdom. Here is the fact: man’s life is oriented with respect to a good which he demands, imperiously demands, even while he comprehends it not; and his whole life is a faith in this good. It is from this immemorial fountain of our humanity that mysticism takes its source, while its proclamations are that the celestial draught will not be denied the seeker.

Secondly I would note, and again as a metaphysical gloss, that the reality which the mystics seek is not a world in any customary sense. It is *reality*, not *the* reality; and it does not require that the good, even though it be the person of God himself, must needs be the all. It is quite true that there are mystic philosophies that make this assertion, and are in their mode monistic; but it is also true that this is no necessary, or perhaps frequent mark of mysticism. Whether the mystic being is above number, or indifferent to it, or simply apart, its living contention is not that there is but one world or but one being, but only and insistently that God is the leader and life of the one that it can know. Beyond this no qualification is essential. When Plotinus speaks of the flight of the alone to the Alone, it is not the image of the spirit brooding in solitude above the abyss that is before him, but of the glad onward sweep, homeward winging of the soul whose sight is at last illumined, answering the great summons of God. And not otherwise Dante, in the phrase into which he compresses far more than the theology of the divinest of poems—

O Light Eternal, that in thy self alone
 dost dwell, alone thy self dost understand,
 self-known, self-knowing, thou dost love, dost smile !

'To the high fantasy power fails,' so again Dante—'but already desire and will were turned, even as a wheel that rolleth equally, by the Love that moves the sun and all the stars.' So it is for every mystic revelation, at the summit of the world is the quietude of love, God's peace.

IV

I HAVE set forth, briefly, something of the mystic's theory of knowledge and of that pure intuition by the light of which the soul may return to its fathering Good, and in a parable I have touched upon the nature of that reality which is the mystic's quest and his world's true substance, for which his name is God. I have yet to undertake some sketch of his doctrine of the Way, whereby the pilgrim soul may return to its source and parent.

Discipline—emancipation from sense and body—illumination—transcendence of self—absorption in the power and beauty of that love which is the generator of all light—these are the stations of the mystic Way as the seeker moves toward the spiritual goal. In the more dramatic terms of the great religions (for to the Buddha and the Christ as to many a saint of other creeds the path lay clear) discipleship and martyring passion, death to the body, a second birth, transfiguration, ascension, beatitude, have been the symbols; but they have charted the same course.

Concerned for a more psychological description, Plotinus says :

He, then, who would know what intuition is must discern the soul and the soul's most godlike part. And this may be done as follows: Abstract from the man, that is to say from yourself, first the body, second the [animal] soul that moulds it and sense-perception (good

riddance!) and desires and passions and all such rubbish, because they incline, and that exceedingly toward the mortal. What is left of the soul is that which we hold to be a likeness of intuition, retaining a little of its light, like the glow next the mighty sphere of the sun. . . But whereas the sun's light is in the air, the soul is pure and can consequently all by herself be seen, and seen of any other similar souls...and he who has entered upon the vision of intuitional beauty and has discovered the beauty of the true intuition will be able to reach in thought the Father thereof, who is above intuition. . . But if one be unable to attain at the moment the highest kind of consciousness, that which employs pure intuition, let him take that which employs beliefs, and then from this let him ascend; or if he cannot reach even belief, let him take sense-perception by itself...and, if he will, descend even to the reproductions of the Forms, and thence ascend from the Forms at the lowest extreme to the highest of all.*

In modern terminology this is saying that, beginning with sense intuitions, on the most empirical basis of all, if we will but follow the instinct of intelligence, wherein the heart's desire has place, we shall yet mount to high vision—from the science of things to science of the spirit.

But the attainment of the mystic moment, wherein the soul is suffused with its kindred light, is by no means the only event. For from this beatitude there is the swoon back into the flesh, and the return to this world's preoccupations. It is with such a swoon that Dante brings to a close his great drama of the spirit, and Plotinus in his own manner describes it as like the return of a worshiper from the inner shrine of a temple, back into the light of day where again he sees the statues that are the images of the gods: but never again in the same fashion because of the vision which at the shrine he had beheld. For him as for Dante, thenceforth his own understanding is illumined with

* V. Ennead, iii, 8; and viii, 1. Tr. by Wm. Romaine Newbold.

a new light, and desire and will are turned by 'that Love which moves the sun and all the stars.'

It is here, with the return of the illuminated mind back into the flesh of affairs, that mysticism has manifested one of the traits which have most excited wonder. In its profession it calls for withdrawal and for a privacy which is the utmost that can be demanded of a man — flight of the alone to the Alone — and yet the odd fact has proven itself again and again that mysticism is an intensely practical philosophy — more so, let us say, than any pragmatism or rationalism. The wisdom of the mystic turns out to be no remote indulgence of a hermit soul in some ecstasy of vision, but a guide in the pathways that lead men into humanity. St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Catherine, St. Theresa, who will say that these are not men and women who have left their mark upon the world of institutions as well as that of the spirit? and so of all the saints who have been the mystics not alone of the Christian world, but of the Buddhist and many a pagan, and so most of all of the great founders of those religions which have spread vastly beyond the political and economic boundaries which the generations of mankind have set. What empire, in space or time, can vie with those established by Jesus and Gautama, and what, save a mystery, has been at the heart of each, to give it vitality and sway? Mysticism, certainly, in the practices of life, has set deeper its mark than has any other formulation of the mind's way.

And is all this of the past? No more than a fading and curious interest? I have laid stress upon the pagan Plotinus in what I have set forth, that none might make the error of conceiving the mystic way in the terms of Christianity alone, or of any other religion. It has shown itself to be far more universal than that. But it is true that my illustrations and citations have, so far, referred primarily to the past, and also to the great in mind and strong

in genius, whose works have impressed their names upon the imagination of mankind. I would close, however, with a recent example, drawn from a poor and unlettered people, natives of the New World, remote in space and thought from the great traditions of the poetry and philosophy of Europe and Asia.

About 1881 John Slocum, an ignorant Indian of the little-known Squaxin tribe of Puget Sound, underwent a transformation of life which not only profoundly altered his own character, but that of many of his fellow Indians, whom he turned from gambling and drinking and vice to a simple piety. In fact, he founded an Indian church which became known as the Indian Shakers, because its members at least for the time of the first excitement twitched and shook in their bodies and heads, possibly not unlike the Shaker sect of white American tradition. This phase, however, passed, and the Indian membership of John Slocum's church became known as good citizens, temperate and peaceable. Like the little band which gathered about St. Francis, they suffered first a period of social rejection, but eventually won the approval of their neighbors by the obvious benefits of their religion.

It happens that the experience which wrought this change in John Slocum was transcribed by an auditor from his own simple language, and because, in essence, it gives at least the corroboration of parallel to the utterances of the mystics of other lands and peoples, I would here quote the words of the Indian teacher :

At night my breath was out, and I died. All at once I saw a shining light—great light—trying my soul. I looked and saw my body had no soul—looked at my own body—it was dead. . . Angels told me to look back and see my body. I did, and saw it lying down. When I saw it, it was pretty poor. My soul left my body and went up to the judgment place of God. . . I have seen a

great light in my soul from that good land ; I have understand all Christ wants us to do. Before I came alive I saw I was sinner. Angel in heaven said to me, 'You must go back and turn alive again on earth.' . . . When I came alive, I tell my friends, 'Good thing in heaven. God is kind to us. If you all try hard and help me we will be better men on earth.' And now we feel that it is so.*

Childish and crude, yet the whole image of the mystic Way and of its wisdom is here recorded. Magnificent surely are the great swirls of light that swing through the astronomer's heaven, and it is a lordly science which can 'save' such phenomena as these ; but for the last illumination of life shall we turn with glasses to Arcturus or with an inner quest follow the simple faith of a John Slocum, man, of the Squaxin tribe ?

* James Mooney, "The Ghost-Dance Religion," 14th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Part 2, p. 752.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAST ARCHITECTURE

I

EARTH, which for a cycle of years we men inhabit, is given us, not as an everlasting abode, but like as a parchment put into our hands that we might write thereon our human thought, less for its long preservation than for the self-clarification which expression yields. Earth's hills are not eternal, Earth's seas and coasts are not enduring, nor is the metalled core of our globe more than a knot of energies imprisoned for this cosmic hour within the wasting crusts of Earth's vagrant sphere, which one day will vanish like a dream, thinned into fading streamers ere it be engulfed in the night. How less a thing, then, is the moment of man! called forth to glow for its scintillating seconds, but even with its illumination dimmed and consumed and lifted afar—as a dawn-dew, sparkling at the petal's lip, and vanishing. Earth is a strong-made house, we say, and its years are uncounted, and the time of its pride is the age of its man-habitation; but well we know that our vaunting is of a flown chaff caught for an instant in its focus of sunlight—atomies that dance and dazzle in the gleam, ere some freshet breeze, sprung from old Chaos, dissolve them afar into the wastes of the Universe.

Therefore, when we speak of material works, and of the Time-perduring, it is not first nor most to their monumental vastness, nor to splendours long-clangorous, that our thought turns, but rather to this which they signify in their evoked hour, to this which they write while still vivid with the spirit which conceives them and through the greatness of their form proclaims another grace as that spirit's achievement. Often, when thinking of the mean-

ing of art, my mind turns with a certain wistfulness to a custom of the orientals of Japan, who, for the brief span of an April freshness, throng to their orchards, there to compose poems of the hour and to fasten them, fleetingly, to the ruddied twigs and branches whose other freight is a waft of plum-blossom. For this custom of the far-eastern isles to me brings home, better than another conception, the purer meaning of every human art and every human enterprise: which is — yes, assuredly! — less to invite long-lingering echoes than to breathe deeply the day's inspiration, and against all the ageings of old Earth to uplift the voice of the spirit's eternal youth. Art in its greatness is life at its height; and this height and man's living is beyond trammel or doubt an inner discovery which renders outcast all the troubled drift of our sensible moments as these float afar to tomb themselves in the world's brute matter. There, to be sure, in the matter, in bodies, the spirit's records are written — there, where life for a day is housed, to be decipherable long after, as the delicate tracery of a fossil fern restores the limp freshness of ancient forest; and we count the writing precious, and we guard it with piety. Perhaps the greatness of art is best known through this lasting legibility of its relics, and assuredly genius is best understood when it has become a passionate memory, half derelict of time. Certainly, there is a pathos of age in mere fallen stones of themselves, for that aforetime they have once been uplifted; and the abandoned cemetery with its fragmentary slabs, mossed and vine-covered and blurred by many rains, is somehow less of the body and more of the spirit than can be any great civic memorial of the dead. At times I think that the beauty of no fine building can be fully known until it be beheld in a still-retentive ruin. Bertram Goodhue, gazing upon the mounting walls of his Capitol, the material conception of which his eyes were not to see, more to himself than to

another speaking, said: 'It will be beautiful even in its ruin' — and than these words none could be more eloquent either of the greatness of his architecture or of the depth of his understanding. There is a mystery of the thing called memory, which is a hovering of the past on into the present, and it possesses its truth not alone for the lives of individual men and women, but also for the whole life of mankind, wherever it be monumental and written, wherever it be commemorative, wherever it be pious with a sense of some lofty fatherhood. Perchance, too, it is bodied into the substance of the whole physical world, itself the writing of a thought and of a life that are archetypal in the mind of God. So understanding, we shall the better know that where we greatly build we are the more nobly imitating the scroll of the Creator.

God always geometrizes — God thinks in number and measure and ratio and harmony: this is the conception of the creative mind which Greek tradition ascribes to Plato, and it is fascinatingly corroborated by the whole outcome of those sciences which lead us into understandings of nature. From star-spheres and celestial globes down into microcosmic molecules and atoms our intelligible patterns are in numbers strangely integral and in shapes conforming to number. Earth's minerals crystallize into cubes and pyramids, into rhombs and prisms, and the mouldings of bulk or surface which follow the action of all physical forces, of wind or tide, of gravitational pull or of magnetic play, carve our familiar world into monumental peak and domed hill, into level and angle and curve, or inscribe it with delicate striations or frosty traceries, all vivid with geometry. In the organic world nothing is more lovely than the symmetries of branchings and of petaloid forms, the whorls and progressions of chambered shells, or indeed the harmonic complexities of living creatures that are themselves nature's most intricate sums. Number is in

them all in a profusion so miraculous that the science of mathematics seems scarce capable of shaping the alphabet of their recordings and philosophy is lost in the dispute, as to whether it is of nature that geometry is autochthonous or the geometrizing mind of man that must needs find in nature its own reflection — though at the last, there are many who return to their Plato, and with the greatest of the Grecians are willing to avow one common source for that which is Form in nature and Idea in man's mind, a source for which we have no name save the Mind of God. Man, therefore, on this Platonic view, is most truly poet and architect after God's own mode when he builds for the beauty that is in harmony and proportion, God's to reveal, his to emulate: only where his eyes shall be turned toward the divine handiwork may his own work become noble.

And when we turn our thought to the greatness that is in what men have builded, is not this forthshown in example? The Pyramids above Nile's bank, or those of the Euphratean plain that once lifted their stepped terraces up to the gold-glancing zikkurats: they were simple in their geometry, but their aspiration is undying, so that they stand, there at the head of time, like gnomons of man's destiny and proclamations of his purpose, under the high decrees of Heaven. Classic temples, Greek and Roman, are more subtle in their discovered harmonies, more ingenious in their engineering, revealing thereby an intellect the more intent as perhaps also a spiritual ambition the less vaulting, but surely instilled with a lucid beauty which the centuries leave unstained, as immortal as thought may ever be. The domes of Byzantine and the minarets of Saracenic architecture — magical on into opulence — reflect another beauty, though still to be defined by the geometer's compass, with subtle adjustments for the vision's sake; while within a more distant East are stupas and pagodas,

the forms of which, overlaced with a fantasy of colour and sculpture, curiously suggest rather the numbers that abide in vegetal shapes than the simpler arithmetic of skies and crystals. Finally, in the West, is there anything yet in man's achievement, whether by the builder's art or by another, that can vie in beauty or majesty with the great Gothic cathedrals? Man's geometry here assumes a new complexity, to the unchanging mystery that is in Egypt's Pyramid, to the intelligence of the Grecian temple, to the crescent faith and vitalism of Mogul or Gangetic shrine, adding a more luminously spiritual understanding (as we of the West believe), which is caught and sustained in central arch and flying buttress, in triple arcade and fanned vaulting, in rose window and in lancet, or again in spire and *flèche* that flash toward their unpierced zenith. Here surely the image reflects a mind that knows itself akin to God's.

It is in monuments such as these—temple and tomb-temple, church, cathedral, shrine—that men have discoursed most nobly man's understanding of man's meaning. Each civilization and each people has added its inscription, conceived from its own deepest inspiration and executed with its own highest art, to be in its day a focus of faith and to suffer obliteration only as man and his memory become erased. The very roll of the world's great edifices is a roll of the grandeurs of man's mind: Karnak, the Parthenon, the Pantheon; Ajanta, the Taj Mahal, Horiuji; St. Sophia, St. Peter's, Ste. Chapelle; Chartres, Canterbury, and in our own day Liverpool: they cluster like constellations, and whether in ruin or but now rising from their foundations, they are the shining stars of man's emblazoned record and the symbols of his spiritual hopes. No task to which human genius may address itself, for its hour and for posterity, is more worthy of our central significance as human beings than is this of adding a new splendour to

the roll of monumental greatness — not from pride nor for ambition's sake, but wholly for the attainment of that cleaner and more supporting sense of life's direction which the act and art of erection best assure. When a people comes face to face with its destiny, when a community rises to the level of self-understanding, if this destiny and this self be at all deep-seated in the world's realities, then they can know no inner repose until in some fashion an outer monument shall be created to be the token of their discovery. Such has been the lesson of times past, and such, here in the New World, are the impulses of time present. For in America it is the hour when the builder is being summoned to his task.

Asia is ancient, as men's years are counted, and Africa is old, and Europe has travelled unto the hill of her maturity; their domains are assigned, and their monuments are upreared; so that in each a character is set for which time has given its accounting. But America is still but as nature's first gift, and the broad breast of her continent is virginal to greatness. The first plantings are achieved, and the ordering of her communities, and the peoples everywhere settled within her borders are awakening to the discovery both of their powers and of their more lasting aspirations, so that it is for them, now in their turn, to bring the fruits of her soils in tithe and to rear altars to all that can make sacred her new-found life. In part these shall be commemorations, and in part noble edifices devoted to the acts and symbols of statecraft, and in part halls of learning and houses of communal enterprise; but these alone will not satisfy, nor give to our life the sign of any final sanction. Rather we shall ask — as down through the ages our ancestral peoples have asked and created — as the last treasure of our expression such a temple as shall image our faith in God and our hope for the unceasing resurrection of what is more divine in our own natures: we shall

ask for a cathedral, of which the stones shall be letters, and the members a mighty discourse, and the adornments illumined texts, whereof all shall be the eloquence of that truth of the spirit by our lives added to the offering of all mankind — made here on Earth, through its centuries, in token, from all men unto that One who is above all, creative in the Universe ; and, because of their spiritual life, of men also the Creator ; therefore, their Father.

Yes, time utters its calls and appoints its tasks, and no time was ever more exigent in demand than is our own. We in our turn are asked to build — we of America, here on our unwrought lands — and that which we are to construct is to be whatever we shall design as the expression of our most central aspiration and as such emblem of ourselves, spiritually and lastingly, as we shall dare to set beside those works of other men and lands which most nobly typify the zeniths of human greatness. Whatever force of nature it be that has created us, of this we are certain that we men are created to be builders, and in so far to be aids and helpers, architects and engineers, in the working out of those scenes of the pageant of life of which our Earth is the setting. Thereby, we shall become interpreters, and in our degree composers of the allegory of the spirit which the world itself is, at least where it is cosmic and divine. In undertaking such a task — we in America, here, in our own hour — can we do less than summon into it all that is devoted in our lives, all that is aspiring in our powers ? Can we do less than plan for that of which our soils are to be the great foundation — aught less than some cathedral majesty ? And can this majesty be other than the eternal Majesty of God, as our lives have discovered him ?

II

MEN are builders of cities. The six thousand years of human history are the years of the erection, in land after land, of the capitals of civilizations, each in its day the image of such a life as mankind had there discovered and made into the revelation of its understanding. A city is no individual enterprise, and it is no mere agglomeration of dwelling-places: rather it is the creation of a society, and if it be well builded it is the expression of the whole meaning of life which its citizens have made their own. Thus it is that when we come upon cities in ruins, cities which are now no more than cenotaphs of great days gone, the archæologist studies them not as mines for chance treasures, but as records, as books indeed within which are inscribed the ideals of those who were their builders and masters. And again, when we travel into towns of peoples of alien cultures, our interest is not primarily for the spectacle, bizarre, or wonder-inspiring, but chiefly to know what truth of humanity that we may have missed has by this alien folk been found out and made into a possession. So it is that cities, in every time and land, give us most cleanly the patterns of life which form the body of human wisdom.

The colours of the images of life painted by these cities are as varied as is that history of which they form, as it were, the motley, so that there need be no more than their roll-call—Babylon, Rome, Peiping, Chichen Itza, Paris, Washington—to summon into imagination the whole pageant of the years. And yet within this variety there are constancies, and founding each city elemental needs of human nature, to which, in their fashions, all conform. There are shelters that are the homes, humble or palatial, of the citizenry; there are workshops and there are marts for the exchange of goods; there are schools, there are fields

for sports, there are houses of state and plazas and avenues splendidly monumental: all the phases of the social instincts of our natures find their responses in the plans of the cities, conceptually alike even amid the changing play of architectural style and decorative colour. The city-planners of historic time have given to their work, as if inspired by a single formula (which can be nothing other than human nature itself), the character of a synopsis of men's needs, so that we can perceive in each what are the physical foundations of the civic life, its foods, commodities, industries, and what are the forms of its social intercourse, whether in pastime and art or in high politics and public affairs: emporium and depot, theatre, stadium, park, palace, statehouse, all these are letters in the written record, universal in its divisions.

Yet within this record, there is one more letter, the most illumined of all, which is as universal as is the plan of cities and which indicates one more need of man's nature, into which all others seem to converge, for it is made the majes-cule of all others. In every city and time the high place has been reserved for the temple—be it church, be it mosque, be it zikkurat, or pagoda—which marks the final of all men's needs, and this is the need of the presence of God. In our day, in this year, a talkative portion of our public world is caught up into a discussion as to whether religion and God are at all essential to sanity, social or natural, and many are arguing that we, along with the communists of Russia, should convert temples into granaries and forget that man's spirit had ever been summoned to an hour of worship. This is a challenge recurrent; it is no new thing: it was within the world of the French Revolution, it was in the later Rome and in shattered Greece, and in the defeated Orient of the author of Ecclesiastes—a challenge, directed not only to us who may believe in greater measures of reality than can be an hour's, but also

directed to all the history of our race and to the shining spires of the cities that men have builded, throughout their centuries. And the challenge is demanding whether indeed religion is not a deceit and a perilous toy, and men not its fools, and the faiths that it forms no more than mirage raised to delirious imaginations, out of human helplessness and sufferings. But the answer to it—is it not already in the history and in the temples? For these are in fact but the responses which men have given to that which innerly has moved them into action, and has created not the edifice to house religion, as we sometimes grotesquely put it, but rather as the proclamation of a reality of which religion is the discovery. The plain truth is that man's record, written in the cities of which he is builder, is itself the record of a life that has never been content with less than its own transcension. Each day and creed has differinglly imaged this transcension, which is of man by his own dream of the good; but all are at one in the deep fundamental, the need for such a complement to human imperfection as can lift from a broken into a redeemed life. God is a response to a demand within ourselves which is deeper than man's intelligence of himself can ever be, and God is also response to a need which transcends the upper limits of what human nature can wittingly aspire to become; God is beneath and above our natures, he is the nadir and the zenith of humanity, he is Alpha and Omega. This is the teaching of human history, and this is the image conveyed by every splendid city of men whereof its temples are the shining finials. Therefore I say that no city is completed, which would be true to the heights of the life of man, or to what is most essentially his nature, which is not in the end crowned by a shrine to his spiritual aspirations, to his longing for his own transcendence.

In a Christian community this shall be a church. I am not now speaking of Christianity as if it were a sectarian

organization, whether of one or of many sects, and I have little interest in its orthodoxies and none in its credal intolerances. The time is come for Christendom to abandon its old quarrels and cruelties and to lay aside the puerilities of thought that have built up for it a counter-world of mockery and satire justified by its own pretences to wisdom where no wisdom is. But I, and you, and all who prize the nobility which the Christian religion has discovered for the world, cannot lightly be content with anything less than the noblest in its expression. We know that this faith has uplifted men and has given a light which is not only a moral clarification but also a spiritual illumination of human nature. That light—*Lux Mundi* we have called it—is imaged blazingly in the life of him who has been named the Saviour, and whose salvation is in fact the purifying force which, through the centuries operating and expanding, has wrought whatever our civilization has achieved of transformation into the good. Our faith in our sense of this good, in our own patterns of what is lovely or noble in human nature, is, therefore, a faith in him who is the image of our Salvation. Whether we phrase this in terms of divinity or in terms of the wisdom of living is of no great consequence: for our Christianity depends not on these things, but upon the sincerity with which we yield to the sway of this image, and upon the honesty with which our faith directs our days. In the communities of Christendom, therefore, the Christian church—and I mean the edifice, not the ecclesiastical organization—is the one appropriate embodiment of the religious spirit, symbolizing at once the present living of the faith and the dear treasuring out of the past of every beautiful thing which this faith has brought with its annunciation. Erected it will stand as the great response to every destroyer, and as the banner of our troth with an inner light.

III

AND now I shall speak, not I trust with overassurance, but with all sincerity, of my own thought's pattern of what should be the ideal cathedral church for the American community of today. In the first place it should be a *cathedral* not in the formal and ecclesiastical sense, but in the secondary and derived significance of the name. The cathedral as the seat of a bishop's throne is ecclesiastical and denominational and takes into itself the spiritual imperialism of a church hierarchy; it associates in thought with authoritarian utterances and pontifical princes, all ringing remote and foreign to our American ears. But actually this is not the deeper meaning of even the Churchman's institution. For in that earlier period of Christendom wherein the Church laid its wide-building foundations, the bishop was far more in good truth the guide and defender of his people, stalwart for their rights against every wolfish rapacity, than the delegate of some alien rule, crowned or mitred; the good bishop was not a prince but a pastor, and his appropriate symbol, as shepherd of his flock, was the crosier, the shepherd's crook, the episcopal staff. Out of the Dark Ages nothing is more moving than is the appearance, in community after community, of the image of the might of the spirit, caught into the persons of episcopal champions of the rights of those who were of their bishoprics, wherein they stood forth as true tribunes of the people and as champions of a salvation instituted for the souls of all men. Surely, in this conception of the love of spiritual right as the true bishop, we of America should be first to join; it is the very breath of our political life, and should therefore be breath of that more emancipated life of which the political is but a partial expression. Hence, when we build us our cathedrals, let them be genuinely episcopal in conception: not that we must throne therein bishops who

are in a graphic line apostolic, nor indeed any man to bear a bishop's title; but that the spirit of the bishopric, conceived as a living community, spiritually endowed and established, should be enthroned within it and by its presence mutely speak: this would be a true *vox populi* that is also a *vox dei*, and it would be in the profoundest sense an expression of our American conviction that the life of the community may come to the height of its realities, not only physical and political but also spiritual, through that growth from within which is the one meaning of our faith in human freedom. I should ask, then, first, that our cathedral be genuinely episcopal in this greatest of meanings: framing within itself the ideal of our love of liberty and self-responsibility in things spiritual, which is no other than a faith in the essential goodness of the humanity of our fellow-men. On such a conception the new cathedral would belong to no sect and to no denomination; it would belong only to the community which should create it. But is not this, precisely this, the one line of possible advance for the Christian faith in the world within which we live? Is not the day of sectarian and denominational division and subdivision rightly gone by, with all its old fol-de-rol of exclusive sanctities? If there is to be such a re-birth of Christianity that it may live on into the future, not as a monument but as a force, there is but one path for it, and that is a rediscovery of its central illumination within the very hearths of men, glowing within the communities themselves, not for their division but for their unification. Shall it be for America to become the discoverer of this refreshed Christianity of another epoch? this annunciation of a new life of the faith?

This, then, is my first conception of the significance of the cathedral, as the temple of faith of a whole community. My second has to do with its functioning, its place in the active lives of men. It is a great and noble enterprise

which I have in mind, and I can only dimly indicate its courses. For in the cathedral should centre the culminations of all our labours of hand and head and heart, so that the wholeness of man's action should be there embodied. Of the hand surely there should be every best gift. None of us who have seen the great churches of the Old World but have dreamed wistfully of the time which might come when in America we should find our communities enriched with that craftsmanship born most truly of the love of beauty which has given to these, our ancestral fanes, treasures that are no mere relics out of alien lands transported, but are the very writings of life's most vivid imagery. To me there is something well nigh grisly in museums and art galleries, as in most of our cities they exist; so heavily does the deadening hand of the relic-hunter rest upon them that it is only with imaginative effort, never slight, that I can lift myself into sympathy with the creative life that alone gives beauty to the beautiful. But in the adornments of the great churches it is never so: for there the leaps into loveliness which have been the creators' joys have made the images into objects engaged and integral, as one sees them in carving and brass, in painting, mosaic, tapestry, leaded and gemmed window, illuminated manuscript, or in fragrant and perishable flowers brought with the day's devotions. I am not asking for just these in our American cathedral; the new day must discover its newer media, as our steel- and tile-makers are discovering them. But I am asking that in whatever we build as monument of our innermost faith, there we place the first fruits of every greatest art: and I ask this not alone that we may have beauty livingly created in our midst, but even more that we may discover the *truth* of the beautiful, which is surely that only in the service of nobility may its measures be found out. You know, as do all, to what degradations the æsthetic senses of men may descend when what is ful-

somely called art is turned toward base things ; you know, as do all, that beauty may speak her various language without deceit only where she is expressing heights of thought and devotions of faith. Let us then abjure every cult of art which is a worship of debasement, and let us banish from our midst the connoisseur, the æsthetic dilettante, the choice collector, for these are often no better than grave-robbers ; and in their stead let us bring into our lives the greatness which can only come of the love of beauty which is dominated by the creative expression of spiritual truths. Therein we shall find our measures, and therein our cathedral shall become an altar, adorned with beauties out of our own lives contrived. . . Among the labours of the hand, too, I should name every work of charity, again in its noblest sense. The alms-box is to become a thing of the past, but the greater alms-giving which lies in social reconstruction is the most challenging of our material tasks ; it means no less than the re-engineering of our whole social and economic life. Assuredly, this can never be in any sense lasting or genuine if it be not effected under the domination of men's best understandings, under the guidance of their highest faiths. In the end only religion can redeem — or, if I may so put it, only in true redemptions are religions made real. It is no more than notation for me to add that the redemptive labours, in every society, should themselves be gifts laid upon the altar, should themselves be the housework of the cathedral. Therefore, our cathedral should roof within it every enterprise greatly conceived for the betterment of the community and of mankind : engineers of the social good should work side by side with the fabrickers of beauty.

With the labours of the hand should go those of the head in an even more imperious sense. The eventual measures of every notable civilization are found in its powers to assimilate to the service of its final pattern of human life

the whole intellectual force of its communities. Further, this force must be enlisted and maintained in behalf of its deepest insights into the foundations of things mortal and for the sake of the maintenance of its own purest tradition of understanding. It is for these two efforts of the mind, for the finding of an insight and a wisdom that may guide a people into greatness, that every highest edifice of human culture must incorporate a school. I do not mean by school merely halls for the tuition of the young, nor again apartments or chapels set out for a specialized religious instruction: each of these is possible, and may be profitable. But the centre of the enterprise of the cathedral school is something vastly more significant; and this shall be no less than the effort of the mind, once again in the world's history, to drop the plummet of intelligence into the very deeps of nature and of human nature, and thence to retrieve (if such discovery be for another age possible) that union of truths temporal and eternal which has ever been the enlightenment of man's experience. Christianity, if it is to live, must again assume the mastery of a metaphysics that shall measure into every domain of knowledge, and be the supremacy of all. In our day this great task has been abnegated, and we behold instead of leadership only an intellectual sycophancy, and a licking of the shoes of profane learning, there where a spiritual authority should be regnant. Indeed, the theologians have abandoned their chairs to their servants, and today it is the man of science, the astronomer, the physicist, the biologist, who is fashioning the theology of the age. That this newer scientific theology is in fact such, and with every new-published work is becoming more and more genuinely a quest of spiritual knowledge, this is an indication that our age is ripe for a renewed magnificence of thought; but that this quest has largely passed, as by their tacit consent, from those who have been the professors of theology, and has

been taken into the tasks of men whose first prepossession is seldom a search for divinity, that this is true is a mark of failure for the older churches; they have gone down before science because of their own minds' failures, and now it is to scientists that they are turning for the restoration of their own faiths. Religion can never live under this ignominy; either it must speak with the mind's highest authority, or its utterances must fade away into gibbering and mockery. Long ago Aristotle announced that there is a First Philosophy and that of its questions the most searching are those that concern things divine. This was to say that the mind, too, can seek God, and that only when it does so can it discover its own central intent. No faith that is not honest with our best intelligence can ever uplift men; no Christianity that is not disciplined in understanding can ever build for a future. Therefore, our cathedral school should itself become a seat of intellectual enterprise, having for its task in some part that of the teacher, but far more that of the searcher after truth: it should be devotedly a laboratory of the spirit, within which students of man and of nature should give themselves up to the discovery of such a First Philosophy as could lead our and later generations into the confidence that no depth of truth which is within our powers shall escape us. The teachings of any church that can stand living must perpetually be a discovery—dogmas flung aside, mind's full vitality engaged. No greater need is before America today than is just this of the *will to think* up unto the peaks of truths spiritual.

But there is a third in the trinity of human activities for which the cathedral shall be designed. For it is a fact of human nature that the heart of man is gifted with a propensity for the quest of a presence greater than that of man's, and this we call worship. Somewhere, out of the deeps of time, there has come into the very plan and substance of

our being a guiding conviction that the pattern of goodness is genuine and forceful within the world itself, and that in the highest of our faiths we are not deceived. This goodness we have named God, and the action which faith in him inspires is worship, and this, in religion, is central. Therefore, the center of every temple is a cella, and the innermost part of every church is a sanctuary, a hallowed place. Whether within this sanctuary be placed images and altars or whether it be consecrated without emblems to the Invisible, in every case it is set apart as holy ground, illumined by the hour of worship.

To the many forms of worship there are but two keys, as in every man there are twin selves. There is in each his socially humane self, engaged with all that his fellow men think and undertake, in every phase of our social life; and this self, in its religious expression, asks for congregations and responses and participant sacraments and the sound of many voices singing together. There is again his individual and often lonely self, which is retractive and mute in the midst of multitudes, seeking understanding from sources that are not outwardly communicable; and the religious experience of this self is in the nature of a withdrawal and of a self-abiding solitude: the oratory is its shrine, not the altar. Looking toward the past, we can say that expression of this latter is the spirit of the hermitage and the monastery, whereas expression of the social self is shown in the ecclesiastical and the civic church, or in the meeting-house of Protestant groups. These are the two selves and these their modes of finding their enlightenment through worship, and there is little reason to expect that in the future they will not be and ask what in the past they have been and have sought. Worship, therefore, will be both of the individual and of the group, and for both the cathedral should provide.

It is very possibly a personal predilection of my own to suppose that nothing has more nearly provided for the satisfaction of both of these needs, in the one hour, than have the great dramatic rituals which time has wrought for the expression of faith. The beauty of the Mass, as the historic Church has celebrated it, is in essence that of the symbol rendered in chant and spectacle ; and because of its dramatic character this symbol serves both to catch up into a sense of the solidarity of the ecclesia and to relinquish to the self-quiescence of the observer : so that each self, the social and the personal, may gather from the celebrant hour its own especial inspiration. And because it is not only Christianity, but every great religion, that has sought out such forms for their fullest expression, I myself am convinced that beauty of ritual, dramatically lifting a man above all ordinary self-absorption, is demanded for religious expression, and I would therefore build no church which should not be endowed for this expression. It is not a trivial sense, but the highest of our powers, that herein seeks a bodying forth, and if the thought and the spiritual understanding which the ritual may express is the best of which we are capable, then most truly is the rendering of it a worship. But because, also, the soul seeks solitude, and a refuge where it may be withdrawn from a world which is becoming ever more populous, I should have shadowy places within my cathedral, and cloisteral seclusions into which men might withdraw (whether for hours or days) while they should battle their way through to an inner light or find the consolations of an incommunicable grace.

IV

AN house should be builded about the life which it is to shelter. This is the first great lesson of architecture, taught

to us already by the pearly shells of sea-creatures, each shell the delicate impress and the shining protection of the living being to whose active form it is moulded. For such a life as I have sought to describe, catching up into itself all that is most spiritual in the ideals of a whole community, the material house which the architect shall create must be rich and varied. It will embrace within its precincts cloister and garden and house of seclusion, no less necessary for the wounds of the spirit than are hospitals for hurt bodies; it will be built with craftshops and studies, with school and library and homiletic hall for the activities of mind, and it should also be endowed with a press or any other device which might carry its considered words out into the world; but lastly and centrally it should be chapel and church, with fane and choir and sanctuary, all made beautiful with the most precious of handiwork, for the enactment of the undying drama of redemption, which is the utmost mystery of human life. What I am describing will seem nothing new: it is the form taken on by the great cathedrals of the older Christian countries, where they, too, represent the spiritual enterprise of a community. But the very fact that it is not new in this typical sense is safeguard and promise, saying again that here is true response to what men actually need. Assuredly, the Christianity which we here in America should create is not to break with the Christian past, but only to supplement and fulfill it: our cathedral should belong to the great tradition, not slavishly, but in an illumined sense, to be continuation and for us at least crown of what has gone before. Whether its architects draw their inspiration from Gothic spire or Byzantine dome, from massive pylons or the steel-ribbed construction of contemporary America, is not of prime moment; central is the need that their edifice be truly and greatly a house of life, and of a life such as shall be deserving of the most noble of houses.

In image this edifice shall be perchance tri-form, with triple entrance and triple arcade and three-part floor, nave and transept and apse, inscribed as upon the symbol of the cross, thus reflecting the elder trinities of Christian thought; but even more profoundly it shall be threefold, as reflecting that trinity of the active life of man—the labours of hand and head and heart—which in a sense far truer than can be any bodily form is his likeness to his Creator. Science and philosophy have come in modern years to behold in the Universe rather a majestic deed than a massive body, and this change in our conception of reality, from body into deed, penetrates down into least details and most familiar objects: life, we say, is an action, and reality is an action, and the world is an action, and God also is action unceasing, and the one action which gives meaning to all. Therefore, it is in the height of our doing, through all our triple powers of hand and head and heart unitedly, that most genuinely we may be sons of God, and his co-workers in the shaping of destiny.

And as the structure, so the rites of the ideal cathedral should reflect what is deepest in our understanding of the world. As in imagination I stand within the nave and face the sanctuary, I behold it as framed within a triptych, illumined with every tint of gem-coloured lights translucent from their source in the great whiteness of which the many colours are the varied revelation—as the tints of man's life are the revelation of the source of his being. Within the central arch of this triptych, I conceive each year the noblest of human dramas to be set forth, the drama of the redemption, the drama of the life of the Pattern Man, begun with celebrant joy of birth at Christmastime, and leading on through the weeks of the Passion to the great climax of Easter, and the deeper joy of the promise of rebirth into a yet more exalted life. Such a drama, annually performed in its season, would be the height of the

ritual year, and the greatest of teachings, impressing upon the minds of old and young the image of him whom Christendom has chosen for its guide unto truth. It would be such a symbol as every religion demands, and in every religion brings comfort, for the ideal of a Redeemer is universal among men. But while I should make this the height of the year I should see also the whole round of the annual seasons glorified with other festivals—the feast of the glory of light, for the midsummer, typifying, as ever it has, the Father and Author of all light, inner and outer; and the feast of the bounty of earth, in the days when the harvest is garnered, here again rich in man's memory with symbolism of gifts good and perfect, of the sacramental bread and wine, and of the seed that shall spring anew into the resurrections of the fields; and the feast of the remembrance of the dead, there where tragedy has entered into life, and death has closed his dark doors—though not without catharsis, not as abandoning us without some final purification. Within the central arch of the triptych, I should behold, each in its turn, the great festivals of man's spiritual discovery of those truths of his being which are most utterly his understanding of the world. For the world, also, is a drama; the action and the life which are its reality are as a vast and cosmic ritual, and this, if our wisdom be well-seated, is the revelation of the mind of God. Therefore, in the ritual of the year, creating in image some reflection of our deepest impressions of goodness and nobility, we shall be uttering our most profound theology and expressing our most intimate discovery of the meaning of all things divine.

In the lateral arches of the triptych shall be framed the stalls of the choir. When the visible spectacle is brought to a close, and the words are said, then the music of the choir takes up in another and more ringing tongue the bur-

den of the meaning of life, through its very motion, voice over voice, chant above chant, melody, harmony, unison, polyphony, erecting such a cathedral of sound and spirit as can no more than be echoed in the arcades and clere-storeys, the arches and apices of the stones themselves. More than in any other symbol the winging music of the choir is emblematic of the life of the spirit, and hence of the meaning of the church, and ultimately of the substance of creation. The song of the choir is the flesh of the world transubstantiated.

Though spoken in a figure what I am indicating is of a kind with all that has brought greatness into the communities of men and beauty into their lives in times past and in worlds stranger to ours. Not every generation has risen to the realization of its task, nor to splendour in the expression of its humanity; but our generation surely should be not one to lag, nor must America in this day proclaim that it has made no discovery save of an inner poverty. We, too, are men, and we, too, have our understanding of God, and we, too, must rise up to stand beside him in the creation of a world. In every community we should build first a cathedral of the spirit, thence to discover its structural house; and in every community we should make of this the fullest expression of the meaning of divinity of which we are capable. This will be our gift to man's understanding, our contribution to the Christian faith, and most deeply of all our participation in the high discovery of beauty and nobility which we believe to be the pattern of all in nature that is polar to our being or shaping for our humanity. This means that we also are to labour, even as from the beginning, beside the Divine Architect, and that our works shall build into and aid to sustain his. It is in such task that man may become cosmic, and know sublimity, and rise into that insight of himself

which shall enable him to repeat with illumination the noblest boast which is recorded from human lips :

The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way,
before his works of old.

I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning,
or ever the earth was.

When there were no depths, I was brought forth ;
when there were no fountains abounding with water.

Before the mountains were settled,
before the hills was I brought forth :

while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields,
nor the beginning of the dust of the world.

When he established the heavens, I was there :

when he set a circle upon the face of the deep :

when he made firm the skies above :

when the fountains of the deep became strong :

when he gave to the sea its bound,

that the waters should not transgress his commandment :

when he marked out the foundations of the earth :

then was I by him as a Master Workman :

and I was daily his delight,

rejoicing always before him ;

rejoicing in his habitable earth ;

and my delight was with the sons of men.

On the medal which was struck in commemoration of Bertram Goodhue, most shining genius among American architects, is inscribed, *PATRIÆ AMŒNITATEM EXTOLLIT, He uplifted his Fatherland in Loveliness*. Nothing finer could be said of any man, and if we shall by high chance come to deserve that it be said of us it will be because we likewise have created — we, in the divinest of works, workmen — beauty here on this earth. In part this may be material, brick and stone or taut steel ; but even more it will be in the substance of life itself, for ourselves and for our communities. For the world is an action and a life, and the ennoblement thereof is in part committed into our hands, as a sacred charge. If greatly we carry through this

charge we shall achieve that for which we have been born, and we shall discover God ; for our true Fatherland is within the loveliness of which he is builder, and the erection into our own lives of that which is lovely and noble is the Last Architecture.

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